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THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"I NEVER SHAMED NONE OF THEM."

SOMETHING must be done about Carry Brattle at once. The vicar felt that he had pledged himself to take some steps for her welfare, and it seemed to him, as he thought of the matter, that there were only two steps possible. He might intercede with her father, or he might use his influence to have her received into some house of correction, some retreat, in which she might be kept from evil and disciplined for good. He knew that the latter would be the safer place, if it could be brought to bear, and it certainly would be the easier for himself. But he thought that he had almost pledged himself to the girl not to attempt it, and he felt sure that she would not accede to it. In his doubt he went up to his friend Gilmore, intending to obtain the light of his friend's wisdom. He found the squire and the prebendary together, and at once started his subject.

"You'll do no good, Mr. Fenwick," said Mr. Chamberlaine, after the two younger men had been discussing the matter for half an hour.

"Do you mean that I ought not to try to do any good?"

"I mean that such efforts never come to anything."

"All the unfortunate creatures in the world, then, should be left to go to destruction in their own way."

"It is useless, I think, to treat special cases in an exceptional manner. When such is done it is done from enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is never useful."

"What ought a man to do, then, for the assistance of such fellow-creatures as this poor girl?" asked the vicar.

"There are penitentiaries and reformatories, and it is well, no doubt, to subscribe to them," said the prebendary. "The subject is so full of difficulty that one should not touch it rashly. Henry, where is the last *Quarterly*?"

"I never take it, sir."

"I ought to have remembered," said Mr. Chamberlaine, smiling blandly. Then he took up the *Saturday Review*, and endeavored to content himself with that.

Gilmore and Fenwick walked down to the mill together, it being understood that the squire was not to show himself there. Fenwick's very difficult task, if it

were to be done at all, must be done by himself alone. He must beard the lion in his den and make the attack without any assistant. Gilmore had, upon the whole, been disposed to think that no such attack should be made. "He'll only turn upon you with violence, and no good will be done," said he. "He can't eat me," Fenwick had replied, acknowledging, however, that he approached the undertaking with fear and trembling. Before they were far from the house, Gilmore had changed the conversation and fallen back upon his own sorrows. He had not answered Mary's letter, and now declared that he did not intend to do so. What could he say to her? He could not write and profess friendship; he could not offer her his congratulations; he could not belie his heart by affecting indifference. She had thrown him over, and now he knew it. Of what use would it be to write to her and tell her that she had made him miserable for ever? "I shall break up the house and get away," said he.

"Don't do that rashly, Harry. There can be no spot in the world in which you can be so useful as you are here."

"All my usefulness has been dragged out of me. I don't care about the place or about the people. I am ill already, and shall become worse. I think I will go abroad for four or five years. I've an idea I shall go to the States."

"You'll become tired of that, I should think."

"Of course I shall. Everything is tiresome to me. I don't think anything else can be so tiresome as my uncle, and yet I dread his leaving me—when I shall be alone. I suppose if one was out among the Rocky Mountains, one wouldn't think so much about it."

"Atra Cara sits behind the horseman," said the vicar. "I don't know that traveling will do it. One thing certainly will do it."

"And what is that?"

"Hard work. Some doctor told his patient that if he'd live on half a crown a day and earn it, he'd soon be well. I'm sure that the same prescription holds

good for all maladies of the mind. You can't earn the half a crown a day, but you may work as hard as though you did."

"What shall I do?"

"Read, dig, shoot, look after the farm and say your prayers. Don't allow yourself time for thinking."

"It's a fine philosophy," said Gilmore, "but I don't think any man ever made himself happy by it. I'll leave you now."

"I'd go and dig if I were you," said the vicar.

"Perhaps I will. Do you know, I've half an idea that I'll go to Loring."

"What good will that do?"

"I'll find out whether this man is a blackguard. I believe he is. My uncle knows something about his father, and says that a bigger scamp never lived."

"I don't see what good you can do, Harry," said the vicar. And so they parted.

Fenwick was about half a mile from the mill when Gilmore left him, and he wished that it were a mile and a half. He knew well that an edict had gone forth at the mill that no one should speak to the old man about his daughter. With the mother the vicar had often spoken of her lost child, and had learned from her how sad it was to her that she could never dare to mention Carry's name to her husband. He had cursed his child, and had sworn that she should never more have part in him or his. She had brought sorrow and shame upon him, and he had cut her off with a steady resolve that there should be no weak backsliding on his part. Those who knew him best declared that the miller would certainly keep his word, and hitherto no one had dared to speak of the lost one in her father's hearing. All this Mr. Fenwick knew, and he knew also that the man was one who could be very fierce in his anger. He had told his wife that old Brattle was the only man in the world before whom he would be afraid to speak his mind openly, and in so saying he had expressed a feeling that was very general throughout all Bullhampton. Mr. Puddleham was a

very meddlesome sort of man, and he had once ventured out to the mill to say a word, not indeed about Carry, but touching some youthful iniquity of which Sam was supposed to have been guilty. He never went near the mill again, but would shudder and lift up his hands and his eyes when the miller's name was mentioned. It was not that Brattle used rough language or became violently angry when accosted; but there was a sullen sternness about the man, and a capability of asserting his own mastery and personal authority, which reduced those who attacked him to the condition of vanquished combatants, and repulsed them so that they would retreat as beaten dogs. Mr. Fenwick, indeed, had always been well received at the mill. The women of the family loved him dearly and took great comfort in his visits. From his first arrival in the parish he had been on intimate terms with them, though the old man had never once entered his church. Brattle himself would bear with him more kindly than he would with his own landlord, who might at any day have turned him out of his holding. But even he had been so answered more than once as to have been forced to retreat with that feeling of having his tail, like a cur, between his legs. "He can't eat me," he said to himself, as the low willows round the mill came in sight. When a man is reduced to that consolation, as many a man often is, he may be nearly sure that he will be eaten.

When he got over the stile into the lane close to the mill door, he found that the mill was going. Gilmore had told him that it might probably be so, as he had heard that the repairs were nearly finished. Fenwick was sure that after so long a period of enforced idleness Brattle would be in the mill, but he went at first into the house, and there found Mrs. Brattle and Fanny. Even with them he hardly felt himself to be at home, but after a while managed to ask a few questions about Sam. Sam had come back and was now at work, but he had had some terribly hard words with his father. The old man had de-

sired to know where his son had been. Sam had declined to tell, and had declared that if he was to be cross-questioned about his comings and goings, he would leave the mill altogether. His father had told him that he had better go. Sam had not gone, but the two had been working on together since without interchanging a word. "I want to see him especially," said Mr. Fenwick.

"You mean Sam, sir?" asked the mother.

"No—his father. I will go out into the lane, and perhaps Fanny will ask him to come to me." Mrs. Brattle immediately became dismayed by a troop of fears, and looked up into his face with soft, supplicating, tearful eyes, so much of sorrow had come to her of late. "There is nothing wrong, Mrs. Brattle," he said.

"I thought perhaps you had heard something of Sam."

"Nothing but what has made me surer than ever that he had no part in what was done at Mr. Trumbull's farm."

"Thank God for that!" said the mother, taking him by the hand. Then Fanny went into the mill, and the vicar followed her out of the house on to the lane.

He stood leaning against a tree till the old man came to him. He then shook the miller's hand and made some remark about the mill. They had begun again that morning, the miller said. Sam had been off again, or they might have been at work on yesterday forenoon.

"Do not be angry with him; he has been on a good work," said the vicar.

"Good or bad, I know nowt of it," said the miller.

"I know, and if you wish I will tell you; but there is another thing I must say first. Come a little way down the lane with me, Mr. Brattle."

The vicar had assumed a tone which was almost one of rebuke—not intending it, but falling into it from want of histrionic power in his attempt to be bold and solemn at the same time. The miller at once resented it.

"Why should I come down the lane?"

said he. "You're axing me to come out at a very busy moment, Muster Fenwick."

"Nothing can be so important as that which I have to say. For the love of God, Mr. Brattle, for the love you bear your wife and children, endure with me for ten minutes." Then he paused and walked on, and Mr. Brattle was still at his elbow. "My friend, I have seen your daughter."

"Which daughter?" said the miller, arresting his step.

"Your daughter Carry, Mr. Brattle." Then the old man turned round and would have hurried back to the mill without a word, but the vicar held him by his coat. "If I have ever been a friend to you or yours, listen to me now one minute."

"Do I come to your house and tell you of your sorrows and your shame? Let me go!"

"Mr. Brattle, if you will stretch forth your hand you may save her. She is your own child—your flesh and blood. Think how easy it is for a poor girl to fall—how great is the temptation and how quick, and how it comes without knowledge of the evil that is to follow. How small is the sin, and how terrible the punishment! Your friends, Mr. Brattle, have forgiven you worse sins than ever she has committed."

"I never shamed none of them," said he, struggling on his way back to the mill.

"It is that, then—your own misfortune and not the girl's sin that would harden your heart against your own child? You will let her perish in the streets—not because she has fallen, but because she has hurt you in her fall! Is that to be a father? Is that to be a man? Mr. Brattle, think better of yourself, and dare to obey the instincts of your heart."

But by this time he had escaped and was striding off in furious silence to the mill. The vicar, oppressed by a sense of utter failure, feeling that his interference had been absolutely valueless—that the man's wrath and constancy were things altogether beyond his reach

—stood where he had been left, hardly daring to return to the mill and say a word or two to the women there. But at last he did go back. He knew well that Brattle himself would not be seen in the house till his present mood was over. After any encounter of words he would go and work in silence for half a day, and would seldom or never refer again to what had taken place. He would never, so thought the vicar, refer to the encounter which had just taken place; but he would remember it always, and it might be that he would never again speak in friendship to a man who had offended him so deeply.

After a moment's thought he determined to tell the wife, and informed her and Fanny that he had seen Carry over at Pycroft Common. The mother's questions as to what her child was doing, how she was living, whether she were ill or well, and, alas! whether she were happy or miserable, who cannot imagine?

"She is anything but happy, I fear," said Mr. Fenwick.

"My poor Carry!"

"I should not wish that she should be happy till she be brought back to the decencies of life. What shall we do to bring her back?"

"Would she come if she were let to come?" asked Fanny.

"I believe she would. I feel sure that she would."

"And what did he say, Mr. Fenwick?" asked the mother. The vicar only shook his head.

"He's very good—to me he's ever been good as gold—but oh, Mr. Fenwick, he is so hard."

"He will not let you speak of her?"

"Never a word, Mr. Fenwick. He'd look at you, sir, so that the gleam of his eyes would fall on you like a blow. I wouldn't dare; nor yet wouldn't Fanny, who dares more with him than any of us."

"If it'd serve her I'd speak," said Fanny.

"But couldn't I see her, Mr. Fenwick? Couldn't you take me in the gig with you, sir? I'd slip out arter break-

fast up to the road, and he wouldn't be no wiser—at least till I war back again. He wouldn't ax no questions then, I'm thinking. Would he, Fan?"

"He'd ask at dinner, but if I said you were out for the day along with Mr. Fenwick, he wouldn't say any more, maybe. He'd know well enough where you was gone to."

Mr. Fenwick said that he would think of it, and let Fanny know on the following Sunday. He could not make a promise now, and at any rate he would not go before Sunday. He did not like to pledge himself suddenly to such an adventure, knowing that it would be best that he should first have his wife's ideas on the matter. Then he took his leave, and as he went out of the house he saw the miller standing at the door of the mill. He raised his hand and said, "Good-bye," but the miller quickly turned his back to him and retreated into his mill.

As he walked up to his house through the village he met Mr. Puddleham. "So Sam Brattle is off again, sir," said the minister.

"Off what, Mr. Puddleham?"

"Gone clean away. Out of the country."

"Who has told you that, Mr. Puddleham?"

"Isn't it true, sir? You ought to know, Mr. Fenwick, as you're one of the bailsmen."

"I've just been at the mill, and I didn't see him."

"I don't think you'll ever see him at the mill again, Mr. Fenwick; nor yet in Bullhampton, unless the people have to bring him here."

"As I was saying, I didn't see him at the mill, Mr. Puddleham, because I didn't go in. But he's working there at this moment, and has been all the day. He's all right, Mr. Puddleham. You go and have a few words with him or with his father, and you'll find they're quite comfortable at the mill now."

"Constable Hicks told me that he was out of the country," said Mr. Puddleham, walking away in considerable disgust.

Mrs. Fenwick's opinion was, upon the whole, rather in favor of the second expedition to Pycroft Common: as she declared, the mother should at any rate be allowed to see her child. She indeed would not submit to the idea of the miller's indomitable powers. If she were Mrs. Brattle, she said, she'd pull the old man's ears and make him give way.

"You go and try," said the vicar.

On the Sunday morning following, Fanny was told that on Wednesday Mr. Fenwick would drive her mother over to Pycroft Common. He had no doubt, he said, but that Carry would still be found living with Mrs. Burrows. He explained that the old woman had luckily been absent during his visit, but would probably be there when they went again. As to that, they must take their chance. And the whole plan was arranged: Mr. Fenwick was to be on the road in his gig at Mr. Gilmore's gate at ten o'clock, and Mrs. Brattle was to meet him there at that hour.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. BRATTLE'S JOURNEY.

MRS. BRATTLE was waiting at the stile opposite to Mr. Gilmore's gate as Mr. Fenwick drove up to the spot. No doubt the dear old woman had been there for the last half hour, thinking that the walk would take her twice as long as it did, and fearing that she might keep the vicar waiting. She had put on her Sunday clothes and her Sunday bonnet, but when she climbed up into the vacant place beside her friend, she found her position to be so strange that for a while she could hardly speak. He said a few words to her, but pressed her with no questions, understanding the cause of her embarrassment. He could not but think that of all his parishioners no two were so unlike each other as were the miller and his wife. The one was so hard and invincible—the other so soft and submissive! Nevertheless it had always been said that Brattle had been a tender and affectionate husband. By

degrees the woman's awe at the horse and gig and strangeness of her position wore off, and she began to talk of her daughter. She had brought a little bundle with her, thinking that she might supply feminine wants, and had apologized humbly for venturing to come so laden. Fenwick, who remembered what Carry had said about money that she still had, and who was nearly sure that the murderers had gone to Pycroft Common after the murder had been committed, had found a difficulty in explaining to Mrs. Brattle that her child was probably not in want. The son had been accused of the murder of the man, and now the vicar had but little doubt that the daughter was living on the proceeds of the robbery.

"It's a hard life she must be living, Mr. Fenwick, with an old 'ooman the likes of that," said Mrs. Brattle. "Perhaps if I'd brought a morsel of some 'at to eat—"

"I don't think they're pressed in that way, Mrs. Brattle."

"Ain't they now? But it's a'most worse, Mr. Fenwick, when one thinks where it's to come from. The Lord have mercy on her, and bring her out of it!"

"Amen," said the vicar.

"And is she bright at all, and simple still? She was the brightest, simplest lass in all Bull'umpton, I used to think. I suppose her old ways have a'most left her, Mr. Fenwick?"

"I thought her very like what she used to be."

"'Deed now, did you, Mr. Fenwick? And she wasn't mopish and slatternly-like?"

"She was tidy enough. You wouldn't wish me to say that she was happy?"

"I suppose not, Mr. Fenwick. I shouldn't ought—ought I, now? But, Mr. Fenwick, I'd give my left hand she should be happy and gay once more. I suppose none but a mother feels it, but the sound of her voice through the house was ever the sweetest music I know'd on. It'll never have the same ring again, Mr. Fenwick."

He could not tell her that it would. That sainted sinner of whom he had re-

mindred Mr. Puddleham—though she had attained to the joy of the Lord—even she had never regained the mirth of her young innocence. There is a bloom on the flower which may rest there till the flower has utterly perished if the handling of it be sufficiently delicate; but no care, nothing that can be done by friends on earth, or even by better friendship from above, can replace that when once displaced. The sound of which the mother was thinking could never be heard again from Carry Brattle's voice. "If we could only get her home once more," said the vicar, "she might be a good daughter to you still."

"I'd be a good mother to her, Mr. Fenwick, but I'm thinking he'll never have it so. I never knew him to change on a thing like that, Mr. Fenwick. He felt it that keenly it nigh killed 'im. Only that he took it out o' hisself in thrashing that wicked man, I a'most think he'd ha' died o' it."

Again the vicar drove to the Bald-faced Stag, and again he walked along the road and over the common. He offered his arm to the old woman, but she wouldn't accept it; nor would she upon any entreaty allow him to carry her bundle. She assured him that his doing so would make her utterly wretched, and at last he gave up the point. She declared that she suffered nothing from fatigue, and that her two miles' walk would not be more than her Sunday journey to church and back. But as she drew near to the house she became uneasy, and once asked to be allowed to pause for a moment. "Maybe, then," said she, "after all, my girl'd rather that I wouldn't trouble her." He took her by the arm and led her along, and comforted her, assuring her that if she would take her child in her arms, Carry would for the moment be in a heaven of happiness. "Take her into my arms, Mr. Fenwick? Why, isn't she in my very heart of hearts at this moment? And I won't say not a word sharp to her—not now, Mr. Fenwick. And why would I say sharp words at all? I suppose she understands it all."

"I think she does, Mrs. Brattle."

They had now reached the door, and the vicar knocked. No answer came at once, but such had been the case when he knocked before. He had learned to understand that in such a household it might not be wise to admit all comers without consideration. So he knocked again, and then again. But still there came no answer. Then he tried the door, and found that it was locked. "Maybe she's seen me coming," said the mother, "and now she won't let me in." The vicar then went round the cottage and found that the back door also was closed. Then he looked in at one of the front windows, and became aware that no one was sitting, at least, in the kitchen. There was an up-stairs room, but of that the window was closed.

"I begin to fear," he said, "that neither of them is at home."

At this moment he heard the voice of a woman calling to him from the door of the nearest cottage—one of the two brick tenements which stood together—and from her learned that Mrs. Burrows had gone into Devizes, and would not probably be home till the evening. Then he asked after Carry, not mentioning her name, but speaking of her as the young woman who lived with Mrs. Burrows. "Her young man come and took her up to Lon'on o' Saturday," said the woman.

Fenwick heard the words, but Mrs. Brattle did not hear them. It did not occur to him not to believe the woman's statement, and all his hopes about the poor creature were at once dashed to the ground. His first feeling was no doubt one of resentment that she had broken her word to him. She had said that she would not go within a month without letting him know that she was going; and there is no fault, no vice, that strikes any of us so strongly as falsehood or injustice against ourselves. And then the nature of the statement was so terrible! She had gone back into utter degradation and iniquity. And who was the young man? As far as he could obtain a clew through the information which had reached him from various

sources, this young man must be the companion of the Grinder in the murder and robbery of Mr. Trumbull. "She has gone away, Mrs. Brattle," said he, with as sad a voice as ever a man used.

"And where be she gone to, Mr. Fenwick? Cannot I go arter her?" He simply shook his head, and took her by the arm to lead her away. "Do they know nothing of her, Mr. Fenwick?"

"She has gone away—probably to London. We must think no more about her, Mrs. Brattle—at any rate for the present. I can only say that I am very, very sorry that I brought you here."

The drive back to Bullhampton was very silent and very sad. Mrs. Brattle had before her the difficulty of explaining her journey to her husband, together with the feeling that the difficulty had been incurred altogether for nothing. As for Fenwick, he was angry with himself for his own past enthusiasm about the girl. After all, Mr. Chamberlaine had shown himself to be the wiser man of the two. He had declared it to be no good to take up special cases, and the vicar as he drove himself home notified to himself his assent to the prebendary's doctrine. The girl had gone off the moment she had ascertained that her friends were aware of her presence and situation. What to her had been the kindness of her clerical friend, or the stories brought to her from her early home, or the dirt and squalor of the life which she was leading? The moment that there was a question of bringing her back to the decencies of the world, she escaped from her friends and hurried back to the pollution which, no doubt, had charms for her. He had allowed himself to think that in spite of her impurity she might again be almost pure, and this was his reward! He deposited the poor woman at the spot at which he had taken her up, almost without a word, and then drove himself home with a heavy heart. "I believe it will be best to be like her father, and never to name her again," said he to his wife.

"But what has she done, Frank?"

"Gone back to the life which I suppose she likes best. Let us say no more

about it—at any rate for the present. I'm sick at heart when I think of it."

Mrs. Brattle, when she got over the stile close to her own home, saw her husband standing at the mill door. Her heart sank within her, if that could be said to sink which was already so low. He did not move, but stood there with his eyes fixed upon her. She had hoped that she might get into the house unobserved by him and learn from Fanny what had taken place, but she felt so like a culprit that she hardly dared to enter the door. Would it not be best to go to him at once and ask his pardon for what she had done? When he spoke to her, which he did at last, his voice was a relief to her. "Where hast been, Maggie?" he asked. She went up to him, put her hand on the lappet of his coat and shook her head. "Best go in and sit easy and bear what God sends," he said. "What's the use of scouring about the country here and there?"

"There has been no use in it to-day, feyther," she said.

"There arn't no use in it—not never," he said; and after that there was no more about it. She went into the house and handed the bundle to Fanny, and sat down on the bed and cried.

On the following morning Frank Fenwick received the following letter:

"LONDON, Sunday.

"HONORED SIR:

"I told you that I would write if it came as I was going away, but I've been forced to go without writing. There was nothing to write with at the cottage. Mrs. Burrows and me had words, and I thought as she would rob me, and perhaps worse. She is a bad woman, and I could stand it no longer; so I just come up here, as there was nowhere else for me to find a place to lie down in. I thought I'd just write and tell you, because of my word; but I know it isn't no use.

"I'd send my respects and love to father and mother, if I dared. I did think of going over; but I know he'd kill me, and so he ought. I'd send my respects to Mrs. Fenwick, only that I

isn't fit to name her;—and my love to sister Fanny. I've come away here, and must just wait till I die.

"Yours humbly, and most unfortunate,
CARRY.

"If it's any good to be sorry, nobody can be more sorry than me, and nobody more unhappy. I did try to pray when you was gone, but it only made me more ashamed. If there was only anywhere to go to, I'd go."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BULL AT LORING.

GILMORE had told his friend that he would do two things—that he would start off and travel for four or five years, and that he would pay a visit to Loring. Fenwick had advised him to do neither, but to stay at home and dig and say his prayers. But in such emergencies no man takes his friend's advice; and when Mr. Chamberlaine had left him, Gilmore had made up his mind that he would at any rate go to Loring. He went to church on the Sunday morning, and was half resolved to tell Mrs. Fenwick of his purpose; but chance delayed her in the church, and he sauntered away home without having mentioned it. He let half the next week pass by without stirring beyond his own grounds. During those three days he changed his mind half a dozen times; but at last, on the Thursday, he had his portmanteau packed and started on his journey. As he was preparing to leave the house he wrote one line to Fenwick in pencil: "I am this moment off to Loring.—H. G." This he left in the village as he drove through to the Westbury station.

He had formed no idea in his own mind of any definite purpose in going. He did not know what he should do or what say when he got to Loring. He had told himself a hundred times that any persecution of the girl on his part would be mean and unworthy of him. And he was also aware that no condition in which a man could place himself was more open to contempt than that of a whining, pining, unsuccessful lover.

A man is bound to take a woman's decision against him, bear it as he may, and say as little against it as possible. He is bound to do so when he is convinced that a woman's decision is final; and there can be no stronger proof of such finality than the fact that she has declared a preference for some other man. All this Gilmore knew, but he would not divest himself of the idea that there might still be some turn in the wheel of fortune. He had heard a vague rumor that Captain Marrable, his rival, was a very dangerous man. His uncle was quite sure that the captain's father was thoroughly bad, and had thrown out hints against the son, which Gilmore in his anxiety magnified till he felt convinced that the girl whom he loved with all his heart was going to throw herself into the arms of a thorough scamp. Could he not do something—if not for his own sake, then for hers? Might it not be possible for him to deliver her from danger? What if he should discover some great iniquity?—would she not then in her gratitude be softened toward him? It was on the cards that this reprobate was married already, and was about to commit bigamy. It was quite probable that such a man should be deeply in debt. As for the fortune that had been left to him, Mr. Chamberlaine had already ascertained that that amounted to nothing. It had been consumed to the last shilling in paying the joint debts of the father and son. Men such as Mr. Chamberlaine have sources of information which are marvelous to the minds of those who are more secluded, and not the less marvelous because the information is invariably false. Gilmore in this way almost came to a conviction that Mary Lowther was about to sacrifice herself to a man utterly unworthy of her, and he taught himself not to think—but to believe it to be possible—that he might save her. Those who knew him would have said that he was the last man in the world to be carried away by a romantic notion; but he had his own idea of romance as plainly developed in his mind as was ever the case with a knight of old who

went forth for the relief of a distressed damsel. If he could do anything toward saving her, he would do it, or try to do it, though he should be brought to ruin in the attempt. Might it not be that at last he would have the reward which other knights always attained? The chance in his favor was doubtless small, but the world was nothing to him without this chance.

He had never been at Loring before, but he had learned the way. He went to Chippenham and Swindon, and then by the train to Loring. He had no very definite plan formed for himself. He rather thought that he would call at Miss Marrable's house—call if possible when Mary Lowther was not there—and learn from the elder lady something of the facts of the case. He had been well aware for many weeks past, from early days in the summer, that old Miss Marrable had been in favor of his claim. He had heard, too, that there had been family quarrels among the Marrables, and a word had been dropped in his hearing by Mrs. Fenwick which had implied that Miss Marrable was by no means pleased with the match which her niece Mary Lowther was proposing to herself. Everything seemed to show that Captain Marrable was a most undesirable person.

When he reached the station at Loring, it was incumbent on him to go somewhere at once. He must provide for himself for the night. He found two omnibuses at the station, and two inn-servants competing with great ardor for his carpet-bag. There were the Dragon and the Bull fighting for him. The Bull in the Lowtown was commercial and prosperous. The Dragon at Uphill was aristocratic, devoted to county purposes, and rather hard set to keep its jaws open and its tail flying. Prosperity is always becoming more prosperous, and the allurements of the Bull prevailed. "Are you a-going to rob the gent of his walis?" said the indignant Boots of the Bull as he rescued Mr. Gilmore's property from the hands of his natural enemy, as soon as he had secured the entrance of Mr. Gilmore into his own

vehicle. Had Mr. Gilmore known that the Dragon was next door but one to Miss Marrable's house, and that the Bull was nearly equally contiguous to that in which Captain Marrable was residing, his choice probably would not have been altered. In such cases the knight who is to be the deliverer desires above all things that he may be near to his enemy.

He was shown up to a bed-room, and then ushered into the commercial room of the house. Loring, though it does a pretty trade as a small town, and now has for some years been regarded as a thriving place in its degree, is not of such importance in the way of business as to support a commercial inn of the first class. At such houses the commercial room is as much closed against the uninitiated as is a first-class club in London. In such rooms a non-commercial man would be almost as much astray as is a non-broker in Capel Court, or an attorney in a Bar mess-room. At the Bull things were a little mixed. The very fact that the words "Commercial Room" were painted on the door proved to those who understood such matters that there was a doubt in the case. They had no coffee-room at the Bull, and strangers who came that way were of necessity shown into that in which the gentlemen of the road were wont to relax themselves. Certain commercial laws are maintained in such apartments. Cigars are not allowed before nine o'clock, except upon some distinct arrangement with the waiter. There is not, as a rule, a regular daily commercial repast, but when three or more gentlemen dine together at five o'clock, the dinner becomes a commercial dinner, and the commercial laws as to wine, etc., are enforced, with more or less restriction as circumstances may seem to demand. At the present time there was but one occupant of the chamber to greet Mr. Gilmore when he entered, and this greeting was made with all the full honors of commercial courtesy. The commercial gentleman is of his nature gregarious, and although he be exclusive to a strong degree—more so probably than almost

any other man in regard to the sacred hour of dinner when in the full glory of his confraternity—he will condescend, when the circumstances of his profession have separated him from his professional brethren, to be festive with almost any gentleman whom chance may throw in his way. Mr. Cockey had been alone for a whole day when Gilmore arrived, having reached Loring just twenty-four hours in advance of our friend, and was contemplating the sadly-diminished joys of a second solitary dinner at the Bull when fortune threw this stranger in his way. The waiter, looking at the matter in a somewhat similar light, and aware that a combined meal would be for the advantage of all parties, very soon assisted Mr. Cockey in making his arrangements for the evening. Mr. Gilmore would no doubt want to dine. Dinner would be served at five o'clock. Mr. Cockey was going to dine, and Mr. Gilmore, the waiter thought, would probably be glad to join him. Mr. Cockey expressed himself as delighted, and would only be too happy. Now men in love, let their case be ever so bad, must dine or die. So much, no doubt, is not admitted by the chroniclers of the old knights who went forth after their ladies; but the old chroniclers, if they soared somewhat higher than do those of the present day, are admitted to have been on the whole less circumstantially truthful. Our knight was very sad at heart, and would have done according to his prowess as much as any Orlando of them all for the lady whom he loved; but nevertheless he was anhungered: the mention of dinner was pleasant to him, and he accepted the joint courtesies of Mr. Cockey and the waiter with gratitude.

The codfish and beefsteak, though somewhat woolly and tough, were wholesome, and the pint of sherry which at Mr. Cockey's suggestion was supplied to them, if not of itself wholesome, was innocent by reason of its dimensions. Mr. Cockey himself was pleasant and communicative, and told Mr. Gilmore a good deal about Loring. Our friend was afraid to ask any leading questions as to the persons in the place who in-

terested himself, feeling conscious that his own subject was one which would not bear touch from a rough hand. He did at last venture to make inquiry about the clergyman of the parish. Mr. Cockey, with some merriment at his own wit, declared that the church was a house of business at which he did not often call for orders. Though he had been coming to Loring now for four years, he had never heard anything of the clergyman, but the waiter no doubt would tell them. Gilmore rather hesitated, and protested that he cared little for the matter; but the waiter was called in and questioned, and was soon full of stories about old Mr. Marrable. He was a good sort of man in his way, the waiter thought, but not much of a preacher. The people liked him because he never interfered with them. "He don't go poking his nose into people's 'ouses like some of 'em," said the waiter, who then began to tell of the pertinacity in that respect of a younger clergyman at Uphill. Yes; Parson Marrable had a relation living at Uphill—an old lady. "No; not his grandmother." This was in answer to a joke on the part of Mr. Cockey. Nor yet a daughter. The waiter thought she was some kind of a cousin, though he did not know what kind. A very grand lady was Miss Marrable, according to his showing, and much thought of by the quality. There was a young lady living with her, though the waiter did not know the young lady's name.

"Does the Rev. Mr. Marrable live alone?" asked Gilmore. "Well, yes—for the most part quite alone. But just at present he had a visitor." Then the waiter told all that he knew about the captain. The most material part of this was, that the captain had returned from London that very evening—had come in by the express while the two "gents" were at dinner, and had been taken to the Lowtown parsonage by the Bull 'bus. "Quite the gentleman" was the captain, according to the waiter, and one of the "handsomest gents as ever he'd set his eyes upon." "D—n him!" said poor Harry Gilmore to himself. Then he ventured upon another question. Did the waiter

know anything of Captain Marrable's father? The waiter only knew that the captain's father was "a military gent, and was high up in the army." From all which the only information which Gilmore received was the fact that the match between Marrable and Mary Lowther had not as yet become the talk of the town. After dinner Mr. Cockey proposed a glass of toddy and a cigar, remarking that he would move a bill for dispensing with the smoking rule for that night only; and to this also Gilmore assented. Now that he was at Loring he did not know what to do with himself better than drinking toddy with Mr. Cockey. Mr. Cockey declared the bill to be carried *nem. con.*, and the cigars and toddy were produced. Mr. Cockey remarked that he had heard of Sir Gregory Marrable, of Dunripple Park. He traveled in Warwickshire, and was in the habit, as he said, of fishing up little facts. Sir Gregory wasn't much of a man, according to his account. The estate was small, and, as Mr. Cockey fancied, a little out at elbows. Mr. Cockey thought it all very well to be a country gentleman and a "barrow-knight," as he called it, as long as you had an estate to follow, but he thought very little of a title without plenty of stuff. Commerce, according to his notions, was the backbone of the nation; and that the corps of traveling commercial gentlemen was the backbone of trade, every child knew. Mr. Cockey became warm and friendly as he drank his toddy. "Now I don't know what you are, sir," said he.

"I'm not very much of anything," said Gilmore.

"Perhaps not, sir. Let that be as it may. But a man, sir, that feels that he's one of the supports of the commercial supremacy of this nation ain't got much reason to be ashamed of himself."

"Not on that account, certainly."

"Nor yet on no other account, as long as he's true to his employers. Now you talk of country gentlemen!"

"I didn't talk of them," said Gilmore.

"Well, no you didn't; but they do, you know. What does a country gen-

tleman know, and what does he do? What's the country the better of him? He 'unts, and he shoots, and he goes to bed with his skin full of wine, and then he gets up and he 'unts and he shoots again, and 'as his skin full once more. That's about all."

"Sometimes he's a magistrate."

"Yes, justices' justice! we know all about that. Put an old man in prison for a week because he looks into his 'ay-field on a Sunday, or send a young one to the treadmill for two months because he knocks over a 'are! All them cases ought to be tried in the towns, and there should be beaks paid as there is in London. I don't see the good of a country gentleman. Buying and selling—that's what the world has to go by."

"They buy and sell land."

"No they don't. They buy a bit now and then, when they're screws, and they sell a bit now and then when the eating and drinking has gone too fast. But as for capital and investment, they know nothing about it. After all, they ain't getting above two and a half per cent. for their money. We all know what that must come to."

Mr. Cockey had been so mild before the pint of sherry and the glass of toddy that Mr. Gilmore was somewhat dismayed by the change. Mr. Cockey, however, in his altered aspect seemed to be so much the less gracious that Gilmore left him and strolled out into the town. He climbed up the hill, and walked round the church, and looked up at the windows of Miss Marrable house, of which he had learned the site; but he had no adventure, saw nothing that interested him, and at half-past nine took himself wearily to bed.

That same day Captain Marrable had run down from London to Loring laden with terrible news. The money on which he had counted was all gone! "What do you mean?" said his uncle: "have the lawyers been deceiving you all through?"

"What is it to me?" said the ruined man. "It is all gone. They have satisfied me that nothing more can be

done." Parson John whistled with a long-drawn note of wonder. "The people they were dealing with would be willing enough to give up the money, but it's all gone. It's spent, and there's no trace of it."

"Poor fellow!"

"I've seen my father, Uncle John."

"And what passed?"

"I told him that he was a scoundrel, and then I left him. I didn't strike him."

"I should hope not that, Walter."

"I kept my hands off him; but when a man has ruined you, as he has me, it doesn't much matter who he is. Your father and any other man are much the same to you then. He was worn and old and pale, or I should have felled him to the ground."

"And what will you do now?"

"Just go to that hell upon earth on the other side of the globe. There's nothing else to be done. I've applied for extension of leave, and told them why."

Nothing more was said that night between the uncle and nephew, and no word had been spoken about Mary Lowther. On the next morning the breakfast at the parsonage passed by in silence. Parson John had been thinking a good deal of Mary, but had resolved that it was best that he should hold his tongue for the present. From the moment in which he had first heard of the engagement, he had made up his mind that his nephew and Mary Lowther would never be married. Seeing what his nephew was—or rather seeing that which he fancied his nephew to be—he was sure that he would not sacrifice himself by such a marriage. There was always a way out of things, and Walter Marrable would be sure to find it. The way out of it had been found now with a vengeance. Immediately after breakfast the captain took his hat without a word, and walked steadily up the hill to Uphill Lane. As he passed the door of the Bull he saw—but took no notice of—a gentleman who was standing under the covered entrance to the inn, and who had watched him coming out from the

parsonage gate; but Gilmore, the moment that his eyes fell upon the captain, declared to himself that that was his rival. Captain Marrable walked straight up the hill and knocked at Miss Marrable's door. Was Miss Lowther at home? Of course Miss Lowther was at home at such an hour. The girl said that Miss Mary was alone in the breakfast-parlor. Miss Marrable had already gone down to the kitchen. Without waiting for another word, he walked into the little back room, and there he found his love. "Walter," she said, jumping up and running to him, "how good of you to come so soon! We didn't expect you these two days." She had thrown herself in his arms, but though he embraced her, he did not kiss her. "There is something the matter!" she said. "What is it?" As she spoke she drew away from him and looked up into his face. He smiled and shook his head, still holding her by the waist. "Tell me, Walter: I know there is something wrong."

"It is only that dirty money. My father has succeeded in getting it all."

"All, Walter?" said she, again drawing herself away.

"Every shilling," said he, dropping his arm.

"That will be very bad."

"Not a doubt of it. I felt it just as you do."

"And all our pretty plans are gone."

"Yes—all our pretty plans."

"And what shall you do now?"

"There is only one thing. I shall go to India again. Of course it is just the same to me as though I were told that sentence of death had gone against me—only it will not be so soon over."

"Don't say that, Walter."

"Why not say it, my dear, when I feel it?"

"But you don't feel it. I know it must be bad for you, but it is not quite that. I will not think that you have nothing left worth living for."

"I can't ask you to go with me to that happy Paradise."

"But I can ask you to take me," she said; "though perhaps it will be better that I should not."

"My darling! my own darling!" Then she came back to him and laid her head upon his shoulders, and lifted his hand till it came again round her waist. And he kissed her forehead and smoothed her hair. "Swear to me," she said, "that whatever happens you will not put me away from you."

"Put you away, dearest! A man doesn't put away the only morsel he has to keep him from starving. But yet as I came up here this morning I resolved that I would put you away."

"Walter!"

"And even now I know that they will tell me that I should do so. How can I take you out there to such a life as that, without having the means of keeping a house over your head?"

"Officers do marry without fortunes."

"Yes; and what sort of a time do their wives have? Oh, Mary, my own, my own, my own! it is very bad! You cannot understand it all at once, but it is very bad."

"If it be better for you, Walter—" she said, again drawing herself away.

"It is not that, and do not say that it is. Let us, at any rate, trust each other."

She gave herself a little shake before she answered him: "I will trust you in everything—as God is my judge, in everything. What you tell me to do, I will do. But, Walter, I will say one thing first. I can look forward to nothing but absolute misery in any life that will separate me from you. I know the difference between comfort and discomfort in money-matters, but all that is as a feather in the balance. You are my god upon earth, and to you I must cling. Whether you be away from me or with me, I must cling to you the same. If I am to be separated from you for a time, I can do it with hope. If I am to be separated from you for ever, I shall still do so—with despair. And now I will trust you, and I will do whatever you tell me. If you forbid me to call you mine any longer, I will obey and will never reproach you."

"I will always be yours," he said, taking her again to his heart.

"Then, dearest, you shall not find me wanting for anything you may ask of me. Of course you can't decide at present."

"I have decided that I must go to India. I have asked for the exchange."

"Yes, I understand; but about our marriage? It may be that you should go out first. I would not be unmaidenly, Walter; but remember this—the sooner the better, if I can be a comfort to you. But I can bear any delay rather than be a clog upon you."

Marrable, as he had walked up the hill—and during all his thoughts indeed since he had been convinced that the money was gone from him—had been disposed to think that his duty to Mary required him to give her up. He had asked her to be his wife when he believed his circumstances to be other than they were; and now he knew that the life he had to offer to her was one of extreme discomfort. He had endeavored to shake off any idea that as he must go back to India it would be more comfortable for himself to return without than with a wife. He wanted to make the sacrifice of himself, and had determined that he would do so. Now, at any rate for the moment, all his resolves were thrown to the wind. His own love was so strong and was so gratified by her love that half his misery was carried away in an enthusiasm of romantic devotion. Let the worst come to the worst, the man that was so loved by such a woman could not be of all men the most miserable.

He left the house, giving to her the charge of telling the bad news to Miss Marrable; and as he went he saw in the street before the house the man whom he had seen standing an hour before under the gateway of the inn. And Gilmore saw him too, and well knew where he had been.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AUNT AND THE UNCLE.

MISS MARRABLE heard the story of the captain's loss in perfect silence. Mary told it craftily, with a smile on her

face, as though she were but slightly affected by it, and did not think very much on the change it might effect in her plans and those of her lover. "He has been ill-treated, has he not?" she said.

"Very badly treated. I can't understand it, but it seems to me that he has been most shamefully treated."

"He tried to explain it all to me, but I don't know that he succeeded."

"Why did the lawyers deceive him?"

"I think he was a little rash there. He took what they told him for more than it was worth. There was some woman who said that she would resign her claim, but when they came to look into it, she too had signed some papers and the money was all gone. He could recover it from his father by law, only that his father has got nothing."

"And that is to be the end of it?"

"That is the end of our five thousand pounds," said Mary, forcing a little laugh. Miss Marrable for a few moments made no reply. She sat fidgety in her seat, feeling that it was her duty to explain to Mary what must, in her opinion, be the inevitable result of this misfortune, and yet not knowing how to begin her task. Mary was partly aware of what was coming, and had fortified herself to reject all advice, to assert her right to do as she pleased with herself, and to protest that she cared nothing for the prudent views of worldly-minded people. But she was afraid of what was coming. She knew that arguments would be used which she would find it very difficult to answer; and, although she had settled upon certain strong words which she would speak, she felt that she would be driven at last to quarrel with her aunt. On one thing she was quite resolved. Nothing should induce her to give up her engagement, short of the expression of a wish to that effect from Walter Marrable himself.

"How will this affect you, dear?" said Miss Marrable at last.

"I should have been a poor man's wife, anyhow. Now I shall be the wife of a very poor man. I suppose that will be the effect."

"What will he do?"

"He has, aunt, made up his mind to go to India."

"Has he made up his mind to anything else?"

"Of course I know what you mean, aunt?"

"Why should you not know? I mean, that a man going out to India, and intending to live there as an officer on his pay, cannot be in want of a wife."

"You speak of a wife as if she were the same as a coach-and-four or a box at the opera—a sort of luxury for rich men. Marriage, aunt, is like death—common to all."

"In our position in life, Mary, marriage cannot be made so common as to be undertaken without foresight for the morrow. A poor gentleman is farther removed from marriage than any other man."

"One knows, of course, that there will be difficulties."

"What I mean, Mary, is that you will have to give it up."

"Never, Aunt Sarah. I shall never give it up."

"Do you mean that you will marry him now at once, and go out to India with him, as a dead weight round his neck?"

"I mean that he shall choose about that."

"It is for you to choose, Mary. Don't be angry. I am bound to tell you what I think. You can, of course, act as you please, but I think that you ought to listen to me. He cannot go back from his engagement without laying himself open to imputations of bad conduct."

"Nor can I."

"Pardon me, dear. That depends, I think, upon what passes between you. It is at any rate for you to propose the release to him—not to fix him with the burden of proposing it." Mary's heart quailed as she heard this, but she did not show her feeling by any expression on her face. "For a man, placed as he is, about to return to such a climate as that of India, with such work before him as I suppose men have there, the burden of a wife, without the means of maintain-

ing her according to his views of life and hers—"

"We have no views of life. We know that we shall be poor."

"It is the old story of love and a cottage—only under the most unfavorable circumstances. A woman's view of it is of course different from that of a man. He has seen more of the world, and knows better than she does what poverty and a wife and family mean."

"There is no reason why we should be married at once."

"A long engagement for you would be absolutely disastrous."

"Of course, there is disaster," said Mary. "The loss of Walter's money is disastrous. One has to put up with disaster. But the worst of all disasters would be to be separated. I can stand anything but that."

"It seems to me, Mary, that within the last few weeks your character has become altogether altered."

"Of course it has."

"You used to think so much more of other people than yourself."

"Don't I think of him, Aunt Sarah?"

"As of a thing of your own. Two months ago you did not know him, and now you are a millstone round his neck."

"I will never be a millstone round anybody's neck," said Mary, walking out of the room. She felt that her aunt had been very cruel to her—had attacked her in her misery without mercy; and yet she knew that every word that had been uttered had been spoken in pure affection. She did not believe that her aunt's chief purpose had been to save Walter from the fruits of an imprudent marriage. Had she so believed, the words would have had more effect on her. She saw, or thought that she saw, that her aunt was trying to save herself against her own will, and at this she was indignant. She was determined to persevere; and this endeavor to make her feel that her perseverance would be disastrous to the man she loved was, she thought, very cruel. She stalked up stairs with unruffled demeanor, but when there she threw herself on her bed and sobbed bitterly. Could it be that it was

her duty, for his sake, to tell him that the whole thing should be at an end? It was impossible for her to do so now, because she had sworn to him that she would be guided altogether by him in his present troubles. She must keep her word to him, whatever happened; but of this she was quite sure—that if he should show the slightest sign of a wish to be free from his engagement, she would make him free at once. She would make him free, and would never allow herself to think for a moment that he had been wrong. She had told him what her own feelings were very plainly—perhaps, in her enthusiasm, too plainly—and now he must judge for himself and for her. In respect to her aunt, she would endeavor to avoid any further conversation on the subject till her lover should have decided finally what would be best for both of them. If he should choose to say that everything between them should be over, she would acquiesce; and all the world should be over for her at the same time.

While this was going on in Uphill Lane, something of the same kind was taking place at the Lowtown parsonage. Parson John became aware that his nephew had been with the ladies at Uphill, and when the young man came in for lunch he asked some question which introduced the subject: "You've told them of this fresh trouble, no doubt?"

"I didn't see Miss Marrable," said the captain.

"I don't know that Miss Marrable much signifies. You haven't asked Miss Marrable to be your wife."

"I saw Mary, and told her."

"I hope you made no bones about it?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I hope you told her that you two had had your little game of play like two children, and that there must be an end of it."

"No; I didn't tell her that."

"That's what you have got to tell her in some kind of language, and the sooner you do it the better. Of course you can't marry her. You couldn't have done it if this money had been all right, and it's out of the question now. Bless my soul! how you would hate each other before

six months were over! I can understand that, for a strong fellow like you, when he's used to it, India may be a jolly place enough—"

"It's a great deal more than I can understand."

"But for a poor man with a wife and family—oh dear! it must be very bad indeed. And neither of you have ever been used to that kind of thing."

"I have not," said the captain.

"Nor has she. That old lady up there is not rich, but she is as proud as Lucifer, and always lives as though the whole place belonged to her. She's a good manager, and she don't run in debt; but Mary Lowther knows no more of roughing it than a duchess."

"I hope I may never have to teach her."

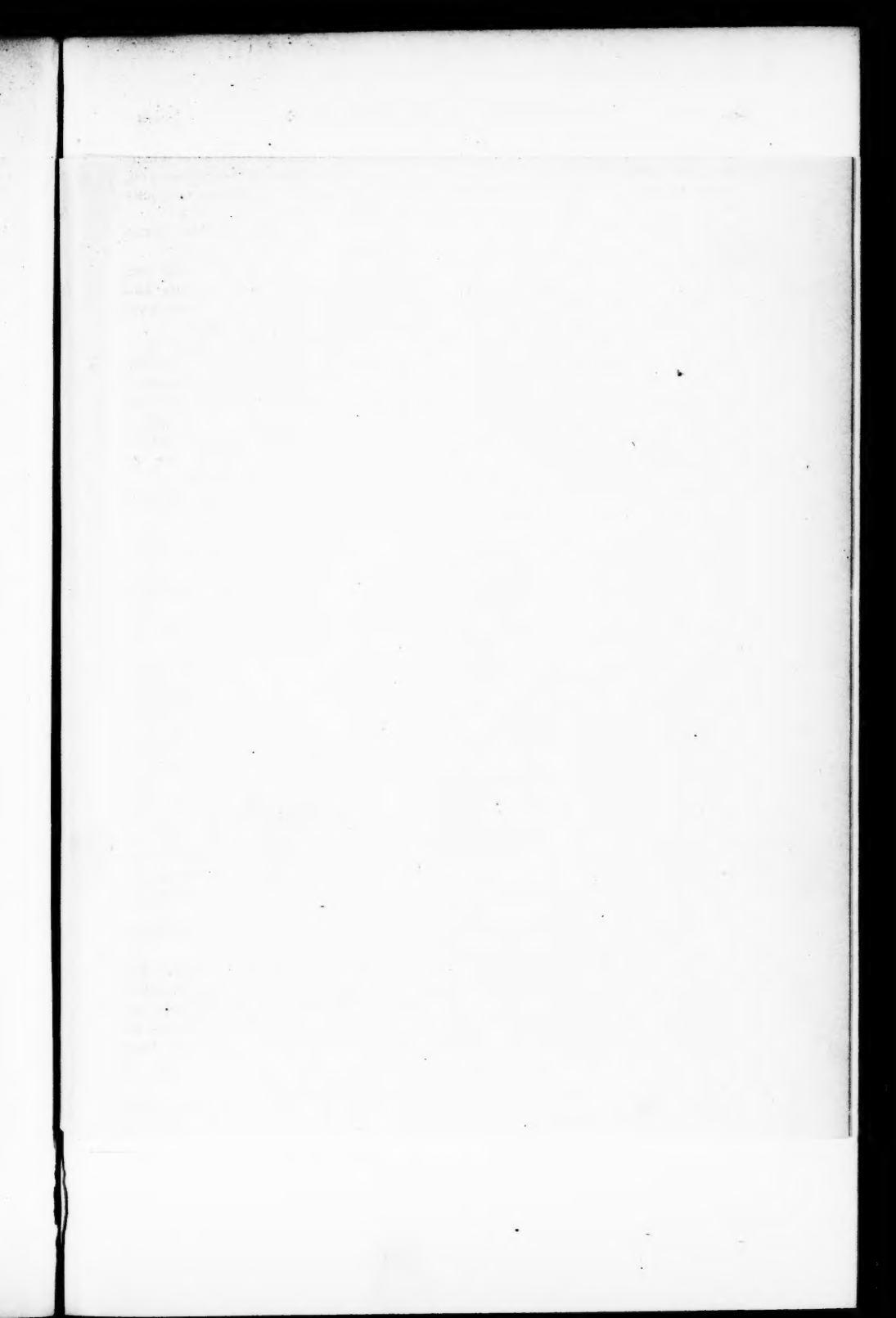
"I trust you never may. It's a very bad lesson for a young man to have to teach a young woman. Some women die in the learning. Some won't learn it at all: others do, and become dirty and rough themselves. Now, you are very particular about women."

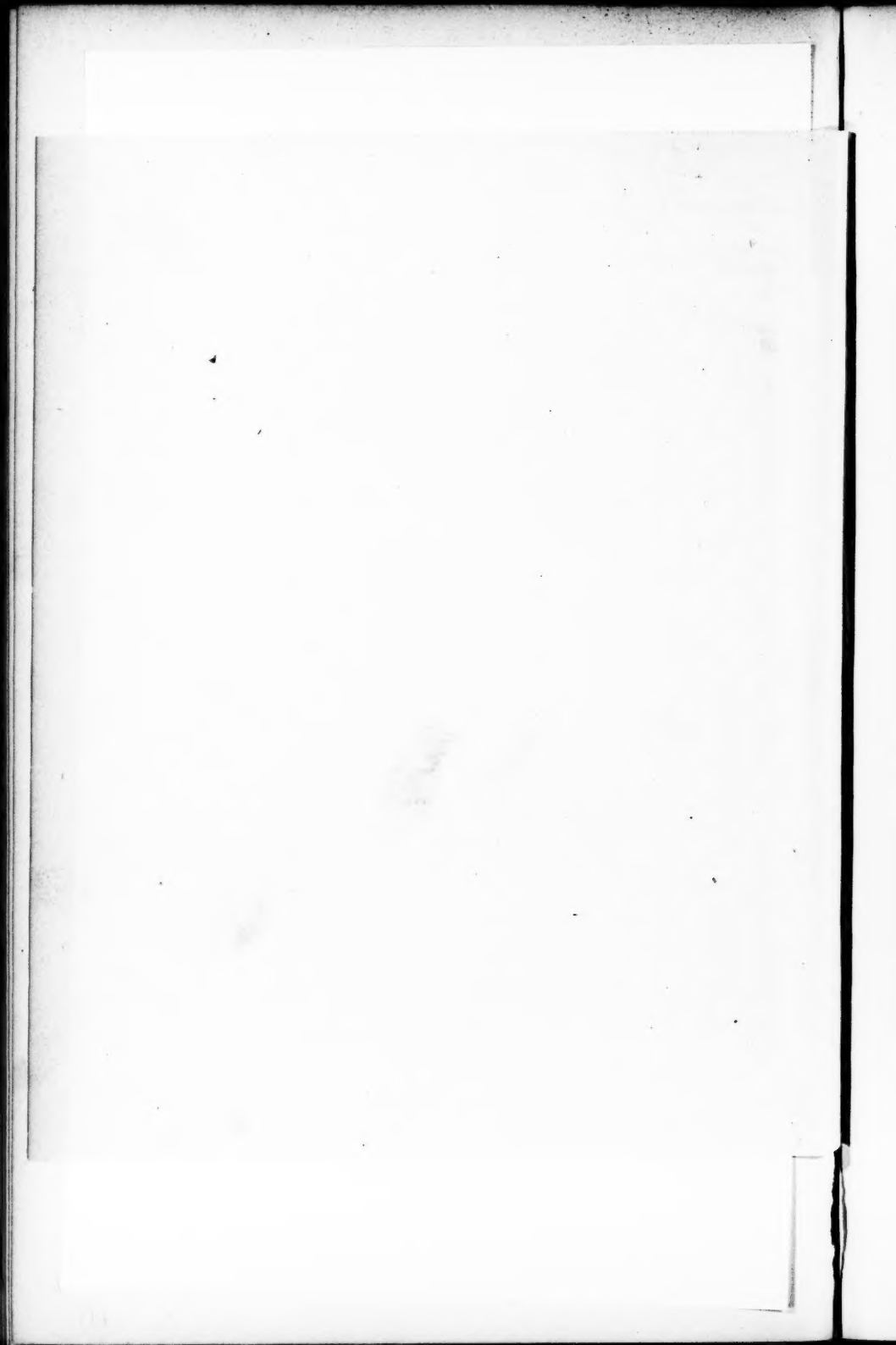
"I like to see them well turned out."

"What would you think of your own wife, nursing perhaps a couple of babies, dressed nohow when she gets up in the morning, and going on in the same way till night? That's the kind of life with officers who marry on their pay. I don't say anything against it. If the man likes it—or rather if he's able to put up with it—it may be all very well; but you couldn't put up with it. Mary's very nice now, but you'd come to be so sick of her that you'd feel half like cutting her throat—or your own."

"It would be the latter for choice, sir."

"I dare say it would. But even that isn't a pleasant thing to look forward to. I'll tell you the truth about it, my boy. When you first came to me and told me that you were going to marry Mary Lowther, I knew it could not be. It was no business of mine, but I knew it could not be. Such engagements always get themselves broken off somehow. Now and again there are a pair of fools who go through with it, but for the most

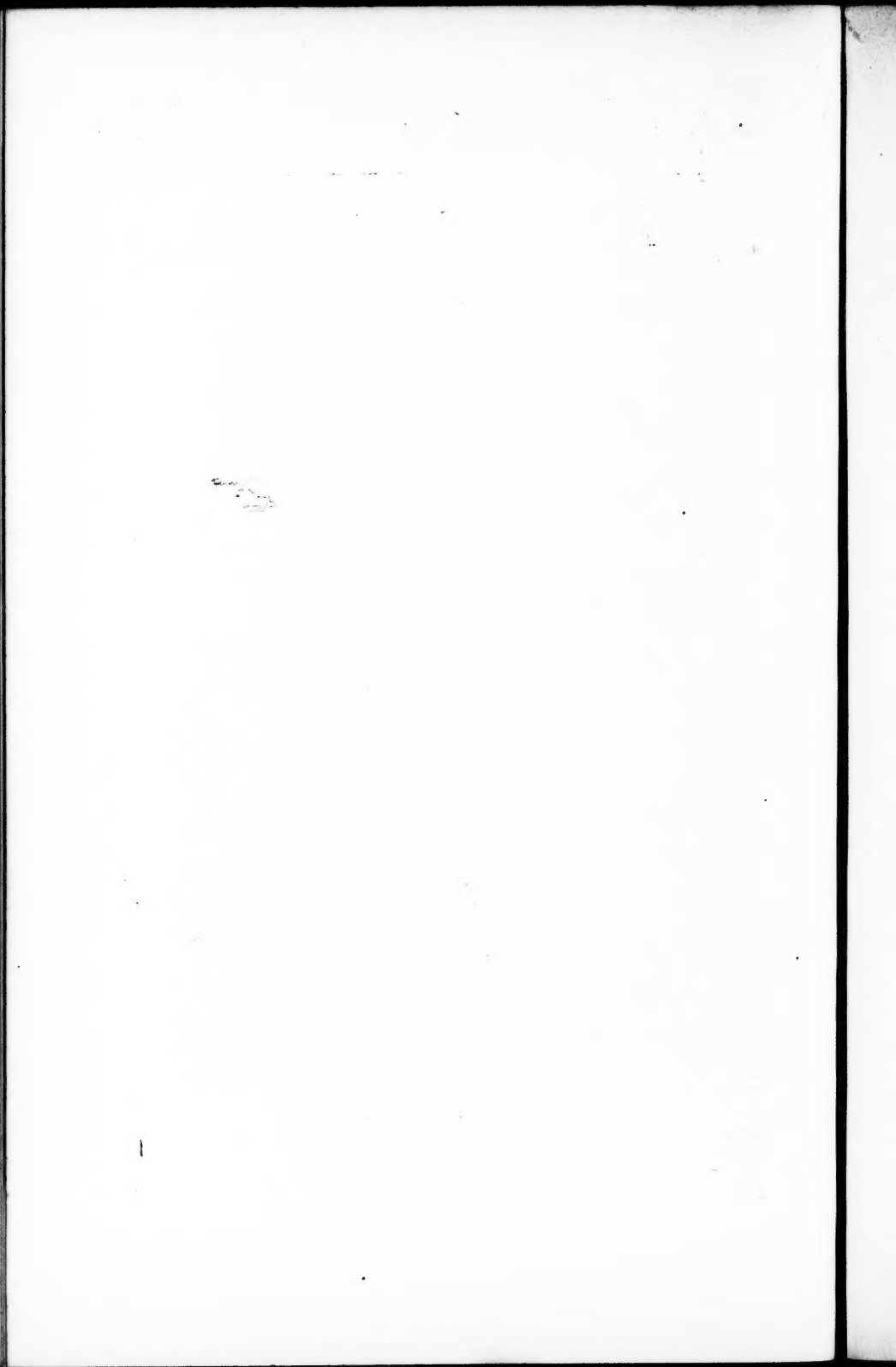






"I WAS NOT THINKING OF THEM."

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. VIII.]



part it's a matter of kissing and lovers' vows for a week or two."

"You seem to know all about it, Uncle John?"

"I haven't lived to be seventy without knowing something, I suppose. And now here you are without a shilling. I dare say, if the truth were known, you've a few debts here and there."

"I may owe three or four hundred pounds or so."

"As much as a year's income; and you talk of marrying a girl without a farthing."

"She has twelve hundred pounds."

"Just enough to pay your own debts, and take you out to India, so that you may start without a penny. Is that the sort of career that will suit you, Walter? Can you trust yourself to that kind of thing with a wife under your arm? If you were a man of fortune, no doubt Mary would make a very nice wife, but as it is you must give it up."

Whereupon Captain Marrable lit a pipe and took himself into the parson's garden, thence into the stables and stable-yard, and again back to the garden, thinking of all this. There was not a word spoken by Parson John which Walter did not know to be true. He had already come to the conclusion that he must go out to India before he married. As for marrying Mary at once and taking her with him this winter, that was impossible. He must go and look about him; and as he thought of this he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he regarded the delay as a reprieve. The sooner the better had been Mary's view with him. Though he was loth enough to entertain the idea of giving her up, he was obliged to confess that, like the condemned man, he desired a long day. There was nothing happy before him in the whole prospect of his life. Of course he loved Mary. He loved her very dearly. He loved her so dearly that to have her taken from him would be to have his heart plucked asunder. So he swore to himself; and yet he was in doubt whether it would not be better that his heart should be plucked asunder than

that she should be made to live in accordance with those distasteful pictures which his uncle had drawn for him. Of himself he would not think at all. Everything must be bad for him. What happiness could a man expect who had been misused, cheated and ruined by his own father? For himself it did not much matter what became of him, but he began to doubt whether for Mary's sake it would not be well that they should be separated. And then Mary had thrust upon him the whole responsibility of a decision!

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARY LOWTHER FEELS HER WAY.

THAT afternoon there came down to the parsonage a note from Mary to the captain, asking her lover to meet her and walk with her before dinner. He met her, and they took their accustomed stroll along the towing-path and into the fields. Mary had thought much of her aunt's words before the note was written, and had a fixed purpose of her own in view. It was true enough that though she loved this man with all her heart and soul—so loved him that she could not look forward to life apart from him without seeing that such life would be a great blank—yet she was aware that she hardly knew him. We are apt to suppose that love should follow personal acquaintance; and yet love at third sight is probably as common as any love at all, and it takes a great many sights before one human being can know another. Years are wanted to make a friendship, but days suffice for men and women to get married. Mary was, after a fashion, aware that she had been too quick in giving away her heart, and that now, when the gift had been made in full, it became her business to learn what sort of man was he to whom she had given it. And it was not only his nature as it affected her, but his nature as it affected himself, that she must study. She did not doubt but that he was good and true and noble-minded; but it might be possible that a man good, true and noble—

minded might have lived with so many indulgences around him as to be unable to achieve the constancy of heart which would be necessary for such a life as that which would be now before them if they married. She had told him that he should decide for himself and for her also—thus throwing upon him the responsibility, and throwing upon him also, very probably, the necessity of a sacrifice. She had meant to be generous and trusting, but it might be that of all courses that which she had adopted was the least generous. In order that she might put this wrong right if there were a wrong, she had asked him to come and walk with her. They met at the usual spot, and she put her hand through his arm with her accustomed smile, leaning upon him somewhat heavily for a minute, as girls do when they want to show that they claim the arm that they lean on as their own.

"Have you told Parson John?" said Mary.

"Oh yes."

"And what does he say?"

"Just what a crabbed, crafty, selfish old bachelor of seventy would be sure to say."

"You mean that he has told you to give up all idea of comforting yourself with a wife?"

"Just that."

"And Aunt Sarah has been saying exactly the same to me. You can't think how eloquent Aunt Sarah has been. And her energy has quite surprised me."

"I don't think Aunt Sarah was ever much of a friend of mine," said the captain.

"Not in the way of matrimony: in other respects she approves of you highly, and is rather proud of you than otherwise as a Marrable. If you were only heir to the title, or something of that kind, she would think you the finest fellow going."

"I wish I could gratify her, with all my heart."

"She is such a dear old creature! You don't know her in the least, Walter. I am told she was ever so pretty

when she was a girl; but she had no fortune of her own at that time, and she didn't care to marry beneath her position. You mustn't abuse her."

"I've not abused her."

"What she has been saying I am sure is very true; and I dare say Parson John has been saying the same thing."

"If she has caused you to change your mind, say so at once, Mary. I sha'n't complain."

Mary pressed his arm involuntarily, and loved him so dearly for the little burst of wrath. Was it really true that he, too, had set his heart upon it?—that all that the crafty old uncle had said had been of no avail?—that he also loved so well that he was willing to change the whole course of his life and become another person for the sake of her? If it were so, she would not say a word that could by possibility make him think that she was afraid. She would feel her way carefully, so that he might not be led by a chance phrase to imagine that what she was about to say was said on her own behalf. She would be very careful, but at the same time she would be so explicit that there should be no doubt on his mind but that he had her full permission to retire from the engagement if he thought it best to do so. She was quite ready to share the burdens of life with him, let them be what they might, but she would not be a millstone round his neck. At any rate, he should not be weighted with the millstone if he himself looked upon a loving wife in that light.

"She has not caused me to change my mind at all, Walter. Of course I know that all this is very serious. I knew that, without Aunt Sarah's telling me. After all, Aunt Sarah can't be so wise as you ought to be, who have seen India and who know it well."

"India is not a nice place to live in, especially for women."

"I don't know that Loring is very nice, but one has to take that as it comes. Of course it would be nicer if you could live at home and have plenty of money. I wish I had a fortune of

my own : I never cared for it before, but I do now."

"Things don't come by wishing, Mary."

"No, but things do come by resolving and struggling. I have no doubt but that you will live yet to do something and to be somebody. I have that faith in you. But I can well understand that a wife may be a great impediment in your way."

"I don't want to think of myself at all."

"But you must think of yourself. For a woman, after all, it doesn't matter much. She isn't expected to do anything particular. A man, of course, must look to his own career, and take care that he does nothing to mar it."

"I don't quite understand what you're driving at," said the captain.

"Well, I'm driving at this—that I think that you are bound to decide upon doing that which you feel to be wisest, without reference to my feelings. Of course I love you better than anything in the world. I can't be so false as to say it isn't so. Indeed, to tell the truth, I don't know that I really ever loved anybody else. But if it is proper that we should be separated, I shall get over it—in a way."

"You mean you'd marry somebody else in the process of time."

"No, Walter: I do not mean that. Women shouldn't make protestations, but I don't think I ever should. But a woman can live and get on very well without being married, and I should always have you in my heart, and I should try to comfort myself with remembering that you had loved me."

"I am quite sure that I shall never marry any one else," said the captain.

"You know what I'm driving at now—eh, Walter?"

"Partly."

"I want you to know wholly. I told you this morning that I should leave it to you to decide. I still say the same. I consider myself for the present as much bound to obey you as though I were your wife already. But after saying that, and after hearing Aunt Sarah's

sermon, I felt that I ought to make you understand that I am quite aware that it may be impossible for you to keep to your engagement. You understand all that better than I do. Our engagement was made when you thought you had money, and even then you felt that there was little enough."

"It was very little."

"And now there is none. I don't profess to be afraid of poverty myself, because I don't quite know what it means."

"It means something very unpleasant."

"No doubt; and it would be unpleasant to be parted, wouldn't it?"

"It would be horrible."

She pressed his arm again as she went on: "You must judge between the two. What I want you to understand is this—that whatever you may judge to be right and best, I will agree to it, and will think that it is right and best. If you say that we will get ourselves married and try it, I shall feel that not to get ourselves married and not to try it is a manifest impossibility; and if you say that we should be wrong to get married and try it, then I will feel that to have done so was quite a manifest impossibility."

"Mary," said he, "you're an angel!"

"No; but I'm a woman who loves well enough to be determined not to hurt the man she loves if she can help it."

"There is one thing on which we must decide."

"What is that?"

"I must at any rate go out before we are married." Mary Lowther felt this to be a decision in her favor—to be a decision which for the time made her happy and light-hearted. She had so dreaded a positive and permanent separation that the delay seemed to her to be hardly an evil.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. GILMORE'S SUCCESS.

HARRY GILMORE, the prosperous country gentleman, the county magistrate, the man of acres, the nephew of

Mr. Chamberlaine, repected by all who knew him—with the single exception of the Marquis of Trowbridge—was now so much reduced that he felt himself to be an inferior being to Mr. Cockey, with whom he breakfasted. He had come to Loring, and now he was there he did not know what to do with himself. He had come there, in truth, not because he really thought he could do any good, but driven out of his home by sheer misery. He was a man altogether upset, and verging on to a species of insanity. He was so uneasy in his mind that he could read nothing. He was half ashamed of being looked at by those who knew him; and had felt some relief in the society of Mr. Cockey till Mr. Cockey had become jovial with wine, simply because Mr. Cockey was so poor a creature that he felt no fear of him. But as he had come to Loring, it was necessary that he should do something. He could not come to Loring and go back again without saying a word to anybody. Fenwick would ask him questions, and the truth would come out. There came upon him this morning an idea that he would not go back home—that he would leave Loring and go away without giving any reason to any one. He was his own master. No one would be injured by anything that he might do. He had a right to spend his income as he pleased. Everything was distasteful that reminded him of Bullhampton. But still he knew that this was no more than a madman's idea—that it would ill become him so to act. He had duties to perform, and he must perform them, let them be ever so distasteful. It was only an idea, made to be rejected, but nevertheless he thought of it.

To do something, however, was incumbent on him. After breakfast he sauntered up the hill and saw Captain Marrable enter the house in which Mary Lowther lived. He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself in thus creeping about and spying things out; and, in truth, he had not intended to watch his rival. He wandered into the churchyard, sat there some time on the tomb-

stones, and then again went down to the inn. Mr. Cockey was going to Gloucester by an afternoon train, and invited him to join an early dinner at two. He assented, though by this time he had come to hate Mr. Cockey. Mr. Cockey assumed an air of superiority, and gave his opinions about matters political and social, as though his companion were considerably below him in intelligence and general information. He dictated to poor Gilmore, and laid down the law as to eating onions with beefsteaks in a manner that was quite offensive. Nevertheless, the unfortunate man bore with his tormentor, and felt desolate when he was left alone in the commercial room, Cockey having gone out to complete his last round of visits to his customers. "Orders first and money afterward," Cockey had said, and Cockey had now gone out to look after his money.

Gilmore sat for some half hour helpless over the fire, and then, starting up, snatched his hat and hurried out of the house. He walked as quickly as he could up the hill, and rang the bell at Miss Marrable's house. Had he been there ten minutes sooner, he would have seen Mary Lowther tripping down the side path to meet her lover. He rang the bell, and in a few minutes found himself in Miss Marrable's drawing-room. He had asked for Miss Marrable, had given his name and had been shown up stairs. There he remained alone for a few minutes, which seemed to him to be interminable. During these minutes Miss Marrable was standing in her little parlor down stairs trying to think what she would say to Mr. Gilmore—trying also to think why Mr. Gilmore should have come to Loring.

After a few words of greeting, Miss Marrable said that Miss Lowther was out walking. "She will be very glad, I'm sure, to hear good news from her friends at Bullhampton."

"They're all very well," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I've heard a great deal of Mr. Fenwick," said Miss Marrable—"so much that I seem almost to be acquainted with him."

"No doubt," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Your parish has become painfully known to the public by that horrible murder," said Miss Marrable.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Gilmore.

"I fear that they will hardly catch the perpetrator of it," said Miss Marrable.

"I fear not," said Mr. Gilmore.

At this period of the conversation Miss Marrable found herself in great difficulty. If anything was to be said about Mary Lowther, she could not begin to say it. She had heard a great deal in favor of Mr. Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick had written to her about the man; and Mary, though she would not love him, had always spoken very highly of his qualities. She knew well that he had gone through Oxford with credit—that he was a reading man, so reputed—that he was a magistrate, and in all respects a gentleman. Indeed, she had formed an idea of him as quite a pearl among men. Now that she saw him she could not repress a feeling of disappointment. He was badly dressed, and bore a sad, depressed, downtrodden aspect. His whole appearance was what the world now calls seedy. And he seemed to be almost unable to speak. Miss Marrable knew that Mr. Gilmore was a man disappointed in his love, but she did not conceive that love had done him all these injuries. Love, however, had done them all. "Are you going to stay long in this neighborhood?" asked Miss Marrable, almost in despair for a subject.

Then the man's mouth was opened. "No, I suppose not," he said. "I don't know what should keep me here, and I hardly know why I'm come. Of course you have heard of my suit to your niece." Miss Marrable bowed her courtly little head in token of assent. "When Miss Lowther left us, she gave me some hope that I might be successful. At least, she consented that I should ask her once more. She has now written to tell me that she is engaged to her cousin."

"There is something of the kind," said Miss Marrable.

"Something of the kind! I suppose it is settled, isn't it?"

Miss Marrable was a sensible woman—one not easily led away by appearances. Nevertheless, it is probable that had Mr. Gilmore been less lugubrious, more sleek, less "seedy," she would have been more prone than she now was to have made instant use of Captain Marrable's loss of fortune on behalf of this other suitor. She would immediately have felt that perhaps something might be done, and she would have been tempted to tell him the whole story openly. As it was, she could not so sympathize with the man before her as to take him into her confidence. No doubt he was Mr. Gilmore, the favored friend of the Fenwicks, the owner of the Privets, and the man of whom Mary had often said that there was no fault to be found with him. But there was nothing bright about him, and she did not know how to encourage him as a lover. "As Mary has told you," she said, "I suppose there can be no harm in my repeating that they are engaged."

"Of course they are. I am aware of that. I believe the gentleman is related to you."

"He is a cousin—not very near."

"And I suppose he has your goodwill?"

"As to that, Mr. Gilmore, I don't know that I can do any good by speaking. Young ladies in these days don't marry in accordance with the wishes of their old aunts."

"But Miss Lowther thinks so much of you! I don't want to ask any questions that ought not to be asked. If this match is so settled that it must go on, why there's an end of it. I'll just tell you the truth openly, Miss Marrable. I have loved—I do love—your niece with all my heart. When I received her letter it upset me altogether, and every hour since has made the feeling worse. I have come here just to learn whether there may still possibly be a chance. You will not quarrel with me because I loved her so well?"

"Indeed, no," said Miss Marrable, whose heart was gradually becoming soft, and who was learning to forget the mud on Mr. Gilmore's boots and trousers.

"I heard that Captain Marrable was—at any rate, not a very rich man—that he could hardly afford to marry his cousin. I did hear, also, that the match might in other respects not be suitable."

"There is no other objection, Mr. Gilmore."

"It is the case, Miss Marrable, that these things sometimes come on suddenly and go off suddenly. I won't deny that if I could have gained Miss Lowther's heart without the interference of any interloper, it would have been to me a brighter joy than anything that can now be possible. A man cannot be proud of his position who seeks to win a woman who owns a preference for another man." Miss Marrable's heart had now become very soft, and she began to perceive, of her own knowledge, that Mr. Gilmore was at any rate a gentleman. "But I would take her in any way that I could get her. Perhaps—that is to say, it might be—" And then he stopped.

Should she tell him everything? She had a strong idea that it was her first duty to be true to her own sex and to her own niece. But were she to tell the man the whole story, it would do her niece no harm. She still believed that the match with Captain Marrable must be broken off. Even were this done, it would be very long, she thought, before Mary would bring herself to listen with patience to another suitor. But of course it would be best for them all that this episode in Mary's life should be forgotten and put out of sight as soon as possible. Had not this dangerous captain come up, Mary, no doubt—so thought Miss Marrable—would at last have complied with her friends' advice, and have accepted a marriage which was in all respects advantageous. If the episode could only get itself forgotten and put out of sight, she might do so still. But there must be delay. Miss Marrable, after waiting for half a minute to consider, determined that she would tell him something. "No doubt," she said, "Captain Marrable's income is so small that the match is one that Mary's friends cannot approve."

"I don't think much of money," he said.

"Still it is essential to comfort, Mr. Gilmore."

"What I mean to say is, that I am the last man in the world to insist upon that kind of thing, or to appear to triumph because my income is larger than another man's." Miss Marrable was now quite sure that Mr. Gilmore was a gentleman. "But if the match is to be broken off—"

"I cannot say that it will be broken off."

"But it may be?"

"Certainly it is possible. There are difficulties which may necessarily separate them."

"If it be so, my feelings will be the same as they have always been since I first knew her. That is all that I have got to say."

Then she told him pretty nearly everything. She said nothing of the money which Walter Marrable would have inherited had it not been for Colonel Marrable's iniquity, but she did tell him that the young people would have no income except the captain's pay and poor Mary's little fifty pounds a year; and she went on to explain that, as far as she was concerned and as far as her cousin the clergyman was concerned, everything would be done to prevent a marriage so disastrous as that in question, and the prospect of a life with so little of allurements as that of the wife of a poor soldier in India. At the same time she bade him remember that Mary Lowther was a girl very apt to follow her own judgment, and that she was for the present absolutely devoted to her cousin. "I think it will be broken off," she said: "that is my opinion. I don't think it can go on. But it is he that will do it; and for a time she will suffer greatly."

"Then I will wait," said Mr. Gilmore. "I will go home and wait again. If there be a chance, I can live and hope."

"God grant that you may not hope in vain!"

"I would do my best to make her happy. I will leave you now, and am

very thankful for your kindness. There would be no good in my seeing Mary."

"I think not, Mr. Gilmore."

"I suppose not. She would only feel that I was teasing her. You will not tell her of my being here, I suppose?"

"It would do no good, I think."

"None in the least. I'll just go home and wait. If there should be anything to tell me—"

"If the match be broken off, I will take care that you shall hear it. I will write to Janet Fenwick. I know that she is your friend."

Then Mr. Gilmore left the house, descended the hill without seeing Mary, packed up his things and returned by the night train to Westbury. At seven o'clock in the morning he reached home in a Westbury gig, very cold, but, upon the whole, a much more comfortable man than when he had left it. He had almost brought himself to think that even yet he would succeed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAREWELL.

CHRISTMAS came, and a month beyond Christmas, and by the end of January, Captain Marrable and Miss Lowther had agreed to regard all their autumn work as null and void—to look back upon the love-making as a thing that had not been, and to part as friends. Both of them suffered much in this arrangement—the man being the louder in the objurgations which he made against his ill-fortune, and in his assurances to himself and others that he was ruined for life. And indeed no man could have been much more unhappy than was Walter Marrable in these days. To him was added the trouble—which he did not endeavor to hide from himself or Mary—that all this misery came to him from his own father. Before the end of November sundry renewed efforts were made to save a portion of the money, and the lawyers descended so low as to make an offer to take two thousand pounds. They might have saved themselves the humiliation, for neither two

thousand pounds nor two hundred pounds could have been made to be forthcoming. Walter Marrable, when the time came, was painfully anxious to fight somebody, but he was told very clearly by Messrs. Block & Curling that there was nobody whom he could fight but his father, and that even by fighting his father he would never obtain a penny. "My belief," said Mr. Curling, "is that you could put your father in prison, but that probably is not your object." Marrable was forced to own that that was not his object, but he did so in a tone which seemed to imply that a prison, were it even for life, would be the best place for his father. Block & Curling had been solicitors to the Marrables for ever so many years; and though they did not personally love the colonel, they had a professional feeling that the blackness of a black sheep of a family should not be made public—at any rate by the family itself or by the family solicitors. Almost every family has a black sheep, and it is the especial duty of a family solicitor to keep the family black sheep from being dragged into the front and visible ranks of the family. The captain had been fatally wrong in signing the paper which he had signed, and must take the consequences. "I don't think, Captain Marrable, that you would save yourself in any way by proceeding against the colonel," said Mr. Curling. "I have not the slightest intention of proceeding against him," said the captain, in great dudgeon; and then he left the office and shook the dust off his feet, as against Block & Curling as well as against his father.

After this—immediately after it—he had one other interview with his father. As he told his uncle, the devil prompted him to go down to Portsmouth to see the man to whom his interests should have been dearer than to all the world besides, and who had robbed him so ruthlessly. There was nothing to be gained by such a visit. Neither money nor counsel, nor even consolation, would be forthcoming from Colonel Marrable. Probably Walter Marrable felt in his anger that it would be unjust that his

father should escape without a word to remind him from his son's mouth of all that he had done for his son. The colonel held some staff office at Portsmouth, and his son came upon him in his lodgings one evening as he was dressing to go out to dinner. "Is that you, Walter?" said the battered old reprobate, appearing at the door of his bedroom: "I am very glad to see you."

"I don't believe it," said the son.

"Well, what would you have me say? If you'll only behave decently, I shall be glad to see you."

"You've given me an example in that way, sir, have you not? Decency, indeed!"

"Now, Walter, if you're going to talk about that horrid money, I tell you at once that I won't listen to you."

"That's kind of you, sir."

"I've been unfortunate. As soon as I can repay it, or a part of it, I will. Since you've been back, I've done everything in my power to get a portion of it for you; and should have got it, but for those stupid people in Bedford Row. After all, the money ought to have been mine, and that's what I suppose you felt when you enabled me to draw it."

"By Heavens, that's cool!"

"I mean to be cool—I'm always cool. The cab will be here to take me to dinner in a very few minutes. I hope you will not think I am running away from you?"

"I don't mean you to go till you've heard what I've got to say," said the captain.

"Then, pray say it quickly." Upon this the colonel stood still and faced his son—not exactly with a look of anger, but assuming an appearance as though he were the person injured. He was a thin old man, who wore padded coats, and painted his beard and his eyebrows, and had false teeth, and who, in spite of chronic absence of means, always was possessed of clothes apparently just new from the hands of a West End tailor. He was one of those men who, through their long, useless, ill-flavored lives, always contrive to live well, to eat and

drink of the best, to lie softly, and to go about in purple and fine linen; and yet never have any money. Among a certain set, Colonel Marrable, though well known, was still popular. He was good-tempered, well-mannered, sprightly in conversation, and had not a scruple in the world. He was over seventy, had lived hard, and must have known that there was not much more of life for him. But yet he had no qualms and no fears. It may be doubted whether he knew that he was a bad man—he, than whom you could find none worse, though you were to search the country from one end to another. To lie; to steal—not out of tills or pockets, because he knew the danger; to cheat—not at the card-table, because he had never come in the way of learning the lesson; to indulge every passion, though the cost to others might be ruin for life; to know no gods but his own bodily senses, and no duty but that which he owed to those gods; to eat all and produce nothing; to love no one but himself; to have learned nothing but how to sit at table like a gentleman; to care not at all for his country, or even for his profession; to have no creed, no party, no friend, no conscience; to be troubled with nothing that touched his heart,—such had been, was and was to be the life of Colonel Marrable. Perhaps it was accounted to him as a merit by some that he did not quail at any coming fate. When his doctor warned him that he must go soon unless he would refrain from this and that and the other—so wording his caution that the colonel could not but know and did know that let him refrain as he would he must go soon—he resolved that he would refrain, thinking that the charms of his wretched life were sweet enough to be worth such sacrifice; but in no other respect did the caution affect him. He never asked himself whether he had aught even to regret before he died or to fear afterward.

There are many Colonel Marrables about in the world, known well to be so at clubs, in drawing-rooms and by the tradesmen who supply them. Men give them dinners and women smile upon

them. The best of coats and boots are supplied to them. They never lack cigars and champagne. They have horses to ride, and servants to wait upon them more obsequious than the servants of other people. And men will lend them money too, well knowing that there is no chance of repayment. Now and then one hears a horrid tale of some young girl who surrenders herself to such a one, absolutely for love! Upon the whole, the Colonel Marrables are popular. It is hard to follow such a man quite to the end, and to ascertain whether or no he does go out softly at last like the snuff of a candle—just with a little stink.

"I will say it as quickly as I can," said the captain. "I can gain nothing, I know, by staying here in your company."

"Not while you are so very uncivil."

"Uncivil, indeed! I have to-day made up my mind—not for your sake, but for that of the family—that I will not prosecute you as a criminal for the gross robbery which you have perpetrated."

"That is nonsense, Walter, and you know it as well as I do."

"I am going back to India in a few weeks, and I trust I may never be called upon to see you again. I will not if I can help it. It may be a toss-up which of us may die first, but this will be our last meeting. I hope you may remember on your deathbed that you have utterly ruined your son in every relation of life. I was engaged to marry a girl whom I loved, but it is all over, because of you."

"I had heard of that, Walter, and I really congratulate you on your escape."

"I can't strike you—"

"No, don't do that."

"Because of your age and because you are my father. I suppose you have no heart, and that I cannot make you feel it."

"My dear boy, I have an appetite, and I must go and satisfy it." So saying, the colonel escaped, and the captain allowed his father to make his way down the stairs and into the cab before he followed.

Though he had thus spoken to his father of his blasted hopes in regard to Mary Lowther, he had not as yet signified his consent to the measure by which their engagement was to be brought altogether to an end. The question had come to be discussed widely among their friends, as is the custom with such questions in such circumstances, and Mary had been told from all sides that she was bound to give it up—that she was bound to give it up for her own sake, and more especially for his; that the engagement, if continued, would never lead to a marriage, and that it would in the mean time be absolutely ruinous to her and him. Parson John came up and spoke to her with a strength for which she had not hitherto given Parson John credit. Her aunt Sarah was very gentle with her, but never veered from her opinion that the engagement must of necessity be abandoned. Mr. Fenwick wrote to her a letter full of love and advice, and Mrs. Fenwick made a journey to Loring to discuss the matter with her. The discussion between them was very long. "If you are saying this on my account," said Mary, "it is quite useless."

"On what other account? Mr. Gilmore's? Indeed, indeed, I am not thinking of him. He is out of my mind altogether. I say it because I know it is impossible that you and your cousin should be married, and because such an engagement is destructive to both the parties."

"For myself," said Mary, "it can make no difference."

"It will make the greatest difference. It would wear you to pieces with a deferred hope. There is nothing so killing, so terrible, so much to be avoided. And then for him—! How is a man thrown about on the world as he will be, to live in such a condition?"

The upshot of it all was, that Mary wrote a letter to her cousin proposing to surrender her engagement, and declaring that it would be best for them both that he should agree to accept her surrender. That plan which she had adopted before, of leaving all the respon-

sibility to him, would not suffice. She had come to perceive during these weary discussions that if a way out of his bondage was to be given to Walter Mar-
rable, it must come from her action and not from his. She had intended to be generous when she left everything to him, but it was explained to her, both by her aunt and Mrs. Fenwick, that her generosity was of a kind which he could not use. It was for her to take the responsibility upon herself; it was for her to make the move; it was, in short, for her to say that the engagement should be over.

The very day that Mrs. Fenwick left her she wrote the letter, and Captain Marrable had it in his pocket when he went down to bid a last farewell to his father. It had been a sad, weary, tear-laden performance, the writing of that letter. She had resolved that no sign of a tear should be on the paper, and she had rubbed the moisture away from her eyes a dozen times during the work, lest it should fall. There was but little of intended pathos in it; there were no expressions of love till she told him at the end that she would always love him dearly; there was no repining, no mention of her own misery. She used all the arguments which others had used to her, and then drew her conclusion. She remembered that were she to tell him that she would still be true to him, she would in fact be asking for some such pledge back from him; and she said not a word of any such constancy on her own part. It was best for both of them that the engagement should be broken off; and therefore broken off it was, and should be now and for ever. That was the upshot of Mary Lowther's letter.

Captain Marrable, when he received it, though he acknowledged the truth of all the arguments, loved the girl far too well to feel that this release gave him any comfort. He had doubtless felt that the engagement was a burden on him—that he would not have entered into it had he not felt sure of his diminished fortune, and that there was a fearful probability that it might never result in their

being married; but not the less did the breaking up of it make him very wretched. An engagement for marriage can never be so much to a man as it is to a woman—marriage itself can never be so much, can never be so great a change, produce such utter misery, or of itself be efficient for such perfect happiness; but his love was true and steadfast, and when he learned that she was not to be his, he was as a man who had been robbed of his treasure. Her letter was long and argumentative. His reply was short and passionate, and the reader shall see it:

“DUKE STREET, January —, 186—.

“DEAREST MARY:

“I suppose you are right. Everybody tells me so, and no doubt everybody tells you the same. The chances are that I shall get bowled over; and as for getting back again, I don't know when I can hope for it. In such a condition it would, I believe, be very wrong and selfish were I to go and leave you to think of me as your future husband. You would be waiting for that which would never come.

“As for me, I shall never care for any other woman. A soldier can get on very well without a wife, and I shall always regard myself now as one of those useless but common animals who are called ‘not marrying men.’ I shall never marry. I shall always carry your picture in my heart, and shall not think that I am sinning against you or any one else when I do so after hearing that you are married.

“I need not tell you that I am very wretched. It is not only that I am separated from you, my own dear, dearest girl, but that I cannot refrain from thinking how it has come to pass that it is so. I went down to see my father yesterday. I did see him, and you may imagine of what nature was the interview. I sometimes think when I lay in bed that no man was ever so ill-treated, as I have been.

“Dearest love, good-bye! I could not have brought myself to say what you have said, but I know that you are right.

It has not been my fault, dear. I did love you, and do love you, as truly as any man ever loved a woman.

"Yours, with all my heart,

"WALTER MARRABLE.

"I should like to see you once more before I start. Is there any harm in this? I must run down to my uncle's, but I will not go up to you if you think it better not. If you can bring yourself to see me, pray, pray do."

In answer to this Mary wrote to him to say that she would certainly see him when he came. She knew no reason, she said, why they should not meet. When she had written her note she asked her aunt's opinion. Aunt Sarah would not take upon herself to say that no such meeting ought to take place, but it was very evident that she thought that it would be dangerous.

Captain Marrable did come down to Loring about the end of January, and the meeting did take place. Mary had stipulated that she should be alone when he called. He had suggested that they should walk out together as had been their wont, but this she had declined, telling him that the sadness of such a walk would be too much for her, and saying to her aunt with a smile that were she once again out with him on the towing-path there would be no chance of their ever coming home. "I could not ask him to turn back," she said, "when I should know that it would be for the last time." It was arranged, therefore, that the meeting should take place in the drawing-room at Uphill Lane.

He came into the room with a quick, uneasy step, and when he reached her he put his arm round her and kissed her. She had formed certain little resolutions on this subject. He should kiss her, if he pleased, once again when he went, and only once. And now, almost without a motion on her part that was perceptible, she took herself out of his arms. There should be no word about that if she could help it; but she was bound to remember that he was nothing to her now but a distant cousin.

He must cease to be her lover, though she loved him. Nay, he had so ceased already. There must be no more laying of her head upon his shoulder, no more twisting of her fingers through his locks, no more looking into his eyes, no more amorous pressing of her lips against his own. Much as she loved him, she must remember now that such outward signs of love as these would not befit her. "Walter," she said, "I am so glad to see you! And yet I do not know but what it would have been better that you should have stayed away."

"Why should it have been better? It would have been unnatural not to have met each other."

"So I thought. Why should not friends endure to say good-bye, even though their friendship be as dear as ours? I told Aunt Sarah that I should be angry with myself afterward if I feared to tell you to come."

"There is nothing to fear — only that it is so wretched an ending," said he.

"In one way I will not look on it as an ending. You and I cannot be married, Walter, but I shall always have your career to look to, and shall think of you as my dearest friend. I shall expect you to write to me—not at first, but after a year or so. You will be able to write to me then as though you were my brother."

"I shall never be able to do that."

"Oh yes—that is, if you will make the effort for my sake. I do not believe but what people can manage and mould their own wills if they will struggle hard enough. You must not be unhappy, Walter."

"I am not so wise or self-confident as you, Mary. I shall be unhappy. I should be deceiving myself if I were to tell myself otherwise. There is nothing before me to make me happy. When I came home, there was very little that I cared for, though I had the prospect of this money, and thought that my cares in that respect were over. Then I met you, and the whole world seemed altered. I was happy even when I found how badly I had been treated. Now all that

has gone, and I cannot think that I shall be happy again."

"I mean to be happy, Walter."

"I hope you may, dear."

"There are gradations in happiness."

The highest I ever came to yet was when you told me that you loved me." When she said that he attempted to take her hand, but she withdrew from him, almost without a sign that she was doing so. "I have not quite lost that yet," she continued, "and I do not mean to lose it altogether. I shall always remember that you loved me, Walter; and you will not forget that I too loved you."

"Forget it?—no, I don't exactly think that I shall forget it."

"I don't know why it should make us altogether unhappy. For a time, I suppose, we shall be downhearted."

"I shall, I know. I can't pretend to such strength as to say that I can lose what I want and not feel it."

"We shall both feel it, Walter, but I do not know that we must be miserable. When do you leave England?"

"Nothing is settled. I have not had the heart to think of my departure. It will not be for a month or two yet. I suppose I shall stay out my regular Indian time."

"And what shall you do with yourself?"

"I have no plans at all, Mary. Sir Gregory has asked me to Dunripple, and I shall remain there probably till I am tired of it. It will be so pleasant talking to my uncle of my father."

"Do not talk of him at all, Walter. You will best forgive him by not talking of him. We shall hear, I suppose, of what you do from Parson John."

She had seated herself a little way from him, and he did not attempt to draw near to her again till at her bidding he rose to leave her. He sat there for nearly an hour, and during that time much more was said by her than by him. She endeavored to make him understand that he was as free as air, and that she would hope some day to hear that he was married. In reply to this he asserted very loudly that he would never

call any woman his wife unless unexpected circumstances should enable him to return and again ask for her hand. "Not that you are to wait for me, Mary," he said. She smiled, but made no definite answer to this. She had told herself that it would not be for his welfare that she should allude to the possibility of a renewed engagement, and she did not allude to it.

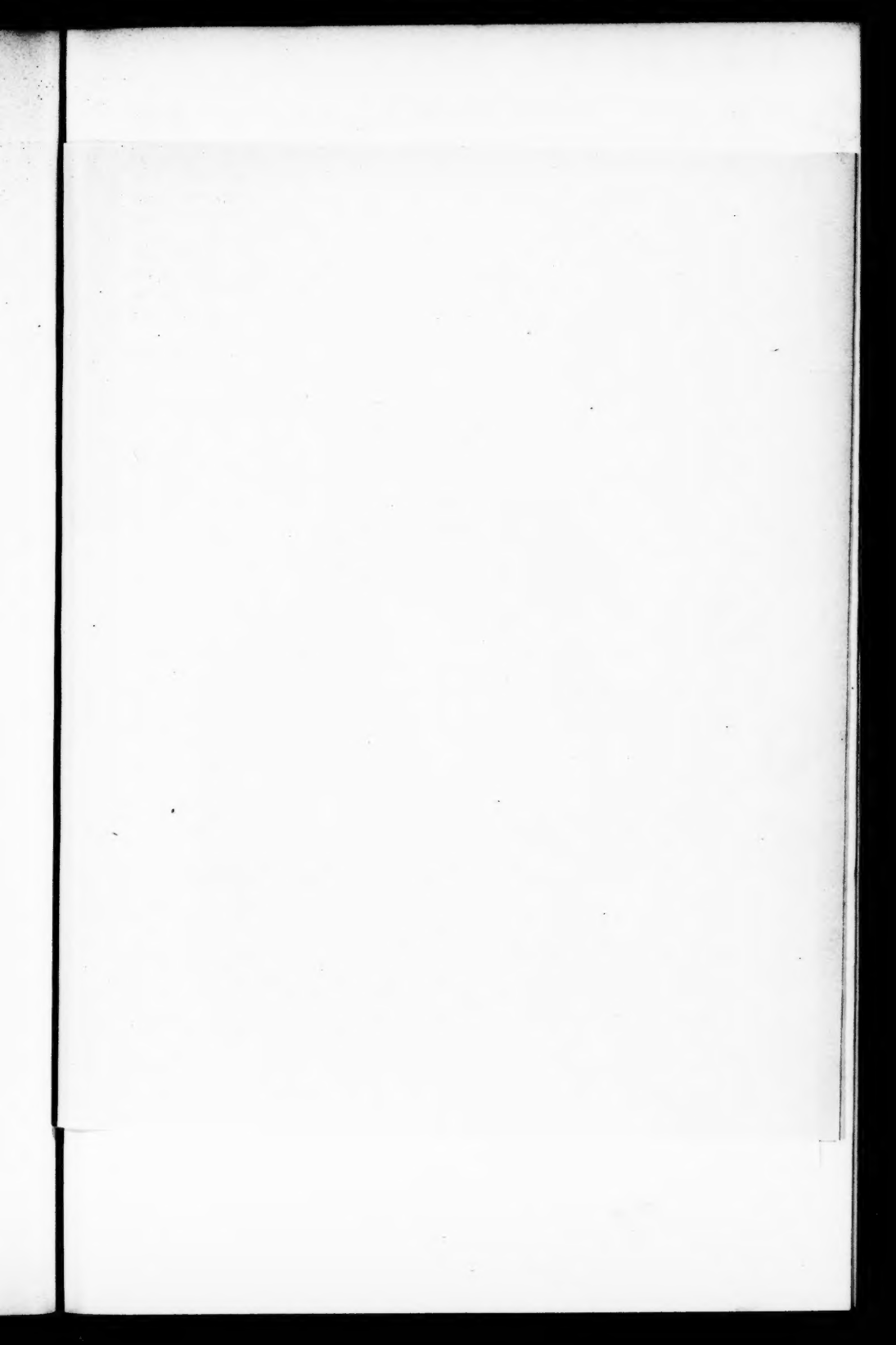
"God bless you, Walter!" she said at last, coming to him and offering him her hand.

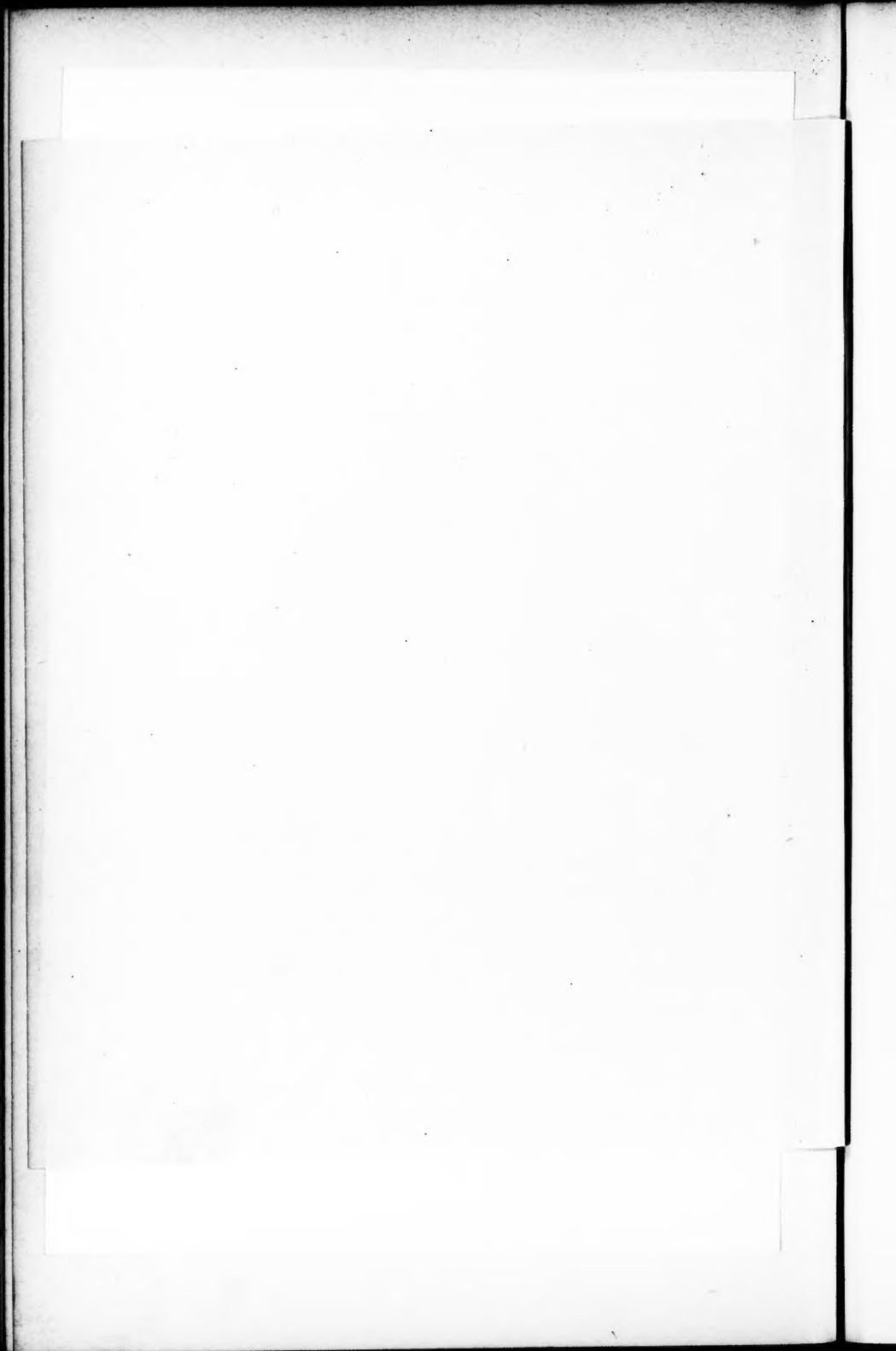
"God bless you, for ever and ever, dearest Mary!" he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her again and again. It was to be the last, and she did not seem to shun him. Then he left her, went as far as the door and returned again. "Dearest, dearest Mary! You will give me one more kiss?"

"It shall be the last, Walter," she said. Then she did kiss him, as she would have kissed her brother that was going from her, and escaping from his arms she left the room.

He had come to Loring late on the previous evening, and on that same day he returned to London. No doubt he dined at his club, drank a pint of wine and smoked a cigar or two, though he did it all after a lugubrious fashion. Men knew that he had fallen into great trouble in the matter of his inheritance, and did not expect him to be joyful and of pleasant countenance. "By George!" said little Captain Boodle, "if it was my governor, I'd go very near being hung for him—I would, by George!" Which remark obtained a good deal of general sympathy in the billiard-room of that military club. In the mean time, Mary Lowther at Loring had resolved that she would not be lugubrious, and she sat down to dinner opposite to her aunt with a pleasant smile on her face. Before the evening was over, however, she had in some degree broken down. "I fear I can't get along with novels, Aunt Sarah," she said. "Don't you think I could find something to do?"

Then the old lady came round the room and kissed her niece, but she made no other reply.

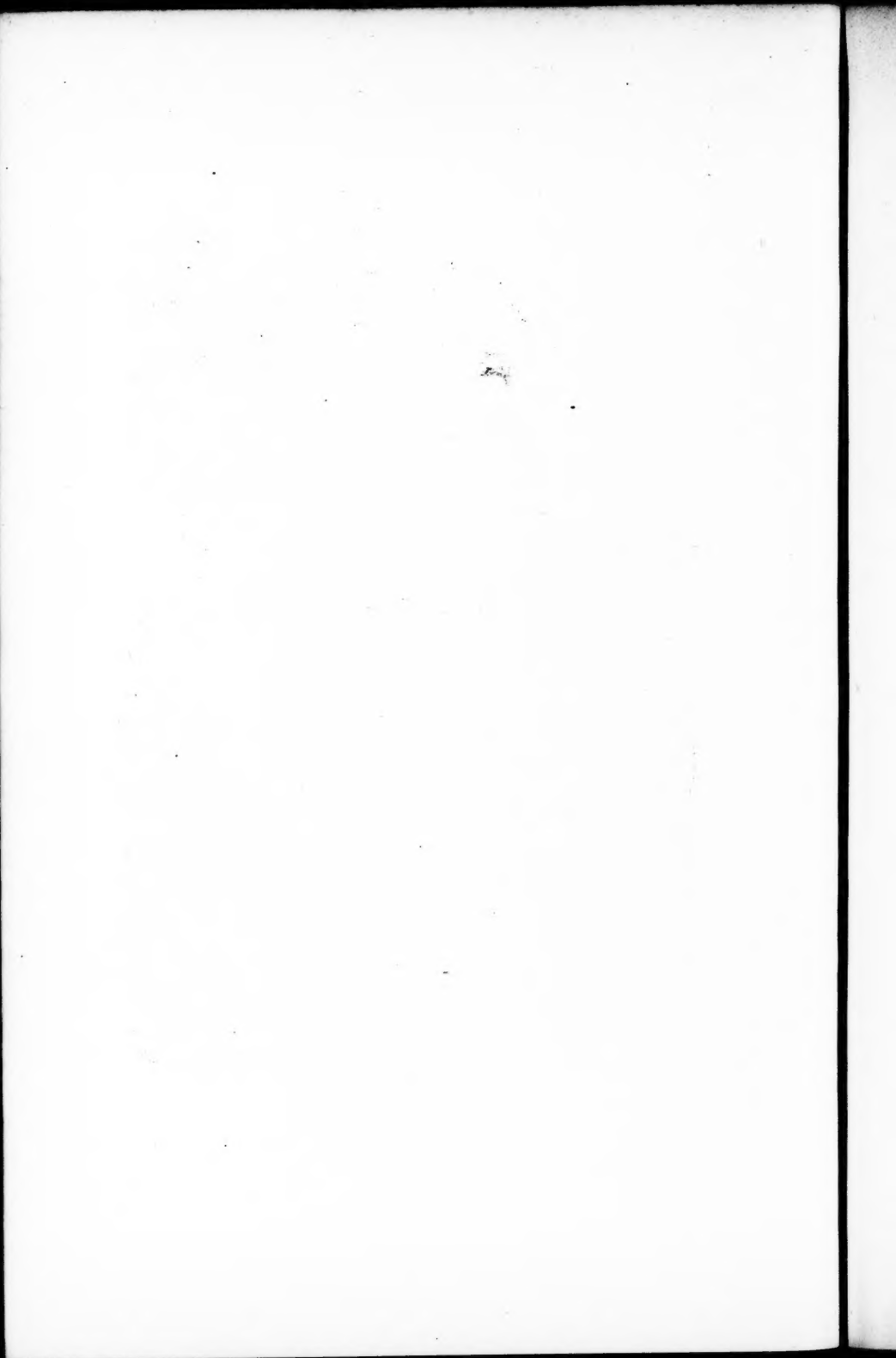






“AND NOW WHAT IS IT?”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XVIII.]



CHAPTER XXXIV.

BULLHAMPTON NEWS.

WHEN the matter was quite settled at Loring—when Miss Marrable not only knew that the engagement had been surrendered on both sides, but that it had been so surrendered as to be incapable of being again patched up—she bethought herself of her promise to Mr. Gilmore. This did not take place for a fortnight after the farewell which was spoken in the last chapter, at which time Walter Marrable was staying with his uncle, Sir Gregory, at Dunripple. Miss Marrable had undertaken that Mr. Gilmore should be informed as soon as the engagement was brought to an end, and he had been told that this information should reach him through Mrs. Fenwick. When a fortnight had passed, Miss Marrable was aware that Mary had not herself written to her friend at Bullhampton; and though she felt herself to be shy of the subject, though she entertained a repugnance to make any communication based on a hope that Mary might after a while receive her old lover graciously—for time must of course be needed before such grace could be accorded—she did write a few lines to Mrs. Fenwick. She explained that Captain Marrable was to return to India, and that he was to go as a free man. Mary, she said, bore her burden well. Of course, it must be some time before the remembrance of her cousin would cease to be a burden to her; but she went about her heavy task with a good will, so said Miss Marrable, and would no doubt conquer her own unhappiness after a time by the strength of her personal character. Not a word was spoken of Mr. Gilmore, but Mrs. Fenwick understood it all. The letter, she knew well, was a message to Mr. Gilmore—a message which it would be her duty to give as soon as possible, that he might extract from it such comfort as it would contain for him, though it would be his duty not to act upon it for, at any rate, many months to come. “And it will be a comfort to him,” said her husband when he read Miss Marrable’s letter.

“Of all the men I know he is the most

constant,” said Mrs. Fenwick, “and best deserves that his constancy should be rewarded.”

“It is the man’s nature,” said the parson. “Of course he will get her at last; and when he has got her, he will be quite contented with the manner in which he has won her. There’s nothing like going on with a thing. I believe I might be a bishop if I set my heart on it.”

“Why don’t you, then?”

“I am not sure that the beauty of the thing is so well defined to me as is Mary Lowther’s to poor Harry. In perseverance and success of that kind the man’s mind should admit of no doubt. Harry is quite clear of this—that in spite of Mary’s preference for her cousin, it would be the grandest thing in the world to him that she should marry him. The certainty of his condition will pull him through at last.”

Two days after this, Mrs. Fenwick put Miss Marrable’s letter into Mr. Gilmore’s hand, having perceived that it was specially written that it might be so treated. She kept it in her pocket till she should chance to see him, and at last handed it to him as she met him walking on his own grounds. “I have a letter from Loring,” she said.

“From Mary?”

“No—from Mary’s aunt. I have it here, and I think you had better read it. To tell you the truth, Harry, I have been looking for you ever since I got it. Only you must not make too much of it.”

Then he read the letter. “What do you mean,” he asked, “by making too much of it?”

“You must not suppose that Mary is the same as before she saw this cousin of hers.”

“But she is the same.”

“Well, yes—in body and in soul, no doubt. But such an experience leaves a mark which cannot be rubbed out quite at once.”

“You mean that I must wait before I ask her again?”

“Of course you must wait. The mark must be rubbed out first, you know.”

“I will wait, but as for the rubbing out of the mark, I take it that will be

altogether beyond me. Do you think, Mrs. Fenwick, that no woman should ever, under any circumstances, marry one man when she loves another?"

She could not bring herself to tell him that in her opinion Mary Lowther would of all women be the least likely to do so. "That is one of those questions," she said, "which it is almost impossible for a person to answer. In the first place, before answering it, we should have a clear definition of love."

"You know what I mean well enough."

"I do know what you mean, but I hardly do know how to answer you. If you went to Mary Lowther now, she would take it almost as an insult, and she would feel it in that light, because she is aware that you know of this story of her cousin."

"Of course I shall not go to her at once."

"She will never forget him altogether."

"Such things cannot be forgotten," said Gilmore.

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Fenwick, "it is probable that Mary will be married some day. These wounds get themselves cured as do others."

"I shall never be cured of mine," said he, laughing. "As for Mary, I hardly know what to think. I suppose girls do marry without caring very much for the men they take—one sees it every day—and then afterward they love their husbands. It isn't very romantic, but it seems to me that it is so."

"Don't think of it too much, Harry," said Mrs. Fenwick. "If you still are devoted to her—"

"Indeed I am."

"Then wait a while, and we will have her at Bullhampton again. You know, at any rate, what our wishes are."

Everything had been very quiet at Bullhampton during the last three months. The mill was again in regular work, and Sam had remained at home with fair average regularity. The vicar had heard nothing more of Carry Brattle, and had been unable to trace her or to learn where she was living. He had taken various occasions to mention her name to her mother, but Mrs. Brattle

knew nothing of her, and believed that Sam was equally ignorant with herself. Both she and the vicar found it impossible to speak to Sam on the subject, though they knew that he had been with his sister more than once when she was living at Pycroft Common. As for the miller himself, no one had mentioned Carry's name to him since the day on which the vicar had made his attempt; and from that day to the present there had been, if not ill blood, at least cold blood, between Mr. Fenwick and old Brattle. The vicar had gone down to the mill as often as usual, having determined that what had occurred should make no difference with him; and the intercourse with Mrs. Brattle and Fanny had been as kind on each side as usual; but the miller had kept out of his way, retreating from him openly, going from the house to the mill as soon as he appeared, never speaking to him, and taking no other notice of him than a slight touch of the hat. "Your husband is still angry with me," he said one day to Mrs. Brattle. She shook her head and smiled sadly, and said that it would pass over some day—only that Jacob was so persistent. With Sam the vicar held little or no communication. Sam in these days never went to church, and though he worked at the mill pretty constantly, he would absent himself from the village occasionally for a day or two together, and tell no one where he had been.

The strangest and most important piece of business going on at this time in Bullhampton was the building of a new chapel or tabernacle—the people called it a Salem—for Mr. Puddleham. The first word as to the erection reached Mr. Fenwick's ears from Grimes the builder and carpenter, who, meeting him in Bullhampton street, pointed out to him a bit of spare ground just opposite to the vicarage gates—a morsel of a green on which no building had ever yet stood—and told him that the marquis had given it for a chapel. "Indeed!" said Fenwick. "I hope it may be convenient and large enough for them. All the same, I wish it had been a little farther from my gate." This he said in a

cheery tone, showing thereby considerable presence of mind. That such a building should be so placed was a trial to him, and he knew at once that the spot must have been selected to annoy him. Doubtless the land in question was the property of the Marquis of Trowbridge. When he came to think of it, he had no doubt on the matter. Nevertheless, the small, semi-circular piece of grass immediately opposite to his own swinging gate looked to all the world as though it were an appendage of the vicarage. A cottage built there would have been offensive, but a staring brick Methodist chapel, with the word SALEM inserted in large letters over the door, would, as he was aware, flout him every time he left or entered his garden. He had always been specially careful to avoid any semblance of a quarrel with the Methodist minister, and had in every way shown his willingness to regard Mr. Puddleham's flock as being equal to his own in the general gifts of civilization. To Mr. Puddleham himself he had been very civil, sending him fruit and vegetables out of the vicarage garden, and lending him newspapers. When the little Puddlehams were born, Mrs. Fenwick always inquired after the mother and infant. The greatest possible care had been exercised at the vicarage since Mr. Fenwick's coming to show that the Established Church did not despise the dissenting congregation. For the last three years there had been talk of a new chapel, and Mr. Fenwick had himself discussed the site with Mr. Puddleham. A large and commodious spot of ground, remote from the vicarage, had, as he believed, been chosen. When he heard those tidings, and saw what would be the effect of the building, it seemed to him almost impossible that a marquis could condescend to such revenge. He went at once to Mr. Puddleham, and learned from him that Grimes' story was

true. This had been in December. After Christmas the foundations were to be begun at once, said Mr. Puddleham, so that the brickwork might go on as soon as the frosts were over. Mr. Puddleham was in high spirits, and expressed a hope that he should be in his new chapel by next August. When the vicar asked why the change of site was made, being careful to show no chagrin by the tone of his voice, Mr. Puddleham remarked that the marquis' agent thought that it would be an improvement; "in which opinion I quite coincide," said Mr. Puddleham, looking very stern—showing his teeth as it were, and displaying an inclination for a parish quarrel. Fenwick, still prudent, made no objection to the change, and dropped no word of displeasure in Mr. Puddleham's hearing.

"I don't believe he can do it," said Mrs. Fenwick, boiling with passion.

"He can, no doubt," said the vicar.

"Do you mean to say the street is his—to do what he likes with it?"

"The street is the queen's highway—which means that it belongs to the public—but this is not the street. I take it that all the land in the village belongs to the marquis. I never knew of any common right, and I don't believe there is any."

"It is the meanest thing I ever heard of in my life," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"There I agree with you." Later in the day, when he had been thinking of it for hours, he again spoke to his wife: "I shall write to the marquis and remonstrate. It will probably be of no avail, but I think I ought to do so for the sake of those that come after me. I shall be able to bother him a good deal, if I can do nothing else," he added, laughing. "I feel too that I must quarrel with somebody, and I won't quarrel with dear old Puddleham, if I can help it."

FRENCH FEVER.

"GOOD Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

So, at least, says very good American authority; and whether it be correct or no, vast numbers of very bad Americans go there beforehand. Even in these days of so-called hard times, when business is dull and when every one is crying poor, the steamers each week are more crowded than ever before: French fever rages as it has never done in all the past years of "good Americans."

Perhaps these pilgrims go to get a short glimpse of their future state, as it was once permitted to Moses to ascend the mount to view the Promised Land.

On any bright afternoon of this mellow late summer, the queens of the *demi-monde* hold high carnival at Paris. Splendid equipages—not infrequently with blazoned panels and drawn by horses of fabulous value—roll noiselessly over the smooth *asphalte* of the boulevards; the liveries of the lacqueys, the trappings of the harness, the appointments of the whole establishment, combine gorgeousness with taste; and did not *Madame*, who lounges on the luxurious cushions, have an air of *je ne sais quoi* hardly belonging to unexceptionable *ton*, none might tell but that it pertained to the highest of the dames who grace the green nobility of the New Empire.

Under the arching trees of the Bois de Boulogne a pair of spanking trotters are "tooled" round the drive with a skill that belongs rather to the hard palm of the professional jock than to the delicately-veined one under the tan-colored gauntlet. And while the saucy face of the famous (or infamous) Cora who controls them is lavishly generous of smiles, the frequent nod honors the passing intimate, and the ringing laugh—a trifle overbold perhaps—peals merrily out.

Loungers in front of cafés stare a moment after the well-appointed coach,

grin at each other and wonder, with a shrug, how long M. le Baron's purse and patience will hold out at that rate.

Madame la Baronne, whirling by in her coupé, looks in the other direction, and clenches hard her soft hand in its perfect glove. *She* doesn't shrug her shoulders, and her wonder is—well, somewhat different.

But the occupants of that hired fly yonder watch the coach with undisguised admiration. They are the Hon. Peter Oleum, who "hails from the onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean"—where he is eminent in oil and high upon directories of accidental insurance—his blooming daughter, Crinolina, and his very full-blown spouse.

The Hon. Peter Oleums are doing Europe. They have come over to see it as it can only be seen by a red-hot American, by an electric light. So the Hon. Peter winks at the "old woman," takes an accurate inventory of every buckle, panel and spring, and mentally vows she shall have the fellow to it when they go back in the fall. Then the "old woman"—reading the Hon. Peter as though he were a patent three-sheet poster—chuckles much thereat, wonders if the lady can be Eugeney, and if she could quite venture those liveries in Fifth avenue.

After a little, the hired fly jogs into the Bois, and Crinolina spys Cora bowling along the alley of the Lake. Now it is her turn to make her little inventory, and she suggests, with a sigh, that such an establishment would make her perfectly happy. Once more the Hon. papa winks at the Hon. mamma, and remarks how foreign travel does improve a girl; to which the Hon. mamma readily assents, and cannot see why a young lady of fashion may not do in Central Park what a young lady of rank does in the Bois de Boulogne.

An hour later, the stately coach and the natty wagon have rattled to hotels

gorgeous with every purchasable luxury and glaring with bizarre splendor, and deposited their fair, frail occupants. Submitted to the mystic manipulations of their *femmes de chambre*, these shortly reappear—completely metamorphosed—at their boxes at the opera.

Dressed in perfection of French taste—color and cut combining perfectly with complexion and form, a trifle too *décolletées*, perhaps, but with rounded arms and perfectly-moulded busts that, as yet, tell nothing of wearing dissipation; with jewels enough to set up a modest down-town tradesman—the queens of the *demi-monde* are truly the most artistically and enticingly whited of sepulchres. Dropping in a measure the defiant port of road and promenade, they here replace it by an assured and easy confidence, taking the gaze of leveled lorgnettes as their royal prerogative to be the cynosure of all eyes.

And all eyes pay the tribute devoutly. Men-about-town and foreigners with plethoric pockets analyze each separate beauty as though she were a Circassian and they pachas of many tails: pure-minded reformers look, cast up their eyes, and—look again.

Society turns up its nose and its opera-glass; makes a note of each new point in dress and jewels since last night; then turns to the opera again.

More than one wife changes the bitter, vengeful look at the glittering sin in the *loge* for a sad, yearning one toward the too steadily leveled *lorgnon* in the stalls below; while the would-be *blasés* stare so intently at the opera that all the world sees their very ears and back hair are gazing at the all-observed.

American mamma gives a fluttering stare at the lorette, a regretful sigh and a stout nudge to her particular Jones—who has now exchanged his fitful naps and wild starts at the chorus for a solid sleep—while she calls Belinda's attention to the great beauty of that *scena*. But Belinda has had one peep; and presently, when the *scena* is through, she glances at papa and mamma, finds them looking intently at something, and screws up her courage and her opera-

glass to look in the same direction. And Belinda looks to some purpose. She notes every flirt of the costly fan, every fold of the tasteful ribbon, every point in cut and color. But specially does she note the wonderful coiffure of the Queen of the queens.

Chignon! pyramid! coil! frissette! Science and hair-artistic nomenclature fail before that miraculous creation that Cora erects upon her classic head to—set the world's fashion! Marvelous as is her make-up in other particulars, the head is, in more senses than one, its crowning point. No human face could stand the liberties she takes with size and shape of head-garniture. One must believe that malicious fun often prompts her invention of some frightful novelty, exhibited at the opera only to flash

“From pole to pole, from China to Japan.”

Presently the opera is done, the boxes are cleared and the house stands dark and still. Giddy Paris has scattered to its thousand brilliant haunts, and Cora's carriage has dashed her to where the delirious revels of the *petit souper* will chase the hours till the dawn reels into daylight. American mamma has mounted to her apartment *au cinqùème*, where her lord already rounds off the broken sleep of the opera, and, in evidence of clear disgust and healthy conscience, sounds the peaceful snore.

But the tender Belinda, gracefully draped in flowing white, stands before her mirror and strives to frame her pure little face in the wondrous fashion of “that horrid woman.” Vain strife! She fails utterly, and blows out her candle only to dream that she has stunned a *soirée* at Delmonico's by a successful essay. And she wakes at dawn—unrefreshed, but still unconquered—only to write eight crossed pages, feebly illustrated with a pen-drawing of that wonderful head, to the Clarissa of her inmost heart, presently dwelling at Ninety-first street, City.

Eheu fugaces!

At last the mellow November days roll round, and The World once more rides in Central Park. The Hon Peter

Oleum—still more eminent in oil and higher on accidental insurance—has returned. Faithful to his pledge, he sits beside his "old woman" in a coach the exact counterpart of that which she envied on the Boulevard. Harness, panels, blazonry, all are exact; and The World looks upon the triumph with a little admiration and very much envy. But now it ceases to envy—it is stunned—when the blooming Crinolína dashes round a curve at a three-minute gait, holding the ribbons over a pair of Morgans with nearly the grace of Cora herself. The pose of the rounded figure is delightful, the sweep of the arm perfect, as she touches up her near horse: her smile is radiant, and she nods to the happy males she knows with the prettiest of little laughs. So perfect is the imitation—from the flowing plume to the tan-colored gauntlet—we might swear it was the Queen herself, transplanted from the Bois.

And there have been other opera nights too, and other experiments more successful. Belinda has returned, as well, with the fall leaves, and she has brought with her the fall fashions! The Clarissa of her inmost heart flies to her embrace and then to her trunks. Fashions are discussed—and Paulina's marriage: then more fashions—Adèle's engagement; and more fashions still. The last novel is tossed aside for the newest bonnet; a photograph of Notre Dame has just a glance, while the last thing in "waists" is dwelt upon with rapture; quires of tissue-paper are laid upon new wrappings, pinned, pinched and clipped—and lo! they are prizes beyond price.

At length the Clarissa of her inmost heart tears herself away, having first made an assignation for the Belinda of her most intimate affection to come to Ninety-first street, City, then and there to disclose to the Pattie, Jeannette and Fannie of both their most sacred bosoms a few of the weighty secrets already discussed.

Belinda goes. She charms the charming circle: she tells them much that makes them unspeakably happy, but not as much as she has disclosed to the Cla-

rissa of her inmost heart. But even from her one sacred mystery remains veiled.

The season opens. Camphor is shaken out of curtains, floors are waxed, cards are scattered and Society looks to the soles of its dancing-boots. Then the magic circles of the "German" trace their sacred round, and Belinda defies the proverbial contrariety of dreams: she does stun a soirée at Delmonico's with *that head!*

How she is the cynosure of glances, envious, admiring, imitative, indescribable! How the dowagers declare the child is spoiled!—how the friends of her sacred bosom declare she can't venture such liberties with her face, poor thing!

The costume is the counterpart of the one she has dreamed of—every ribbon exact, every color identical. *Bien gantée*—no one thinks of her hands; *bottée à ravir*—not a word is whispered of the slimmest of ankles; *bien décolletée*—only a stray glance rests upon the perfect bust. Gloves, ankles and necks Society knows; but the Best Boots in the room cluster round and strive for an extra turn of the "German" with that *Wonderful Head!* Not a hair is out of place, not a curl disarranged, not a coil that even a friend's criticism could light upon! It is Cora's head, in all its bizarre grandeur. Ah, Best Boots! you would not dance the "German" with Cora at Delmonico's, yet you burn for an extra turn with Belinda's head, which is only a bad copy of that of the Queen of the *demi-monde!*

It is ridiculous to cavil at fashion—to object to anything because it is new or happens to be the rage of the moment. But American woman are confessedly as pretty, as bright and as pure as any the societies of the world know. When foreigners meet good specimens abroad, they invariably award them the palm: seen at home, they combine the *aplomb* of the English woman with the nameless grace and vivacity of the French. As a rule, they err neither on the side of the *usé* frippery of the Continental, nor of the overstarched propriety of a certain

class of British female. And the reason is simple enough. Their minds, their characters—and very often their manners even—are natural. Their development is the result of natural causes with few unwholesome restrictions. Why then, when they go abroad—why, in the name of all the gods!—do they become such servile imitators of what is so far beneath them?

Perhaps when they travel—and of late it has become as necessary to the American as to the Bedouin to fold his tent—they must imitate. But then why they do not choose the purer models of a not too pure society that they only see from the outside, must puzzle one who thinks a moment on the subject.

The whole aim and struggle of the French woman's life is good taste. She is rarely a prude, seldom a *bel esprit*; she may be neither over brilliant nor too straightlaced; but she is at equal pains to hide her moral as her mental deficiencies, and she makes war to the knife on the *demi-monde*. In dress, in carriage, in style, she strives to be its very antipodes. Why is it, then, that the proper American woman will transfer into her circle those very objectionable features that even the lax French woman would unhesitatingly reject?—that, while the latter walks demurely through the streets of Paris in the gravest of dresses and drives in the plainest of wrappings, the former shows on the Avenue and in the Park in a costume that would inevitably excite comment, if not insult, in the best-governed city of Europe?

Doubtless French society revels in the wildest excesses of fashion, manners and morals—perhaps the French woman goes to frightful lengths of extravagance, of eccentricity, of gallantry. But she does all that in an atmosphere so perfectly hedged by forms, so free from a suspicion of under-world grossness, that she can never be taken for what she is not.

But certain it is the American women imitate to such a degree that more than half their most petted fashions are copies—perhaps exaggerations—of the

most glaring vagaries of the *demi-monde*. They transplant to their own firesides, and nourish for the use of their unsuspecting daughters, many a shoot that could spring from no soil less rank than that of the Nether Paris. Sometimes they even out-lorette the lorettes, for we have yet to learn that the late—if not lamented—"tilter" ever made its appearance in the Quartier Bréda.

It is a question of serious import to American morals, this; and in the vast and yearly increasing flow of travel to Europe should demand at least divided attention with the choice of the best hotel. We can imitate much that is foreign with marked advantage. Scarcely the most stiff-necked patriot will deny that the American kitchen would not suffer for the introduction of French cookery; we can scarcely aver that French wines, as a steady tipple, are much more harmful than the "wine of the country," to which young America is at least partial; we would not kick very much against the French ballet, bad as the imitation may be; French periodicals, too, are not very much beyond a certain class of our own in morals, while their manners are indisputably better; English books and English clothes are certainly both admirable, and if young Gau Phaster returns home so dressed that his friends believe him an Englishman—even though Brumma-gen—it is only an innocent weakness.

But if our women must imitate when they go abroad, in Heaven's name let them imitate the best, where the best is bad. Let them discard the false idea that any pure stream can ever flow from that impure fountain-head whence they fish their newest fashions.

Not that our women are the sole copyists: our men do their share. They learn while in Paris to give very questionable little suppers to unquestionable young ladies of the ballet; to dress as unlike Americans as possible; to dance *can-can*, and to drink *absinthe* like water, and play *rouge-et-noir*—if, indeed, they did not know the two last when they went over. They learn immediately on their return to sigh for Cremona, pine for

Mabille and doat on "the Derby;" to deplore the barbarity of new countries, and swear they cannot live in this slow American town.

But these are small matters in the main. Our young men come back, in most instances, to make up by hard work for the very hard play they have had. And most of them have forgotten by spring the nonsense they uttered when landing in the autumn. As for the few who come back hopelessly ruined, they do not count for much, for they are made of such "perilous stuff" they would go down hill even in Mr. Lowe's balloon.

But we have a tender pride in our women while they remain such—a pride in their womanhood, in their purity; and it is very bitter to see them imitate—even though they do so in all innocence—what even aimless fashion and insane rivalry of display can never make them.

Though one may touch pitch and not be defiled, balsam of fir is very apt to stick to the fingers. So, next time you go to Paris, dear Belinda, look at Cora without a lorgnette, and—

"No more on that head, an' thou lov'st me!"

T. C. DE LEON.

TWO NAMES.

WE carved our names upon a tree—
My friend and I, when we were young—
With earnest jests of deeds to be,
Of loves unloved and songs unsung.

The tree was felled, the names were rent,
The busy workmen plied the steel:
In shapely craft the parts were blent,
Each name upon a separate keel.

They sailed with topsails all ataunt:
The statelier one—the seaman's boast,
The captain's pride, the builder's vaunt—
Lies splintered on an iron coast.

The other, battered to a hulk,
Yawed slowly in from angry seas,
For evermore the storm to skulk,
And lie inglorious at ease.

One fell where fell a thousand brave—
One lives, if this be life, alone:
Your sterner stuff makes earlier grave:
One broke—the other crumbled on.

FRANK THURBER.

THE LONELY ONES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

FOR several days violent storms had agitated the ocean, driving the spring sap mightily into the fig trees on the high, cliff-like shores of Sorrento, and ploughing the earth with fertilizing showers. Many declared that they heard threatening murmurs in the heart of Vesuvius, and predicted a near eruption. The houses, too, seemed to tremble to their very foundations, and at night an alarming ringing proceeded from the utensils which stood near each other in the cupboards.

But on the last of April the sun finally re-established his supremacy, and the little towns stood unscathed on the plain of Sorrento amid their vineyards and orange gardens: the earth had not opened its mouth to devour them, and the high shore had proved too strong for the heaving sea, which, surging against it, had striven to bear away into the deep the fruits of the industry of centuries. On the afternoon of this last day of April (which was a Sunday) a German poet—his name has nothing to do with the story—left the house in which, much against his inclination, he had been held prisoner by the storm. The livelong day had he sat at the window gazing out over the sea, his cloak thrown across his knees—for the stone floor of the room was very chilly—his hat on his head, and swallowing one glass of wine after another, without succeeding in awakening a feeling of warmth within him.

The little collection of books which had accompanied him on his journey had been left in Naples, and in the house of his host not a printed page could be found except a missal and a calendar. How often had he boasted that *ennui* never should conquer him, even in solitude! But in vain did he deeply and longingly implore the presence of the Muse: the winds bore away his prayers,

and at last the cold left him no other idea but the wish to see the sunlight once again.

The sun burst forth gloriously at last, and he spent half of the joyful day of its reappearing in the most reasonable occupation of sitting on the balcony and permitting it to shine down upon him; and when, after dinner, he ascended the pathway which led up the mountain, all his stiffened feelings woke to new life and power. So great, so golden, so mighty had he never before seen the victorious sun of spring-time: the breath of the sea seemed sweeter than he had ever felt it, and penetrated refreshingly to his very heart. Those leaves on the fig tree yonder had grown a finger's length in a single night; that bush had burst into white bloom under the sunshine of but half a day; and whenever the wanderer, attracted by intoxicating perfume, bent to examine the earth, immeasurable beds of violets lay spread before him. Butterflies no older than the day were swarming everywhere; all the paths were lively with people on foot or in rattling little wagons; the air rang with the voices of church and chapel bells, the shouts of the youths on their way to celebrate a church feast in Sant' Agata, a village on the edge of the mountain, and the echoing *ritournelles* of the women, who, hand in hand, were hastening to vespers, or, standing on the sunlit balconies, gazed out over the ocean.

The farther the German wandered from these feast-day rejoicings, following a moderately steep pathway, the more deeply did it pain him to think of his own incapability of giving vent and expression to the gratitude which welled up in his heart for all the wealth of beauty that glowed around him. How happy he would have been to stand on yonder cliff and pour forth his soul in a song without words, a simple echo of all

the spring-tide voices that surrounded him! But he had good reason to doubt that his voice would prove a worthy herald of his feelings. How enviously did he think of that tenor in Rome who had enchanted him for so many evenings! To fill the air now with such notes as his! How paltry and powerless, dumb as a thief, voiceless as the staff in his hand, did he seem to himself as he strode on through singing, ringing, blissful Nature!

"Who dares call Poesy the highest art?" exclaimed he, angrily. "Can she express the might of such influences as these? Call to me here the greatest who ever held command over melodious words, and they will, like me, their poor successor, be mute in the presence of the Immeasurable! How can they worthily describe the light, the ether, the sea, or the perfumes which float from yonder orange grove? Even a dancer, the last of those who still boast themselves of a Muse, could excel them here! Can he not express his feelings with his whole person, in symbols and poses, and thus, from his head to his feet, pour forth his intoxication? And a painter! How happy must he be, no matter how simple and unpretending, if only he have power to trace the lines of yonder mountain and that cloister at its foot, behind them the wood and the sea line, and in the foreground those trees broken by the recent winds! And if he be a master, and can reflect the trembling light over the yellow mountain wall; there, below, the sea, still tumbling and tossing its waves like the shreds of a silver-shot garment; yon vapor hanging above Vesuvius; the white church-towers peeping through the young foliage of the chestnut trees,—I could almost kill him with envy!"

In this strange, excited mood he seated himself on a stone by the roadside and looked gloomily around him.

And had he not deserved that the softened frame of mind inspired by all this beauty should thus be disturbed by the consciousness of his own insufficiency? He had left the house in the firm, perverse expectation of meeting the

long-absent Muse. He had thrust a quire of paper in his pocket, and behind yonder projecting rock or in some nook of the wood or garden he reckoned eagerly on finding a lyric inspiration; for the very foolish ambition animated him here, where all was just budding into life, to leave some trace of his own insignificant existence. And every one has, in his own experience, learned how the great work of self-renewing Nature throws him into a mood in which he would love to do and venture the most unheard-of things in his limitless unrest—a desire to create or accomplish something, and not to be the only dead, inactive one when all is blooming and blossoming.

Alas that this spring-fever should culminate, as it generally does, not in some worthy deed, but in weariness and discontent! And thus had our friend relinquished his design, without relinquishing his envy of those whom he regarded as more capable or more successful than himself.

"And now these artists come out of their holes," murmured he, angrily, "and make walking unsafe with their portfolios, and umbrellas, and camp-stools, and seat themselves at the spread table of Mother Nature. They need only grasp, and both their hands are filled; and when at last, satiated with her bounty, they depart, they bear away as a parting gift, like a goblet from which they have drunken, their sketches and studies, which in after days renew the pleasure that they here enjoyed. Ah! they do well to make pilgrimages to the South: to them it is an open feast; but we—but I! Malicious deities have enticed me here only to humiliate me. Was it not enough that at Rome I burned all my verses on the 'Frascatanerin' as soon as I saw her portrait at the Exposition? What are all the verses of Petrarch compared to the canvas on which a Titian has enchained the features of Madonna Laura? When painting was yet unknown, that was the time for poetry. For what is poetry save the ever-repeated confession that words are miserable robbers, unworthy even to

touch the hem of Mother Nature's garment? In the North, where there is neither form nor color, Poesy may fancy herself queen: a beggar is she here!"

During this wanton self-communion he had remained gazing fixedly at the ocean, which deepened in hue each moment, and was now shot with long, gleaming streaks. It did not occur to the feverish enthusiast that a painter would here despairingly fling down his pencil, for the greatest charm of its indescribable enchantment lay in this very change of tone—in the constant mutation of the beautiful element. But it would be a mere waste of time to refute all the complaints which the deluded man thus heaped upon his Muse, for we know with whom we are dealing—one of that "gifted race" to whom language seems given only for the purpose of eternally contradicting themselves. But perhaps we shall discover that ere the evening of this very day he deeply repented his discontent, and would not have consented to exchange places with Saint Luke himself. But that which was approaching on the left side of the road seemed scarcely calculated to calm his anger, but rather made it burst forth into a hotter flame.

"Oh for a mere sketch even!" he sighed longingly—"if only a simple outline!"

She trotted along on the little donkey, with one leg thrown over the back of the animal, comfortable and secure—the other hanging down, the point of the foot almost touching the ground; her right elbow supported on her knee, her hand under her chin, lightly playing with her neck-chain; the face turned away toward the sea. What a mass of black tresses rested on the neck! Red drops gleamed here and there through it. A coral head-dress?—no, fresh pomegranate flowers. The wind toyed with the loose, unfastened neckerchief: how dark glowed the cheeks! and how much darker the eyes!

"Could I but go to her and induce her to stop even for a half hour, exactly as she looks now, that I might bear away with me even a faint shadow of

that beautiful creature, it would be a possession most valuable. Instead, when I go back, empty-handed, to my brethren and strive to describe the loveliness of yonder figure, I will have to hear, 'What a lovely painting it would make!' But no: it cannot be held fast—that grace of rest and motion, the rich ripeness of youth, the stately features nodding up and down at every step of the animal, from the queenly dignity of the figure to the dear little foot rocking childishly to and fro. Come hither, all ye painters: call them back to me!" He stood still awaiting the rider, who, not troubling herself in the least about the strange wanderer, sat quietly on the donkey and animated him with a blow of the rein. She was just riding past the German—on the edge of the road, however, so that the greeting which he was obliged to call to her, her back being toward him, was only rewarded by a measured nod of the back of her head. But in so doing she raised the many-twined nest of black hair from the exquisite neck.

A strange atmosphere of rest surrounded the whole apparition, and as it rode on its way there was not a glance or look that would justify his flattering himself that this meeting had excited even as much curiosity and interest as would be but natural when, in a lonely hour, a young man and a beautiful woman meet unexpectedly in a deserted mountain path. Whether she were wife or maiden, nothing either in her costume or her bearing aided him in discovering. It is true the first blush of youth seemed passed, but though no trace of maidenly hope, expectation or reserve was seen in the nonchalant features, yet there was a freshness and purity in the contour of the face rarely possessed by the matrons of that land. Her costume was half town-like, except that the silken skirt was somewhat shorter and the bodice cut rather lower than usual; the tightly-fitting sleeves were rolled up; the brow was unshaded from the sun and a broad straw hat hung idly on the donkey's saddle. Only when the winding road threatened to hide her from the eyes of

the stranger did he come to his senses, and with quick steps stride after her. He was soon by her side, but as obstinately as ever did the animal trot along on the edge of the declivity, leaving him only a narrow space between the straw hat and the mountain wall.

During the conversation which now ensued she never once turned her head toward him: her voice was deep, her dialect bad Neapolitan. Though she replied so briefly, yet there lay in her tone neither the desire to dismiss her questioner nor the wish to enchain him by coquettish disdain.

"You come from Sorrento, fair lonely one?" asked he.

"No, from Meta."

"You have been to visit friends there?"

"I have been to church."

"And now are riding up to the feast at Sant' Agata?"

"No, sir."

"But this is the road that leads there?"

"No, sir."

"Then have the kindness to show me which *is* the road."

"You must go back," said she, still without turning, "and the next path on the left will take you to the high road."

"If I must go back, I had rather give up the feast than the pleasure—as long as it is not annoying to you—of walking on by your side."

"Just as you choose: the road was not built for me only."

"Do you know it would be kind of you to turn your face in this direction?"

She did so indifferently and without changing a feature.

"What is it?" she asked: "what have you to show me?"

"I think *you* have something to show me."

"I?"

"You are beautiful. Show me your eyes."

"The sea is more beautiful than I, and you would do better to look at that than at eyes that have nothing to say to you."

"The sea? I see it every day from my balcony."

"But I do not: allow me then to make use of the opportunity;" and she turned away.

"Does not one see the sea everywhere from these mountains?" asked he.

"My brother's mill lies deep in the ravine above: the crags rise before it, and the bushes cut off all prospect."

"You live with your brother?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you won't live there much longer, or the young men of Meta have no eyes."

"Let them have eyes: what are their looks to me? I am happier with my brother than all the wives on the plain of Sorrento and away to Naples."

"Have you no jealousy of your brother's wife?"

"He has none, and never will have. He and I—I and he: what more do we need, save the protection of the holy Madonna?"

"And are you sure that it will always remain so—that no maiden will ever attract him?"

"As sure as that I live. But what is it to you?" and she gave the donkey a blow with her hand that made him shake his ears.

"Why did not your brother accompany you to Meta?" asked the German, though in fact that did not concern him either.

"He never leaves the mill excepting to go to confession up yonder in Deserta."

"Is he in ill health?"

"He sees no one save myself. And the sight of the sea gives him pain since—But who are you that question me thus? Are you a priest, or one of the Naples police?"

He laughed. "Neither," said he. "But do you not force me to question you? If you turned your face toward me, I would soon forget to talk; but as it is, I must try to console myself with the sound of your voice."

She measured him with an earnest gaze, and then inquired, "Why do you talk about my face? Are you a painter?"

He was silent for a moment, and the old envious chagrin rose once more within him that painters only should be privileged to follow Beauty. Who could refuse them this aid in their handiwork? Happy mortals, thus to travel with a free pass through the world! That he, too, by virtue of his art and calling, had the right to improve the same by gazing on this maiden's features—how could he make that plain to her who surely had no just appreciation of the noble company of the poets?

"You shall fare as well as they for once," thought he to himself, and then replied with a bold front, "Yes, I am a painter; and if you will permit me—But what is your name?"

"Teresa."

"—If you will permit me, beautiful Teresa, I would be glad to accompany you to your mill, so as to transfer your portrait to my sketch-book?"

He made this inconsiderate request thoughtlessly, for he desired much to see the brother also, and to have a glimpse at the home of these lonely ones. When it came to the point, he would find some means of evading a difficulty. And was not his falsehood one of necessity? Was it not necessary for him to gaze longer into Teresa's eyes? She reflected for a few moments; then she said:

"If you are a painter, you may make a picture of me, so that I may give it to my brother. Then, when I am dead, he will always have me before his eyes as when I was alive. Do you see that wide brook which springs out of the ravine and rushes across the path and over the cliffs? That turns our mill: we must go to the right and follow its course. The rain has swelled it greatly, and the narrow footpath through the gorge is not passable. Wait! you shall get on the donkey and ride up, while I lead him."

"You lead him! On foot! No, indeed, Teresa!"

"Then you will have to stay below, for even could you ascend barefooted through the water, as I do, you know neither the bed of the stream nor the way, and would fall at every step."

She had already stopped the donkey

and sprung lightly to the ground. While he still stood hesitating, disquieted by the thought that he was deceiving her, she took off shoes and stockings from her beautiful feet, and then, gazing up calmly, grasped the donkey's rein.

"So be it," said he, half laughing, "though I won't cut a very knightly figure, letting you encounter all the difficulties."

He mounted, and they proceeded toward the brook, the maiden in advance, with the donkey's bridle thrown around her arm.

When they came to the ravine, she cast one last long glance over the sea: then they turned, regardless of the water that rushed about them, straight into the brook, which danced around large stones and filled the whole breadth of the defile. Here it seemed cool and dusky after the bright glare without, and the shrubbery hung deep down from the rocky walls on either side. The German, while the animal bore him cautiously from stone to stone, splashing the foam to his knees, gazed upward, and perceived the mill at an elevation of several hundred feet, perched perilously on the rocks, and gray as the crags beside it. The wheel was silent, as it was Sunday: no sound was audible but the rushing of the brook and the cry of a sparrowhawk, which, floating above the ravine, seemed cooling its breast in the rising water-spray.

Meantime, Teresa walked on, close to one side of the cleft. Here and there the pathway was visible under her feet, while other portions were completely submerged. She was silent; and indeed it was not easy to make one's self heard above the roaring of the brook, which was re-echoed a hundred-fold in the narrow pass. Only when they approached the house did the rocky walls recede from each other, the pathway rose above the water, and the donkey's rider, as soon as he saw firm ground beneath the animal's feet, sprang down, in secret satisfaction that no third party had witnessed his strange and unchivalrous ride.

The mill lay as if dead. Even when

the German stood close before the building, he was almost tempted to believe it only the side-scene of a theatre. The window-shutters were closed; the brown door in the gray wall had no latch, and did not seem at all practicable: the shadows under the eaves looked as though traced with a paint-brush.

Meantime, the maiden opened a stable made in the rock and led in their gray companion. Then she pushed open the door with a slight pressure, and stepped before the stranger over the threshold. One glance sufficed to acquaint the German with the whole interior of the dwelling.

In the centre a tolerably large room, occupying the entire depth of the house, the fireplace on one side—in the middle a heavy table and some wooden chairs; household utensils in a cupboard in the wall. On the right, on the side of the cliff, a chamber, with a bed; and on the left, the mill-room and machinery. A door in the back wall stood open, and beyond it was seen a wide green space traversed by one broad stripe of sunshine. It contained several acres, and was sufficiently elevated above the brook to have permitted the planting of a little garden. But the mountain wall enclosing it was too high, the air too cool, for the favorable growth of flowers: only grass flourished luxuriantly, and a goat was browsing on the edge of the water.

But yonder, where through a rift in the mountain pierced that solitary sun-beam, stood in the midst of the meadow, like some beautiful marvel, two orange trees hung with fruit—sparsely, it is true, but in full freshness and vigor.

"Your brother is not at home, Teresa," said the German.

Her dark eye swept calmly over the meadow; then she said:

"Do you not see him up where the ravine closes in once more? The brook has broken through the wall which, just at yon spot, forces it back into its natural bed. He is building an earthen dam behind the stones, so that the meadow may not be overflowed. He thinks of everything, my brother, and can do everything: you might seek for a thou-

sand years without finding a man of more genius."

"Why does he waste it here in this solitude?"

"Because he will."

"And did you grow up at the mill, poor child, and never see more sunlight than what shines on the orange trees yonder? I cannot believe it. Your cheeks can scarcely have become so dusky merely in riding to church on Sundays."

"No," said she. "It has been not quite four years since Tomaso bought the mill and we came here to live. Would you believe that, before that time, when we dwelt in Naples, he had no idea what a mill-wheel was, nor how the stones revolved? And on the first day that we came up here—the old miller had just died—he managed it as well as though he had done nothing else all his life! Oh, such a man as Tomà is! At the king's court there is none wiser."

During these words the stranger tried in vain to see the man's face: he prosecuted his work vigorously, without turning his head toward the mill. He could only distinguish a tall figure, a mass of dark curls under the gray hat, and a jacket of some grave color hanging loosely from one shoulder.

"What gave him this distaste for the city and the sea and his calling?" asked he of the sister who stood beside him.

She seemed not to have heard the question. "I'll tell you what to do," said she. "Sit down and begin the picture, so that it may be finished by the time my brother comes in the house. Then I will ask him who it is, and if he knows it, we will give you whatever you wish for it; for we are not poor, you must know. When we lived in Naples my brother had seven fishers under him, and had three boats: he could easily have bought a farm instead of this mill. But what is gold to a heavy heart? Sit down, sir: I will stop chattering. You must draw the mouth quite still and quiet on the paper, and the eyes, and everything."

Our friend stood in no small perplex-

ity as he saw the affair thus growing serious.

"It is rather dark here," said he with a beating heart.

"Then let us go out into the meadow."

"There again it is *too* bright, Teresa. You do not know how difficult it is to find the proper light."

"Wait," she said, flinging open the window-shutters. "That's a beautiful light now! I think if I had learnt how, I could draw you now to a hair."

"Well, then," said he, boldly, "let us begin."

He pushed two chairs up to a window that overlooked the ravine below the whole sweep of the brook, and told her to sit down. He drew out the paper which he had put in his pocket in hopes of an inspiration of the Muse, laid it upon his knee and took the pencil in his right hand.

A deep red flushed the brown cheek of the maiden as she felt his gaze rest fixedly upon her. Her eyes, over which the thick lashes fluttered up and down like the wings of a butterfly, stared stiffly out the window, and soon were clouded with tears from the intensity of the look. He told her to move freely—the picture would be none the worse—but could not resist the temptation of making some pretended alteration in the arrangement of her rich, beautiful hair.

"Teresa!" said he.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

It was impossible, with the deep glance of her eyes resting upon him, to say anything *fade* or gallant. How firm and broad and even was the forehead! how graceful the sweep of the brows! He decided to work industriously for half an hour as though busily occupied, thus enjoying the sight of her lovely face, then to tear up the leaf quickly, and, blaming the unpropitious day and his uncertain eye, to take his departure. He quickly chose his position, and was just about to make a pretended beginning, when he remarked in the sleeping-room the black-framed portrait of a man, which gave him a welcome excuse for another delay.

"You have there a beautiful portrait of your brother," said he, rising to observe it more closely. "Who painted it? In truth an admirable work! What a gentle yet fiery expression! It makes me even more curious than before to see him."

"Him whom that picture represents you will never see in this life!" said she, slowly.

"It is not your brother, then?"

"He *was* my brother's friend: he died young and many wept for him."

"It pains you, Teresa, to speak of it: pardon me for asking such inquisitive questions."

He resumed his seat at the window. The red had vanished from her cheek and her eyes were dim. After a pause, in which only the rushing of the brook was audible, she began again, voluntarily:

"You are right—gentle yet fiery was he: a child could deceive him, and yet to serve those whom he loved he would have cast himself into Vesuvius. 'Men are all wicked,' Tomaso says. But he always excepted him; and he was right. One had but to look in his face to know that no purer soul breathed the air beneath the moon. Is it any wonder that my brother hates the sea which robbed him of such a friend?—that he bears a heavy heart since that day when they rowed forth together and Tomaso came home alone? No one thought it strange that he grew taciturn from that hour and that his trade became distasteful to him."

"He was a fisher like your brother?"

"He was a singer, but a poor fisher's child: his parents are yet alive. When he was but a lad the hearts of every one in the church melted as soon as he began to sing. A rich uncle of his, who kept an inn on the coast, had him taught by a singing-master, and he was to act in the opera. And the day of his first appearance, when all Naples was talking of nothing else, he came, toward evening, to my brother's house. They had known each other from childhood, and had always loved each other tenderly. 'Tomà,' said he, 'let us take one more row together.' 'I am willing, Nino,' said my brother, 'for the nets must be

brought in, and Beppo the lad can go with us.' 'Leave him home, Tomà: I will help you. I have not forgotten how, in all my music-reading.' And so they went forth. I can see them now—my brother at the helm, and Nino at the oars. His hair shone golden in the evening sunlight, his eyes were fixed upon our house: that look is ever before my soul. And the sun was scarcely down when I heard the plash of the oars and sprang to the door to meet them; but Tomaso was alone in the boat, rowing like a madman. He cried to me, 'Good-evening, Teresa! I am to greet you from Nino. He is sleeping in the depths of the sea!'—and I heard no more."

"Terrible!—the hopeful, handsome youth! But how was such a misfortune possible, when there were two of them, and in a boat?"

"The heavy net drew him down. The peg to which it was fastened came suddenly out of the joint and shot overboard; and he, bending over the side, with his arms extended to seize the net, was caught in the meshes: the boat turned over, and when Tomaso rose to the surface he saw the empty boat floating calmly in the evening glow, and no sign of Nino, save his light straw hat dancing on the waves, with the ribbon still around it which I had tied there only the day before!"

"Poor Nino!"

"Do you pity him? He rose straight to Paradise, and sings with his golden voice before the throne of the Madonna. Pity my brother, sir, whose peace lies buried in the sea, and no diver can bring it up to him again. He has never laughed since that day, my poor Tomaso! And before we came to these mountains he burned his boat and his nets; and the people stood on the seashore and said, 'He is right!' for every one knew they had been like brothers."

She was silent, and sat gazing down the ravine, her hands lying in her lap. He held the sheet of paper idly on his knee, absorbed in the wondrous destiny to be read upon her face. All the bitterness of her life-experience seemed van-

ished: the pure image of the youth rose before her, and his "golden voice" echoed in her ears.

And therefore the stranger was all the more alarmed when he saw those noble features suddenly darken with wild passion. Like a swan that sees a snake, she started, with a slight hissing cry, from her chair, trembling all over, her bosom rising and falling quickly, her lips white and opening convulsively.

"What is the matter, Teresa?" he cried in amazement.

She strove in vain to answer him. He followed her eyes, which were fixed on a spot at the entrance of the ravine. But what he saw only augmented his surprise. For it was nothing terrible that slowly mounted the flooded foot-path, but a form, in its way, no less attractive than Teresa herself had seemed. A young, fair-haired woman, dressed entirely in black, ascended, cautiously wading through the water, the pathway to the mill. She bore her shoes and stockings in her left hand: with her right she gathered up the folds of her dress, somewhat more carelessly than Teresa had done. A straw hat, from which fluttered broad black ribbons, hung, as if blown back by the wind, far down on her neck, displaying fully the blooming face, whose brilliant red and white were even at this distance remarkable. Her eyes were fastened upon the pathway.

"Who is this woman, Teresa?" asked the German; "and why does the sight of her cause such a change in you?"

"What will he say?" she murmured to herself, without regarding the question. "She is fairer than ever—wicker than ever! And that black dress! What if the old man should be dead? Holy Madonna!" A wild flight of thoughts seemed chasing through her brain. "We do not fear her: we know her." And then, remembering that she was not alone, she spoke hastily: "You must go yonder into the mill-room. She must not see you: she hates me, and who knows what she would say of me if she met a stranger here? Go! Keep still, and do not let her hear you. I don't think it will last long."

"If I am in your way, Teresa, I will descend on the other side of the ravine."

"You cannot get down on that side, and down the path you must not go, for then you would have to pass that witch."

"But have you considered, Teresa? If your brother should come in the mill-room and find a stranger there—"

"My brother knows me," said she, proudly. "Go!"

"Only one word more: who is this woman, and what do you fear from her?"

"Everything. But I know Tomaso. She is the wife of Nino's uncle. When the body was found cast on the shore at Pozzeoli, no eye save hers was dry. Heaven forgive her! I cannot! And she hates me, because many people thought me more beautiful than she. Now she wants to rob me of my brother—the artful one! But Tomaso knows her! He and I—I and he: who can part us? Go into the mill-chamber, sir: afterward I will explain all to my brother."

She hurried him in and shut the door behind him: then he heard her go hastily through the back door into the meadow. He, left alone in his imprisonment, could not, at first, resist a strong feeling of anxiety and excitement. But the charm of an adventure soon gained the upper hand, and he began to consider how he should act in any of the possible contingencies that might arise. Meantime, he gazed at the strange things around him. He passed in review the simple wheelwork, the great sieves and wooden vessels, and the mill-stones of various sizes leaning against the wall. In the corner stood Tomaso's bed: a missal lay on the coverlid, and a vase of holy water hung on the wall at the head. The faint light in the room penetrated through large openings in the side of the wall in which the mill-wheel was; and through these openings the spokes of the wheel were visible; and beyond, the craggy walls of the ravine. But he soon discovered a crevice in the partition which divided the mill-room from the middle apartment, which gave him means of observing much that transpired in the latter. Here he sat on guard, awaiting with ever-increasing anxiety the

occurrences which should come to pass. Soon the brother and sister entered from the meadow together. He now saw Tomaso's face under the quantity of black curls: his features marvelously resembled those of his sister. A deep but repressed excitement quivered in every muscle and shone gloomily from the dark eyes. The jacket slid from his shoulder without his remarking it: he stood with folded arms by the table, nodding from time to time with his high brow, as though listening attentively to Teresa, who had grasped his arm and was addressing him in passionate whispers, inaudible to the German. But his thoughts seemed far away: from time to time his full under lip quivered, but he remained silent. He could not be over thirty years old, and the observer in the mill-room thought that never had he beheld a nobler or more manly figure. Some one knocked at the outer door. Instantly Teresa sprang from her brother's side to a seat on the hearth, where stood a spinning-wheel.

As Tomaso, who did not quit his position, cried, "Come in!" and the door opened, she swung the wheel and seemed to have been sitting there for an hour: her face was cold and indifferent. With some embarrassment the fair-haired woman entered, and while exchanging the first greetings pretended to be occupied with her dress, evidently to hide her confusion. She shook the drops from the skirt, threw down her shoes and drew them lightly on her bare feet. Every movement was soft, graceful, half conscious, half natural. Her face, heated by the ascent, was glowing, and the black dress rendered the delicacy of her coloring and the soft blonde of her hair all the more remarkable in this southern land. She was smaller than Teresa—fuller, more pliant, and quicker in her movements. But in the brown eyes burned all the fire of the Neapolitan heavens.

"Good-evening, Teresa," said she. "How is Tomaso?"

"Is it you, Lucia?" replied the maiden. "What brings you from Naples here to our seclusion?"

"Sit down, Lucia, and be welcome," said the brother, without approaching her. She obeyed him, and sat down near the window, still occupying herself with her dress.

"I had to go to Carotta," she began, taking off her straw hat and pushing back her hair from her brow; "so I thought that before I went home I would come and see you, Teresa. The road up here is bad. We have had miserable weather."

"It was good weather for the mill," said Teresa, shortly.

Lucia let her eyes glide slowly around the room and rest lightly on the face of Tomaso, who, in apparent indifference, was tracing one line after another with a piece of chalk which he picked up from the table. Each knew that decided words were to be spoken, and neither wished to be the first to speak them.

"Bring a glass of wine for Lucia," said Tomaso, without looking at his sister.

Teresa spun on vigorously. The stranger spoke after some hesitation:

"Never mind the wine: I have not long to stay. The evening is sinking fast, and my boat waits for me on the shore at Carotta. I must be back to-night in Naples. How long it has been since we saw each other! Why do you never come to Naples, Teresa? The winter must be severe up here in this ravine."

"No weather is severe to me when I am with my brother," replied the maiden. "And why should I go to Naples? There is no one there whom I care for—no one!"

Again they were all silent. At last the man turned calmly to his sister and said,

"Have you given the donkey his fodder, Teresa?"

She shrank back, for she comprehended the hint, but on looking up saw from her brother's firm gaze that such was his will. She pushed the spinning-wheel quickly away, left the room, and was soon heard making as much noise as possible, so as to dispel any suspicion that she might be listening.

The German's heart beat violently as he saw the two thus standing face to face. Although only a part of the past of these two was known to him, yet he had heard sufficient to anticipate a scene of the strangest description. He gazed at the man, then at the beautiful woman by the window, and his own position became most painful; for he knew that the words hovering on their lips were intended for no mortal ears save their own. For a moment he thought of withdrawing to the most distant corner of the apartment, but each step might betray him, and he was forced to remain where he was. The silence lasted for a few moments longer; then Lucia spoke:

"Your sister hates me, Tomaso. What have I done to cause it?"

The brother shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," she continued, "it has often troubled me to think that perhaps she alone it is who keeps us apart. She is jealous of each word which you address to any other: she wants to have you all to herself."

"You are mistaken," said he, dryly.

"I had my own reasons for quitting Naples."

"I know, Tomà—I know! A child could understand how, after your misfortune, you lost all pleasure in the sea. But it would have come back had not Teresa persuaded you to bury yourself here in this desert-like solitude. Do we not each suffer our destiny, and yet are obliged to live on amongst our fellow-beings? Do not our misfortunes come from Heaven? And should they so harden us as to make us hate our fellow-mortals—even those who have done nothing to deserve it?"

"Have done nothing to deserve it? that is the question."

She looked piercingly at him: "I do not understand you, Tomà. There is much that I no longer understand since you have been away. Why did you not answer the letters that I sent you by Angelo the peasant? He said he gave them to you yourself: otherwise I might have thought that Teresa had hindered you from replying."

"The letters? I burned them."

"And what answer do you now give to them?"

"Lucia, I did not read one word of their contents." She shrank back, but he continued: "Your husband is dead: so Angelo told me. I am sorry: he was a good man, and the wrong that I meditated against him I bitterly repent. You are young and beautiful, Lucia—you will soon find another and a younger one: be happy with him."

He threw down the piece of chalk, and, his hands folded behind him, strode up and down the room. She followed every movement in trembling suspense. At last she spoke:

"Does Teresa know that I am a widow?"

"She first learned it from your black dress: during these four years your name has not been spoken between us."

"If you did not read the letters, you do not know that my husband left you three hundred piastres. You will have to come to Naples in person to get them from the court, where they are deposited for you."

"They may stay there until the day of judgment!" said he, instantly—"unless you prefer giving them to the poor. I would not take them if I was in more need than—Heaven be praised for it!—is the case. Gold from *your* husband, Lucia! Rather starvation!"

"How strangely you talk!" said she, softly, in a voice trembling with surprise. "It was once very different with us two, Tomaso."

"So much the worse that it was!"

She rose from her chair, walked a few steps toward him and timidly sought his eyes with her own. But his were fixed upon the surface of the table, behind which he had stepped, as though desirous to interpose some object between himself and the beautiful woman as a protection from her enchantment. She laid her right hand on her bosom: the German saw, through the cracks in the wall, the blue veins on the round arm, and how the slender fingers trembled on the beating heart.

"What have I done, Tomà?" said she, scarcely audibly. "If some one

has been slandering me to you, say so, and I will lay my hand on the Host and swear that I am unconscious of such guilt. Since you went away I have lived like one buried, and no one can say that the hostess of the 'Siren' has vouchsafed him a glance or a smile."

"That is your affair, and was the affair of the dead man. Why do you tell it to me?"

Large tears rose to her eyes as she heard these harsh words, and he felt how deep the wound had been, although he did not look up. After a pause he said:

"Why should we thus talk from behind masks and strive to disguise our voices, Lucia? Let us speak plainly. You came to tell me that you are now free, and that no one stands between us two. But I say to you that one does stand between us, and that we are condemned to feel eternal flames and to be parted eternally for our sins."

Decidedly though he spoke, yet hope rose once more within her.

"For our sins?" said she, quickly. "With what need we reproach ourselves? Was our love ever aught else than hopeless sighs and weeping? But I know well what stands between us—your sister."

He shook his head emphatically: "No—not she. But do not ask me; and do not think that you ever can remove that obstacle from our path: he is not among the living. Go back to Naples, Lucia, and never come again to the mill. I cannot, I dare not see you again."

She stepped close to the table, opposite to him. It shook with the sudden movement, and he looked up quickly. All the grief of a despairing passion was imprinted on her face.

"I will *not* go!" she said with forcible firmness; "or I will know all! Tomaso, my husband is dead: Nino has slept long in his grave. Your sister shall be in my house as mistress and I as her servant. At the first evil word from me to her, you shall drive me forth as though I had put a torch to your roof. And you say, and I see, that your heart is still unchanged. Who, then, stands between us, Tomaso?"

The table on which he leaned trembled. "I will tell you," he gasped in a hollow voice. "But go then, and ask no more! Nino stands between us."

"You are deceiving me," she replied: "you wish to divert my thoughts from Teresa, lest I should some day requite her for what she has done to me. You will one day rue having trifled with my love, unhappy one that I am! and then thrown me aside. And she, too, will be punished for her unnatural conduct in keeping you here, hidden from the very sunlight, as a miser does his gold. I go!"

"Lucia, I do not deceive you. It is true there is one thing which my sister has never forgiven you. But it is not that, and you know not what my meaning is when I say, 'Nino stands between us!' No one knows it—Teresa least of all. She would die did she suspect the truth."

"And if I knew it?"

"Then you would resign all thoughts of the wretched Tomaso, and never again would seek the pathway to the mill." He hid his face in his hands.

"You are mistaken," said she: "that can never be. It is an illusion that parts us, and I will waft it away like a vapor if you will but show it to me. If not, I shall have no peace by night nor by day, and before the year is out you will hear that you have driven me to my grave."

He shuddered, and seemed to be enduring a last struggle. Then he gazed at her hopelessly, fixedly, long:

"It must be told. I will not have to endure a second time the agony of seeing you only to renounce you. Swear, Lucia, that you will never betray what no one has ever heard from me, and what you now shall hear. In confession or in death the words shall never pass your lips. It is not because it would be my ruin were it known, but that Teresa would not survive it. Swear, Lucia!"

She raised her hand: "I swear to you, Tomaso, no one shall know it save you and me."

He sighed deeply and threw himself into a chair, resting his arms on his knees and gazing on the floor at his feet.

"Lucia," he said, half aloud, "I told you the truth: Nino stands between us! Once in life, now in death! He was pure and blameless as Abel, and yet by his side stood a Cain: Cain fled to the wilderness. *Now* do you understand?" She was silent. "You are right," he continued. "Who *can* understand it? But there are times when the powers of darkness have the mastery over us, till it seems as though some strange spirit sat in our breasts and struck dumb all our better thoughts, leaving only the most diabolical free to work their wicked will. Are we held accountable for deeds done in such a frame of mind? I must ask a priest to explain that to me: I cannot tell. How I loved the youth! I would have killed the idiot who dared breathe a word to me against him. When I heard him sing I forgot every care; when he came to my house he seemed to bring sunshine with him: I could not have loved better an own son or brother. I was so proud of him when all Naples began to talk of his voice, and I always used to say to people, 'That is our Nino, my old playmate.' It seemed to me as though I had drawn the voice up out of the sea and given it to him. And how he loved me! When he became renowned and sang before counts and princes, and the proud ladies envied each other for one glance from him, he used to come just the same to our house on the seashore, and was happier there than anywhere else. And often, when I met him on the Toledo, my net over my shoulder, he would leave his other acquaintances, take my arm and walk with me. No one was more lovely: nothing false in him, nothing wicked. He could have chosen any woman in Naples, but he cared not a fig for any of them. I did not know the reason *then*. But one injury did he ever do me: that was taking me to his uncle's house when the good old man came to Naples and bought the 'Siren,' desiring personally to witness Nino's good fortune, of which he had been the architect. Why did he come and bring you with him, Lucia? From that hour Nino was lost to me, but not through his fault.

Who would blame him, save you and I, for guarding the happiness of his benefactor? He never seemed to think of reproaching me, though he did not seem much pleased when I spoke to him of this or that woman who had taken my fancy for the moment. He was pure as the archangel Rafael, but he had knowledge of the world, and knew that all were not as he; but he was far from desiring to change mankind. When he saw how we felt toward each other, Lucia, not a word passed his lips; but you know it was he who frustrated all our plans. I was enraged: a hundred times I vowed when next I saw him to renounce all friendship between us if he did not cease to watch over you so zealously—more zealously than his uncle himself—like a brother or a lover. But he did not care for you, and no jealousy of me had any concern in his actions. When I saw him I bit my lips, but said not a word; and my love for you grew less passionate when I heard his voice. It seemed as though he read my every thought. He often talked to me of his uncle—how good and harmless he was, and how much the old man had done for him. And then he would look so confidently at me, as if to say, 'No, Tomà, it is impossible that you would do an injury to one who has been everything to your friend. And is he not kindness and confidence itself toward you?' I understood him well, but when I saw you, Lucia, all reflection, all resolution seemed forgotten in my love. My conscience was shriveled like a tree before the flowing lava. And to bear all this for a year!—I, whom a delay of even a few days always made so impatient! Once, when his uncle had gone to Ischia, you remember he begged for a room at the 'Siren,' that he might have a quiet place to copy his music, for the noise in his own dwelling disturbed him: even then I had dark thoughts. I wanted to mix in his wine a drug given me by one of my acquaintances, which would cast him into a deep sleep for twenty-four hours. But then I became frightened: suppose it were a poison or should do some injury to his voice? So

I renounced the plan, but it remained like a thorn in my heart, and from that hour I shrank from him as though he sought my life. So the day approached on which Nino was to sing in the opera for the first time. You remember what we had talked of for that evening. Had I never seen you, my house might have burnt down without my quitting the theatre before the last note of Nino's triumph. But now all my thoughts were bent on escaping after the first act, so as to go to the 'Siren,' where you had pretended to be ill to avoid going to the opera with Nino's uncle. He came that afternoon, as you know, and persuaded me to take him with me in my boat. What angel or devil had whispered to him my secret? For he knew it; and scarcely were we alone on the sea together, when he said, plainly, that he called me to account. I denied everything. 'Tomà,' said he, 'if you do not promise me by our old friendship to give this up, it will be my ruin. I shall sing like a raven, I shall be hissed from the stage, and all that I have hoped for so long will be over for ever. My brother,' said he, 'I demand it of you. I could go and warn my uncle, but then he would be undecieved in his beloved wife; and did I not even mention your name, you and I would be for ever parted. Promise me, then. I surely deserve this one sacrifice at your hands.' I remained obstinately silent and gazed at the nets; and at last I no longer heard what he said, for your image stood before me, Lucia. An hour later I returned—alone."

The last words echoed dark and despairingly, and the two forms—he with his face drooping ever lower between his knees, she white as a corpse—stood out like a painting in the rapidly-darkening room; while without, through the rushing of the brook, rang Teresa's voice in a gay ritournelle, as if reminding her brother not to prolong her banishment unnecessarily. And her voice roused the half-unconscious man. He rose from his chair and bent over the table, closer to the motionless woman.

"No, Lucia," he said, hoarsely. "The

story I told was the true one: the net drew him down, his feet became entangled: I did not overturn the boat. But that is not all: I was seated in safety at the stern while he was struggling in the water! My limbs seemed ice. My eyes were fixed on the eddying pool beside me which had just closed over his head: I saw the bubbles rise as if they called to me: he was still breathing below there. And now, now, one of his hands rose above the water and groped for the firm hand of his friend, only a boat's length off. A silver ring on his finger gleamed in the evening sunlight. I had but to reach out the oar and he was saved! Did I not wish to reach it to him? Must I not have wished it? I held the oar upon my knees: one bend of my arm and the hand with the silver ring would have closed around it. But the demon sat in my breast and chained every nerve and froze every drop of blood. I sat as if in a dream—my head swam, I strove to cry out—ever staring at the hand. And the hand sank—now to the ring, now to the finger tips, now it was gone! Then the demon seemed to set me free. I cried like a madman. I sprang overboard, upsetting the boat, and dived down, and rose, and down again, without finding him, though I have a hundred times brought up a tiny coin from the bottom of the sea. At last I swam back to my boat, wild with despair. But the measure was not yet full. When I came home without him, my sister sank like a dying flame. The ring on that hand which had stared from the waves was her ring. She had exchanged it for his the day before, without my knowledge."

He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes. The listener in the mill-chamber heard him breathing long and deeply, like a man in a heavy sleep, and the unhappy young woman passed her hand across her brow again and again to wipe off the cold drops that stood upon it. The terrible story to which she had been listening had ennobled her soft features. She was more beautiful than ever, but she no longer thought of it. At last Tomaso seemed to rouse himself as from a half sleep.

"Are you still here, Lucia?" he asked hastily. "What have you now to do with Tomaso? Do not you, too, see it between us—the hand with the silver ring, that everywhere rises up before me, pointing to heaven? If we stood before the altar, and you extended your hand with the golden circlet, my hair would stand on end, my eyes would become confused. Gold would seem silver—Lucia's hand, Nino's hand!—and devils would chase me from the church. Go home, Lucia: forget all this; keep your oath, and pray for Tomaso!"

He rose and stood on the hearth. The German saw how she trembled.

"Can it not be otherwise?" she murmured, an appealing look in her face. He turned away from her, shook his curls, and made with his forefinger the sign of negation. "Then may Heaven keep you, Tomà! May the Madonna pour comfort into your heart and sleep upon your eyes, and upon mine, which will ever weep for you. I thank you for telling me all: I could not otherwise have borne to lose you. I thank you for still loving me: do not cease to do it, for it is all that is left to me."

He did not look at her again, and saw not the tears that were quietly flowing from her eyes—saw not the farewell sign she made with both her hands—saw not the bitter struggle as she turned to go.

She left the door open as she passed out, and Teresa, who immediately on her enemy's departure hastened in, now stood, as *she* had stood, upon the hearthstone.

"Tomà!" she cried, sobbing, but with wild triumph in her voice, and throwing her arms around the motionless figure, "you have refused! You are mine! We shall belong only to each other!" Then first did she remark his deathly paleness, and was frightened. "Woe!" she cried. "Did it cost you such a struggle? No, Tomà, you shall not do this for me! Your voice will still reach her. Call her back, my brother: tell her—"

"Be quiet, child," he said, firmly, and forcing a smile, whilst his eyes gazed down into her face with the deepest

emotion. "It is all past and over: I have made you no sacrifice. If you had never awakened from that terrible swoon of four years ago, I should have spoken to her even as I have just spoken. It will soon be dark: I will go once more up into the ravine and look how it is with the mill-brook. I will see you again before I go to rest, my sister, my Teresa. To-morrow will be a new day."

He kissed her on the forehead and vanished through the door leading to the meadow.

It was long ere the stranger dared to open the mill-room door. Teresa started when he stepped up to her: she had evidently forgotten his vicinity. "You have heard everything?" she said, earnestly. "I have no desire to question you. Tomaso did not wish me to hear: that is enough for me. Where lives there on earth such a brother as he? Say, is not my lot an enviable one? Oh, Tomaso!"

He nodded silently and held out his hand. "Good-night, Teresa," said he. "I need not ask you never to tell your brother who was present at his interview with Lucia. It would be an odious thought to him that a stranger was admitted when his own sister was shut out."

"He shall never know it," she replied, gravely. "To pain such a brother as he— How could I think of it?—I, for whom he would give his life!"

The German was forced to turn away to avoid betraying how deeply he was affected by this artless trust in one who had robbed her of her most precious treasure.

Words of the deepest sympathy hovered upon his lips, but he repressed them, for she expected good wishes and the testimony that her lot was most enviable. He saw the silver ring upon her finger, and on the wall the portrait of the drowned man, and said to himself, "Tomaso sees these every day, and yet must live on and suffer his sister to love him! Teresa!" he said, "may Heaven keep you in peace! Farewell! I take your portrait with me—otherwise than I thought to do, but imperishably!"

They did not converse much on the way down the ravine, which he traversed on the back of the donkey. After parting from her at the foot of the cleft, he stood for a long time gazing up at the mill, and refreshing his hot brow with the coolness of the brook.

The night closed around him. He could not seek the homeward road, for his thoughts drove him far over the heights in varying paths. As he mounted a craggy slope which projected steeply over the sea, he perceived a manly figure on the extreme edge, his dark curls blowing in the wind.

He was gazing far over the water, where, on the way from Carotta to Naples, a tiny boat was speeding under full sail. The German recognized the lonely one up yonder, and knew who sat in the little boat. In deep emotion he struck into the shortest path leading to the dwellings of happier mortals. The Muse, whose presence he had invoked so long in vain, had at last appeared unto him, but the countenance she bore was stern and solemn, and drove, till far past midnight, all slumber from his eyes.

WHAT I SAW OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE night of the 31st of December, 1868, had not been favorable to the approaches of "tired Nature's sweet restorer" at "Sheppard's Hotel" in Cairo. First, a poor camel had fallen in the street before our window, and, having broken a leg, was instantly butchered then and there, and the pieces, even to the tail, sold to the highest bidder. At a later hour, there was an arrest and an attempt at rescue; which latter, by the way, was unsuccessful, although there seemed to be nearly fifty rescuers and only one policeman. But the majesty of the law is respected in Cairo, and although there was much rattling of bamboo sticks, much tossing about of dusky arms and white turbans, and a fearful screaming and yelling in jawbreaking Arabic, yet the policeman was not touched and the culprit went to the calaboose. From that time till morning the bands of fierce and loud-mouthed dogs, which have never yet settled their claims to the possession of the town, engaged in a series of battles royal, and made night hideous with their cries.

The day before, we had ridden fourteen miles on donkey-back and ascended the pyramid of Ghizeh, and our muscles were still sore from being dragged over the huge stones by the four brawny guides, who evidently think that the nearer they come to breaking the neck of the traveler the more bucksheesh they are entitled to; and so when, soon after daylight, a red fez cap, surmounting an ebony visage, was thrust in at the door and we were told that the train for Ismael left in an hour, I, for one, felt sure that nothing short of a sail on the Suez Canal could get me out of bed at five o'clock after a night like that.

Passing, on our ride to the depôt, through crowds of kneeling Arabs and kneeling camels—the Arabs at their morning devotions and sending up complaints, no doubt, that "Christian dogs"

should come "between the wind and their nobility;" the camels receiving their daily loads, and growling loudly, and much more reasonably, because their burdens are twice as much as they should carry—and being, at length, by means of a capital courier, a little bad Arabic and a good thick stick, safely piloted through shoals of the worst and most importunate beggars in the world, behold us seated in a first-class, English-made car, with two Frenchmen and the Arab conductor, whizzing through the land of the Pharaohs at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The morning was beautiful, clear, balmy and elastic, such as only an Egyptian morning can be. On our left lay the broad majestic Nile, calm, still, without a ripple on its mysterious surface, while far above the tall palm trees on the opposite bank, and dwarfing them into reeds by comparison, loomed up the three great pyramids of Ghizeh. On we sped, through tracts of wheat and clover, knee-deep and emerald green, the fourth series of crops which the wonderfully fertile soil has produced within the year. Here, a flock of snow-white egrets, which catch grasshoppers as we pass and mind us not; there, a crowd of dusky Nubian children, who shout after us, "Adeena bucksheesh" (give alms), in hopes of a piastre, as the train flies by; here, an ancient Arab ploughing, his head and beard like Aaron's; his plough, a crooked limb of mulberry wood; and his team, a woman, a dog, a camel and a cow, harnessed "tandem."

And now, suddenly and without a moment's warning, we have left the green fields of wheat and barley and cotton, and are plunging through hills of stones and sand. We have passed the line to which the waters of the Nile extend during the annual inundation, and are entering that which, should the Nile fail for two years, Egypt would be—the desert. Far as the eye

can reach lies one vast plain of shining sand. A few stunted bushes near the railroad are the only signs of vegetation, and as we go on even these disappear, until at last the sky seems to meet the sand, and we feel that we are indeed in the wilderness. On for four long hours do we go, the tracks seeming to join in front of us and in our rear, until gradually our pace slackens, the whistle blows a feeble and tired note, and we alight to find the heat of the desert just cooling beneath the evening breeze, and ourselves at Ismael.

And now, as we are far out of the beaten track of tourists, and about to visit scenes and places about which, until we saw them, we knew very little, perhaps a little geography just here may not be amiss. Ismael—or, as the French and English call it, Ismailia—is situated on the Isthmus of Suez, about one-third of the way from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. Five years ago it was a burning desert. The jackal howled and the wild Bedouin pitched his tent where now stands a neat French town, with streets and stores, an excellent hotel and a population of about two thousand souls.

Lake Timsah, upon the bank of which it is built, was, before the canal reached it, simply a hollow in the desert: now it is a broad and beautiful sheet of water, more than a mile in width and nearly circular. At this point enters the fresh-water canal from the Nile. This, of the depth and nearly the breadth of our ordinary canals, serves the purpose, if indeed such were needed, of a feeder to the grand canal, and also furnishes all the fresh water which is used from Suez to Port Said. Many boats were lying in it, laden with provisions and material for the army of men and engines, whose white tents and curling wreaths of steam we could catch glimpses of over the farther shore of the lake. This canal leaves the Nile at Cairo, just above the gardens of the Pacha of Egypt, and enters Lake Timsah at its western edge, and at right angles with the Suez Canal, whose course is along its eastern shore. The level of this fresh-water canal above

that of the surface of the lake is nearly ten feet.

The copings of the fresh-water canal and the docks and quays on Timsah are all of cut stone, solidly built and elegantly finished. The magazines of the company, which are situated here, are immense structures, capable of holding, as they do, a vast amount of material. We strolled through the main street of this curious mushroom town of Ismailia. It reminded us strongly of one of our sea-side towns: the boarded curbs, the whitewashed palings, the faint odor of sunburned wood and the cool evening breeze from the desert made it difficult to believe that we were almost in the heart of the Syrian desert. Yet the houses are all neatly built, and that of M. Lesseps, the president of the company (who with his family resides here), elegantly so.

But at this rate we shall never get to our grand canal ride. So let us pass over our capital dinner of snipe, artichokes, new potatoes and asparagus (this was New Year's eve, remember), garnished with a bottle of good wine and a cheerful flow of conversation from mine host of the "Grand Hôtel de l'Isthme de Suez," and behold us seated on the forward deck of the "Petit Prince" (which deck, as the entire length of the steamer was twenty feet, we two filled completely), and prepared, through the courtesy of M. Lesseps, to accompany the Imperial mail in its distribution along the Suez Canal. The captain of our little craft, which was about the size and build of the steam-launches now used in our navy, was a civil engineer, who had been employed upon the canal since 1857, and was now placed upon this light duty on account of failing health. He was exceedingly polite and communicative, and cheerfully afforded us all the information in his power. With true French punctuality, although we, the only passengers, had come on board with the mail-bags fifteen minutes before ten o'clock, he waited watch in hand, and on the minute we shot out into the blue waters of Timsah. Ten minutes' rapid steaming due east, a

sharp turn to the left, and we entered the grand canal so suddenly that we had hardly time to take a last look at Timsah and Ismailia, the beauties of the desert, ere the sand-hills shut them from our sight. Where the canal enters Timsah from the north the cuttings are deep, and the great heaps of sand lie on either side sixty or seventy feet high. The channel through which the water runs is not one hundred feet wide, and the depth not over twelve feet. Hydraulic engines of enormous power were at work dredging up and pouring out immense volumes of mud and sand. Hundreds of men, mostly Arabs, with barrow, pick and shovel, were moving the huge heaps, or, waist-deep in the water, turning from our path their uncouth boats; for much traffic is even now done upon the canal, and besides the boatloads of stores and provisions belonging to the company, we saw many a cargo that reminded us of the sutlers' stores in the "Army of the Potomac."

The Timsah cutting extends for perhaps half a mile, and then the desert is scarcely above the level of the water, and in fact in many places it is below it, so that the water covers many hundreds of acres, and the course of the canal is buoyed out sometimes for nearly a mile. As we left the hills of Timsah the wind struck us sharply, and ever and anon a quantity of the light sand of the desert would be caught up by it and sent whirling into the water; and looking closely, we could see where it had drifted little capes and promontories into the canal. Let us repeat what our captain said upon this subject, being asked:

"Yes, monsieur, this drifting in of the sand certainly seems to be one of our greatest difficulties, for the wind blows across the canal all the year round—six months one way, six months back. One ounce of sand per square yard amounts to five hundred tons for the whole canal. If it came in at that rate, it would be a long time before the company would pay any dividend. But we do not intend to let it come in; and this is how we prevent it. This sand only extends to the depth of from nine to twelve feet: below

this is a stratum of blue mud, mixed with a sort of clay, in which, by the way, we find great quantities of beautiful shells and fossil fish. Well, then, do you see those two huge engines which we are approaching—one an hydraulic dredger in the middle of the canal, the other an iron *shute* (it looked like the walking-beam of an immense steamer), near the edge? Do you see how the vast masses of sand, mud and water come up from the dredger, are poured out into the "shute," and thence on the ground sixty or eighty feet from the edge of the canal? Do you see how quickly the great heaps rise, and how they extend, almost without a break, all along? Well, monsieur, you would find these heaps almost immediately baked hard by the sun, and as they are firm enough to bear the railroad which we intend putting upon them the better to expedite the mails from India, so we hope they will be high enough to keep out the sand-drifts from the canal."

"And what are your other great difficulties, *mon capitaine*?"

"Well, monsieur, at Chalouf, near Serapéum, we have struck a peculiar hard stone at the depth of twelve feet, and are obliged to blast to clear it out (it is axolite). Then the deposit of the Nile mud near Port Said will always keep us dredging. But what we fear most is the Red Sea. For a long distance from Suez it is extremely shallow: then, lower down, it is very rocky; and while this is nothing to steamers, which can easily keep the narrow channel, yet with the wind blowing six months one way and six months the other, it will not be easy for a heavily-laden clipper to keep off the ground. Yet these things will all be set right, for trade will take the shortest route, and the Suez Canal will be a success, although no nation now believes it except France and" (with a bow) "America."

The only stopping-place from Ismailia to Port Said is Kantara, which means The Bridge. A swinging boat answers the purpose now, but the abutments are being built for a more substantial structure. We reached Kantara about three o'clock. Here is a little clump of houses

clustering along the canal, trying hard to look like a miniature Ismailia, and scarcely succeeding in the attempt. French, English, Italian and Turkish flags were displayed, either on account of the arrival of the steamer, or because it was New Year's day, and we were invited to accept the hospitalities of the "Café du Canal." A neat Frenchwoman set before us some excellent coffee, good fresh bread and delicious dates, and while enjoying them we observed the "café." It was hard to realize we were where we were. There were the inevitable mintsticks in the glass jar with a brass-rimmed cover, the fly-marked cheese-cakes and the honey-dew plug tobacco; and had it not been that the walls were covered with flamingoes, Egyptian geese, pelicans and the skins of two leopards recently killed near by, it would have been hard to believe that we were not in a cake-and-beer shop on an American turnpike.

Kantara is thirty-one miles from Port Said, and the canal is almost perfected thus far; that is to say, although the dredges are still at work, yet for this distance the canal is one hundred yards wide and of an average depth of twenty-six feet; and these are to be the dimensions for its entire length. A curious feature, which is visible along the narrow parts of the canal, is a current flowing in from the north at the rate of one and a half knots per hour. Although it is many months since the water attained its level, yet this current still continues. Our captain attributed it to evaporation and absorption. It must be remembered that all the cuttings have been from the Mediterranean toward Suez, and that the main body of the men employed, numbering eighty-five hundred, are working at the head of the canal, which is now advanced as far as Serapéum. Here it is necessary to cut through a number of sand-hills to the Bitter Lakes, which are a series of depressions in the desert, in the lowest parts of which are marshy ponds. They are twenty-five miles in extent, and it is expected that when the water is let in an area of one hundred and forty thousand acres will be covered.

(This has since been done.) Then comes the Chalouf cutting to Suez, sixteen miles, and the seas meet. After leaving Kantara, for many miles the water overflowed the desert on either side, and we passed along as through an immense lake. The channel was buoyed, and as an evidence of the shallowness of the overflow, flamingoes, pelicans and a kind of large curlew waded about, intent on fish and regardless of us, while myriads of snipe and sandpipers gazed at us from the little islands which in every direction appeared above the water. After leaving Kantara, we did not pass a boat nor see a human being until we reached Port Said. The eye fairly ached with reaching over the desert distance—miles upon miles of sand, and, after we left the overflowed land, one long silver thread of water. Not a tree, not a shrub, not even a good-sized stone, to relieve the intense monotony of the landscape. So when the captain handed us his glass and said that he could see the shipping at Port Said, we were well satisfied that our voyage through the desert was drawing to a close. It was eight o'clock when we reached the steamer's dock, and leaving our baggage in the hands of the ubiquitous custom-house officials (Turkish), made our way under the guidance of our good courier (Jules Hoffman) to the "Oriental Hotel," where, during our stay of two days, while waiting for the steamer for Jaffa, we had good rooms, clean beds, capital fare and excellent wine.

Now a word or two about Port Said (pronounced, there, Port Say-eed). Ten years ago it was a narrow strip of sand, which served as a resting-place for the flamingoes when tired of wading about in the marshes which still lie around it. It was here M. Ferdinand Lesseps (pronounced Le-sépss, and not *De* Lesseps) made the first blow with his pick and set his army of Arab workmen in motion. It is now a flourishing seaport—a regular place of call for four lines of steamers, with a fine harbor, huge workshops, great stores of material, and a population of twelve thousand, increasing every year. This is made up

from all the countries round the Mediterranean — French, Italians, Turks, Syrians and Greeks. Italian is spoken at this end of the canal, even more than French. Port Said has a large square, named after M. Lesseps, and surrounded by comfortable and lofty dwellings. Its stores, of which there are many, contain almost all the articles which can be obtained at Marseilles or Alexandria. Upon one we noticed the sign painted in four different languages — French, Italian, Turkish and Modern Greek. All the Arabs connected with the place are apart in a village about half a mile along the beach to the westward, and, considering their proximity, Port Said is a very clean town. Its harbor, however, is its great feature. In order to protect the mouth of the canal from the deposit of mud brought over constantly in great quantities by the Nile, and also to defend the shipping from the severe storms which sometimes beat in here, two immense piers or breakwaters are built out into the sea, separated by an interval of seven hundred and fifty yards. The western pier is twenty-seven hundred yards in length, the eastern one two thousand yards, and between them lies the harbor. The material used in their construction is artificial stone made on the spot from a combination of sand and lime, under the action of a powerful hydraulic machine. Each stone weighs twenty-five tons, and is put in its place by two boats constructed for the purpose. The piers are not regularly built, but they look very strong.

A few words now upon the canal in general. Whether or not the idea originated with Pharaoh, Napoleon I. acted upon it, and actually had a survey made, when it was reported that there was a difference of thirty feet in the level of the two seas; and for that and other reasons the project was abandoned, and lay dormant until about 1854; upon the 30th of November of which year the contract between the Egyptian government and the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez" was signed. Its duration is ninety-nine years from the day of the opening of the canal for

traffic. The Egyptian government is to receive fifteen per cent. of the net profits, and holds a large proportion of the company's bonds. Egypt conceded to the company all the lands which might be irrigated by the fresh-water canal, and in 1868 bought back its own concession for a sum equal to ten millions of dollars.

On the 1st of January, 1869, there were at work eighty-five hundred men. These men are obliged by the Egyptian government to work on the canal, but are paid by the company at the rate of two francs per day. The engines for dredging are sixty in number. Each cost two hundred thousand dollars in gold. The expenses amount to one million dollars in gold per month, and the work has already absorbed forty millions of dollars. It is said that the rates of toll are to be ten francs per ton. The company is a private one, and has not been publicly recognized or assisted by the French government.

With regard to the rocks, the calms and the tortuous channels of the Red Sea, mentioned before as the chief obstacles to the use of the canal by the larger class of merchantmen, plans have already been elaborated in England, with a view to the building of a class of vessels suited to this trade, and carrying each sufficient steam-power to assist her through the canal and down the Red Sea. For the despatch of mails and the transport of troops this route will be immediately available; and although it will take time to conquer English prejudices and predilections, yet in time the bulk of the India trade must come this way.

Whether the Suez Canal be for the future a new and brightened gateway between the nations, or whether it is doomed to be obliterated by the influences of Nature or the neglect of man, like that other traditional labor which was performed perhaps in the dim ages of the Pharaohs, surely it has even now obtained a place upon the page of history, and it or its name will survive, monumental of distinguished ability, untiring energy and the utmost tenacity of purpose.

EDWARD BURD GRUBB.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FOR LIFE.

BETWEEN the detached sandbar on which the steamer had stranded and the land the lake was deep. The bottom was a smooth sand, and as one approached the low, level shore the water shoaled gradually. Hartland, with great exertion, had made about half the distance when a man—the first survivor he had seen—came up behind him, swimming strongly. As he ranged alongside, Hartland perceived, with equal pleasure and surprise, that it was the miller whom so lately he had seen go down in what seemed a death-struggle. Tyler called out to him: "Take it quietly, Mr. Hartland; don't swim so hard. You can't hold out so."

The other felt that the caution was timely. He became aware that in his eager efforts he had overtaken his strength. "You are right," he said. "I have been overdoing it: I must go more slowly."

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"Thank you, no. You'll need all the strength you have. Save yourself. Don't wait for me."

"Well," said the other, as he struck out in advance, "perhaps it's best. I may help you yet."

Left alone, Hartland proceeded more leisurely, seeking to husband his powers. But for a man of his years, unused to violent exertion, the distance was great—too great, he began to feel, for reasonable hope that he might reach the shore; for he felt now, at every stroke, the strain on his muscles. After a time, so painful was the effort that he could scarcely throw out his arms. Then a numbness crept over his limbs, gradually reaching his body. He was resolute, scorning all weakness that suffered the mind to usurp control over the will: he struggled, with Puritan hardihood, against the nervous helplessness that was invading his whole

system; yet, even while he despised and sought to repulse all imaginative sensations, the fancy gained upon him that life was receding to the brain. He had no longer power to strike out. After a few random and convulsive movements, as if the body rebelled against the spell that was cast over it, he sank slowly to the bottom. An anxious sensation of distress, oppressing the breast, followed, becoming gradually more urgent and painful, until in his agony he instinctively struck for the upper air, which he reached almost immediately. A few deep inhalations, and a consciousness that he was now in comparatively shallow water, restored for a minute or two the exhausted powers, but after making a little way these soon failed again: he could no longer maintain his mouth above water, and, choking as a small wave broke over his face, he sank a second time. Strange, this time, was the transition! All pain, all anxiety was gone. The world seemed gradually sinking away. As he went down a sense of ease and comfort came over him, while a strange haze diffused around a yellow light. Then, as has happened to so many thus approaching the term of earthly things, the man's life passed in review before him. And there he argued, before the tribunal of his own conscience as never before, the question whether his conduct to wife and child had been marked by that love which is the fulfilling of the Law. Many allegations he made, numerous pleas he brought forward—urging the duty of discipline, setting out the saving efficacy of severity, pleading the example of Him who scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. In vain! He was too near the veil. The light from Beyond, where Love reigns evermore, shone through his filmy sophistry. His soul heard the verdict—against him! It heard more than the verdict. It heard those words, gentle yet terrible: "To him that hath shown mercy shall mercy be shown." Then it

cried out, entreating for a little more time—a year—a single year only—in which to atone for the harsh, unloving past. So eager grew the longing that it drew forth, from life's inmost depths, the last residue of that reserve fund which Nature, in kind foresight, provides against a season of overwhelming exertion; and once more a spasmodic effort brought him to the surface—and to suffering again. Yet he breathed: he was still alive. How could it be, after that hour, so crowded with incidents, spent below? An hour? That protracted trial, the accusation, the defence, the pleas he had set forth, the arguments he had employed, the verdict, the bitter repentance, the prayer for respite to amend and repair the wrong,—it had all passed in less than a hundredth part of the time which, to his quickened consciousness, had seemed so long. Some twenty seconds only had he tarried below. A vague conviction of this stirred hope of life afresh, and a few feeble strokes carried him some yards nearer to the land. Then again that leaden sense of exhaustion! He gave it up. But this time, as his limbs sank beneath him, the feet just grazed the ground. It was like the touch of mother Earth to the Lybian giant, kindling a spark of life. A faltering step or two he made, and the water just mounted to his chin. Had he reached the land too late? He stretched out his arms toward it, but the body, powerless, refused to follow. Even then the tenacity of that stubborn spirit asserted itself. He dropped on his knees, digging his fingers into the sand and dragging himself along, till he was forced once again to rise and take breath. But with the light and the air came back excruciating pain. Then an overwhelming torpor crept over sense and frame. His limbs refused their office. Unable longer to maintain himself erect, he dropped on the sand. A brief respite of absolute rest there imparted a momentary courage. He crawled, under the water, a few yards farther. Then consciousness and volition gradually failed. As if by the inherent powers of the system uncontrolled by will, an automatic struggle was kept up—

for a few seconds—no more! That was the last life-rally against fate. The temptation to lie there quiet, immovable—all care dismissed, all effort abandoned—was irresistible. But what was this?—a fearful reminiscence from the scene he had escaped? No. These bright sparks that flickered before his eyes were lambent and harmless. In his brain, too, there seemed an internal light—an irradiate globe, but genial and illuminating, not burning. Then came back again that wondrous atmosphere—that calm, effulgent, pale-yellow haze; and with it such a sense of exquisite enjoyment that all desire to return to the earth passed from the soul of the expiring man. A smile over the wan features, a slight quivering of the limbs, and then all cognizance of the world and its doings had departed; and the spirit was entranced on the verge of that unexplored phase of life to come, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

What, meanwhile, had been the fate of our sturdy friend the miller? A more practiced swimmer than Hartland, and, though a few years older, a more powerful man, he was yet all but worn out when his feet first touched bottom. He had full two hundred yards still to go; and he fell three or four times while slowly and painfully wading toward shore.

The land once reached, and all motive for exertion gone, he dropped on the very edge of the water, lying there some five minutes or more without power to move. Then gradually he revived sufficiently to sit up and turn his gaze on the scene of horror he had left behind. The steamboat was now one sheet of flame from stem to stern. Little else than fire and smoke was visible except the lower portion of the wheel-house, where Tyler thought he could discern a small cluster of human beings still holding on; but of this he was not sure, the distance was so great. The boilers, he thought, could not have burst, for he had heard no loud explosion: now and then in the stillness slight detonations

caught his ear, occurring, no doubt, as some barrel of inflammable matter was reached.

Then he looked to see the fate of his companions. Day was dawning and the wind seemed to have abated. His first impression was, that the lake had engulfed the whole of that gallant steamer's living freight, and that he alone was left to tell the tale of disaster. But as he scanned the water more narrowly he caught sight, here and there, of a swimmer making for the shore. Several of the heads, however, sank as he watched them. One had approached more nearly than the rest, but that, too, disappeared. Could it be Hartland's? He looked for it eagerly. It came in sight again, remaining stationary, as if the person had reached footing and paused to take breath ere he walked out. He was sure of it now: Thomas Hartland it was—stretching out his arms too, as if imploring help. Again the head sank, and again, but for a few seconds only, it came to the surface. At that moment, and before it went under to show itself no more, Tyler took rapid note of the direction in which it appeared—almost in a line from the spot on which he sat to the stern of the burning steamer.

"I must save him," was his next thought. But he was fain to rest there full five terrible minutes ere the vital forces rallied so that he could trust himself to the effort. Even then he staggered along like one drunk or just risen from sickness—once over a log submerged in about two feet of water. On that he sat down for a brief space to recover spirit and vigor. Precious moments he knew well, but he *must* rest. After a time he rose, bracing his nerves, and calling to mind that his friend could be now scarcely a hundred yards distant. After he had advanced, slowly and cautiously, until he supposed he must be in the vicinity of the body, he observed, some six or eight yards farther on, and a little off the line he had marked out to himself, a few air-bubbles, as if rising from below. He remembered to have heard that during the last efforts of a drowning person the pressure of water

on the chest usually expels a portion of the air that still remains in the lungs; and greatly encouraged by the indication, he approached the spot. There, after a time, feeling around with his feet, he came upon the body. The touch gave him fresh courage.

But what to do next? He felt that if he attempted, in that depth of water, to drag the drowning man by the arm, his own head under water the while, he would but sacrifice his life without saving that of Hartland. In this strait, as the ripple broke over his shoulder, and something flapped lightly against his cheek, he was reminded that one of those stout Hibernians who had opposed his efforts to reach the bow of the boat had grasped the upper portion of his shirt sleeve and torn it half off. A bright thought! Tearing it off entirely and splitting it lengthwise in two, he knotted the pieces together, thus obtaining an impromptu bit of cordage, one end of which he managed to fasten around Hartland's left wrist. By this contrivance he was enabled to drag the body along without stooping. Buoyed up as it was, in a great measure, by the water, a slight pull sufficed to move it in shore. Yet even that small exertion exceeded Tyler's waning strength. At each step his limbs dragged more heavily: several times he stumbled from sheer weakness, and he was utterly spent by the time he reached the log where, on his way out, he had rested. Forgetting where it was, he fell over it as before, but not, as before, to rise again. There were less than six inches of water over his burly frame, yet he lay there helpless and insensible as the friend he had striven so hard to save.

* * * * *

Suddenly he found himself at home again, before his own dwelling; and strangely enough, without question in his mind as to how he came there. He heard Ellen's voice, and saw her issue from the house and cross to the well, a few steps off. She had an old-fashioned pitcher in her hand, the lower half blue, the upper white, with grapes and grape-leaves embossed over it—a legacy from

his dead mother which the miller highly prized.

Beside the well stood Hiram Goddard, Tyler's principal hand in the mill, a good-looking, brisk young fellow, with a tin washbowl on a small bench before him, drying face and hands after his morning ablution.

"Good-day, Miss Ellen," he said, "I'm sorry to see you looking pale this mornin'. Are you aillin'?"

"Not ailing, thank you, Hiram, but I had uneasy dreams last night, and haven't got over them yet."

"You expect the old man here this evening?"

"Or to-morrow, some time."

"I'll be blithe to see him, Miss Ellen," blushing and hesitating. "I had a letter from Uncle Samuel yesterday: he's well-to-do, and has neither chick nor child to do for. He's willin', if I need it, to send me a thousand dollars or two to set me up in the world. I think your father likes me well enough. He'll have to go partly in debt to pay for that machinery he's buying; if I raise the two thousand, he might take me in, for a partner, like, in the millin' business. Then I wouldn't be a hirelin', and maybe—" Ellen's eyes glistened with tears, not of joy: her rustic lover's quick eye saw that, and his countenance fell. "You wouldn't let me ask the old man"—he said it despondingly—"if he would trust you to me? You'd be very lonely if—"

"Oh, Hiram," the girl cried, her sobs reaching Tyler's ears, "it's cruel of you to talk that way, and father gone, and only last week seven people killed when the rail-cars ran off the track. And then you know I've told you, as plainly as I could say it—"

"Yes, Miss Ellen, you needn't repeat it," said the poor fellow. "You never gave me no encouragement: I'll always say that." Then, taking the pitcher gently from her hand: "Let me fill it for you."

Ellen thanked him, voice and hands trembling. He drew a fresh bucketful and filled the pitcher. As she received it from him, it slipped through her hands

and fell to the ground, breaking in pieces.

"How clumsy I am!" she said: "and father's favorite pitcher, that grandmother gave him! Oh dear! But don't wait, Hiram. I'll send Nancy with another. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes."

With that she recrossed to the house, passing, Tyler thought, close to him. Then it first occurred to him as something strange that neither of them took notice of his presence—that they spoke of him as absent. And then the whole scene faded away: he shivered with cold; seemed to be lying out somewhere: felt hands turning him over, and heard a rough voice saying, "He's no that awfu' cauld. He'll aiblins come to. I dinna think he'll coup the cran yet."*

"He's a'maist deed, faither: he does na stir," said another voice.

"That's naithin', Tam. Nae doot he's sair forfoughten. A' droukit folk is, that's been lyin' a blink, wi' the water aboon them. And he tumbled ower just as we lap the fence o' Squire Doolittle's cornfield. He must ha' laid there four or five minutes or ever we gat at him and pou'd him out. I wonder what on airth the doited carle was about? Dinna ye mind, Tam, that he was wadin' in and staggerin' as if he was fou, when we first cam ower the hill and got sight o' him? He must ha' gane clean wud, the crazy cheel, to try it the second time, and he no able to stand. Hech, sirs!" he added, as a deep sigh, half groan, burst from Tyler, "whatten an ausome grane was that! He's waukin' up. Tam, help me turn him ower on his brisket: they say that's gude for them that's been drownin'."†

And when he had laid him face downward, the kind fellow took off a heavy frieze coat he wore and laid it over his patient. Then he put his hand on the region of the heart.

* A few words, here and there, in the way of glossary, may be acceptable: *Aiblins*, perhaps. *Coup the cran*, kick the bucket—die.

† *Sair forfoughten*, quite exhausted. *Droukit*, drenched. *Blink*, a little while. *Doited carle*, stupid fellow. *Fou*, drunk. *Wud*, mad. *Ausome grane*, awful groan. *Brisket*, breast.

"Is the breath in him yet?" asked the son.

"'Deed is it. He'll be speakin', belyve. He's a wee dozened yet; that's a'." Then to Tam, as he called him: "My bairn, tak' aff that bit coatie o' yours and wrap his feet in't." Tom did as he was bid, starting, however, as he laid hold of one foot: it moved in his grasp. "The man's alive, daddie," he said, "sure enough: he can kick."

The father raised Tyler's head, placing his hand under the forehead. A little water came from the mouth: then the eyes opened. After a fruitless effort or two, the miller said: "Am I here yet?"

"'Deed an' ye are," replied the other. "Whar did ye think ye had gotten to? It's no very like the land o' the leal, here—d'ye think it is?—wi' this could soakit sand anaith ye, and you in thae screeded duds, and us twa in our sark sleeves."†

The words were not very intelligible to the miller, but he felt that this was real. "I'd like to sit up," he said, faintly. They assisted him, but he was so weak that but for Tom, who planted himself behind him and sustained his back, he must have fallen over again.

Then he took it all in: the sun risen; the lake, almost calm now; the steamer, still enveloped in flames; three or four stragglers crawling up the sand a little way off, and several men from the country hastening to their assistance. That brought back to his mind his own efforts to rescue Hartland.

"Mr. —"

"My name's Alexander Cameron. Ye may ca' me Alick if ye like: maist folks do."

"You've saved my life, Mr. Cameron."

"Me and Tam, yes. It was easy done. There wasna' twa foot water where ye lay."

"There's another man there: I was trying to drag him out when I fell."

"An' that was what took ye into the water when ye were yinst out? Aweel, ye're a spunkie cheel, if ye are auld. So

there's anither man in yonder? I'm thinkin' his parritch is cauld by this. A gude half hour he's been lyin' there. But if it'll ease yer mind ony, Tam and me'll try and howk him up. Can ye sit yer lane, d'ye think?"‡

The miller entreated them not to mind him. After searching a few minutes, they dragged Hartland's body on shore and laid it out on the land, near to where Tyler was. Cameron examined it carefully. The veins of the head were swelled; the face was blue and livid; the tongue was visible between the lips, which were covered with white froth; not the slightest warmth over the heart or elsewhere. Even Tyler, who contrived to creep up to the body, thought the case desperate. They employed the usual means of restoration, however—cold water on the face, upward friction on the limbs and body, without obtaining the least sign of life. "They say sneeshin's gude for't,"§ said Cameron, taking from his pocket a small sheep's horn, or *mill* as he called it, containing snuff, and inserting a portion of the contents into the nostrils of the drowned man.

Ten minutes had elapsed in these fruitless endeavors, when a young fellow, clad in homespun, his small pocket-saddlebags indicating his profession, galloped toward them from an inland road.

"Od, but I'm fain to see ye, doctor," said Cameron: "here's some gear needs your reddin'. It's past me, ony way."||

The young doctor, dismounting, examined the case with solemn and critical air, shook his head, and said,

"Do you know how long this patient has been under water, Alick?"

"A matter o' half an hour and mair."

"It's almost hopeless. There are cases on record of resuscitation after more than half an hour's immersion, but they are rare."

"I gied him some sneeshin', doctor. Was that a' right?"

"Quite right. It stimulates the in-

† *Yinst*, once. *Parritch*, porridge. *Howk up*, dig up. *Yer lane*, by yourself.

§ *Sneeshin*, snuff.

* *Belyve*, by and by. *Dozened*, stupefied.
† *Land o' the leal*, land of the faithful—heaven.
Screeded duds, torn rags. *Sark sleeves*, shirt sleeves.

|| *Fain*, glad. *Some gear needs your reddin'*, a job that needs your care.

terior surface of the nostrils, and tends to excite circulation."

"It was wasted on the puir bodie: he'll never need bicker* nor sneeshin-mill mair."

In the mean time the doctor had been feeling Tyler's pulse as he lay listening to their conversation. "Alick," he said, "ye'd better be attending to the living. This man's made a narrow escape of it, and he ought to be in a warm bed this very minute, instead of here on the wet sand. Take my horse, if he can sit him, get him home as fast as ye can, and—ye've got some brandy or whisky in the house?"

"Oo, ay: we aye keep a sma' drap-pie: ye never ken when it may be needed."

"Well, it's badly needed now. The man's chilled through."

Tyler declined the offer of the horse, but on receiving from the doctor the assurance that he would not leave Hartland until every means of restoration had been exhausted, he consented to go. Alick made him put on 'he frieze coat, and he and Tom supported him, one on each side.

It was hardly three-quarters of a mile to the Scotchman's cabin, but the miller's sufferings during that short journey were terrible. It seemed to him as if a hundred needles were pricking him from head to foot. His head swam: he was forced to sit down and rest a dozen times on the route. When they came to the squire's fence, Cameron and his son had to lift him over. The field had been recently ploughed. The Scotchman looked at it doubtingly.

"He's unco silly," he said to Tom, "and this bit bawk's hard to win through. We maun jist carry him."†

And, in spite of Tyler's remonstrance, the stout farmer and his son picked him up between them.

"He's a buirdly‡ carle," said Cameron, quite out of breath, as they set him down on the other side of the field. "I'se warrant him to weigh gude

fourteen stane. What's your callin', stranger?"

"I'm a miller. Nelson Tyler is my name. I live at Chiskauga: it's a village near the Indiana line."

"Tyler? That's a gude Scotch name—a'maist as gude as Cameron. Aweel, we'll hae ye hame in a jiffy, and I'll gar Grannie pit on some het water, and we'll hap ye up and rub ye weel. Ye're feckless the noo, but the mistress has some auld Ferintosh in the aumbry that'll set ye up; and we'll hae ye hale and hearty the morn." Then, after a pause: "We'd best be steerin', gin ye think ye can hirple on. They bare feet o' yours'll be gettin' cauld."§

Tyler could not help looking down disconsolately at his own forlorn condition: his drawers were the only nether garment he had saved. Cameron understood the look.

"Ye left yer breeks on that burnin' boat, did ye? But never fash yere thoom about that, man: there was mair tint at Sherra-moor. I hae a pair o' shoon and some orra-duds at hame: they're maybe a thought ower tight for ye, but ye're welcome to them till ye can do better."||

The miller thanked him warmly, and as the rest of the way lay over level pasture-field, he contrived to walk, though at each step the leaden weights that seemed to clog his heels grew heavier. By the time he reached the spacious double cabin a feeling of stupor and utter helplessness came over him, and ere a chair could be brought he had sunk on the floor.

They carried him to the fire, and "the mistress," as Alick called his hale, stout, red-cheeked wife (who bore her forty-odd years as if they scarcely numbered thirty), bustled about; and soon had a warm bed ready, in which Tyler was

* *Bicker*, make. *Feckless the noo*, exhausted just at present. *Auld Ferintosh in the aumbry*, old whisky in the pantry: so called because a certain Forbes was allowed, in 1690, to distill whisky on his barony of *Ferintosh* in Cromartyshire, free of duty. *Steerin'* stirring, moving. *Hirple*, to walk lamely or with difficulty.

|| *Mair tint at Sherra-moor*, more lost at (the battle of) Sheriff Moor (an action disastrous to the Scottish arms, fought in 1715). *Orra-duds*, spare clothing.

* *Bicker*, wooden dish.

† *Unco silly*, very weak. *Bawk*, ploughed land.

‡ *Buirdly*, bulky, broad-built.

laid. "Grannie" was greatly exercised just at first, rushing about the house without any definite purpose, exclaiming, "The Lord's sake! Gude guide us! That bangs a'!" But she soon resumed her usual equanimity, put a large kettle on to boil, and was ready, with her experience of threescore-and-ten, to prescribe various infallible remedies for the exhausted man; chief among them a warm potent potion, sweetened with brown sugar—a Scotchman despises white sugar when whisky is concerned—and of this palatable mixture the "Ferintosh" which Tyler's host had promised him formed a chief ingredient.

The miller's sensations, as he lay there dream-haunted and bewildered, were of a singular character. The sheets, as he touched them, seemed as thick as the coarsest sailcloth, the blankets like inch boards. His own body appeared to him to have stretched out to gigantic proportions. He felt as if he were eight or ten feet long, and as if it were impossible that the bed on which he lay should contain him. Then there was a sinking down, down, as if to some depth impossible to reach. He thought the man who had dragged him to the bottom of the lake ere he could get free of the boat had again clutched his arm. He started in terror, struggling to free himself, and rolled over on the cabin floor. When they came to lift him up he stared wildly round him, muttering, "I couldn't help it: it was his life or mine."

After they had covered him up again, and, at Grannie's instigation, put some bottles of warm water to his feet, he fell into a troubled doze, which lasted an hour or two.

When he woke, he saw, lying on a bed opposite to him, a stout, portly, ruddy-faced man, in full dress, with a shining black satin waistcoat and a massive silver watch-chain. The miller rubbed his eyes, wondering if that could possibly be the same gourmand he remembered to have seen only the day before at dinner on shipboard, stuffing himself with delicacies till one wondered where he found room to stow them away, and calling for an additional bottle of champagne

when the captain's supply was exhausted. The very same! That expanse of satin waistcoat was unmistakable. But how could he ever have come here—in all that toggery too?

"Is it possible?"—he said to his host, who had come to ask if he felt better—"is it possible that fellow with the watch-chain got off from the boat?"

"'Deed did he."

"And swam ashore with all his clothes on?"

"Hoot na! He couldna soom, buskit that gait.* There was a bit coble gaed out to the steamboat—"

"A coble?"

"That's a fishin'-boat, ye ken—"

"It brought off some of the passengers?"

"A matter o' twenty o' them, they say. They grippet on to the big wheel, and bided there till the boat took them awa'; yon chiel amang the lave. It's a wonder to me how siccan cattle as that hae a' the luck: the Lord aboon, He kens the gowk was na worth savin'. And there's anither o' them; that Dutch body, sittin' by the chimlie-lug.†"

The man to whom he referred was a Jewish-featured German, some fifty or sixty years old, sitting on a rocking-chair by the fire, bemoaning his fate. "Ach, mine Gott!" he repeated: "mine gelt ischt all gone! Gott im Himmel! Was soll ich thun? Verdammt Zufall! Every thaler ischt gone!"

Cameron went up to him. "Auld man," he said, with some asperity, "you've been grainin' aboot that siller ye've lost till I'm sick and tired hearin' ye. Ye seem to hae clean forgotten that yer life's been saved the day, when hundreds o' better men have gone to Davie's locker; and deil hae me if I think ye've said a be-thankit for it yet."

"Mine life!" rocking himself violently to and fro. "Was ischt mine life goot for if mine gelt ischt all lost and gone?"

"No muckle, I'll agree; but then

* *Couldna soom, buskit that gait*, could not swim, dressed up that fashion.

† *Amang the lave*, among the rest. *Chimlie-lug*, fireside (literally, chimney-ear).

they say we should a' be thankfu' for sma' favors. Was ye yer lane? Had ye nae wife?"

"Ach, ya! But mine gelt ischt all gone. Mine wife ischt all gone too."

"Won't somebody kill that d—d Dutchman?" roared out Satin Waistcoat from his bed.

"Ye may come an' kill him yersel', for a' me," said Alick, coolly, "but I dinna think he's worth it: a man that'll set up his money for an idol, as thae pagan Jews did that gowden calf in the wilderness, and then let the mistress come in ahint a'—like Lot's wife when she turned to a pillar o' saut—may gang his ain gait for onything I care."*

Amid such talk the day passed. Many dropped in before evening; some from the wreck—others to hear the particulars of so terrible an accident. It appeared that a boat which had put out early in the morning had picked up twenty-one persons—one woman among them—chiefly those who had saved themselves by clinging to the lower portion of the starboard wheel; of which number, strange to say, was a child not more than seven or eight years old—the son of an English emigrant, it appeared. Father, mother and four children were among the lost, and the poor little orphan, but a few hours before member of a cheerful, thriving family, now stood in this Western cabin a solitary estray, without relative or friend. Grannie took him on her knee. "Hae, there's a piece," she said, handing him a large slice of bread and butter: "dinna greet, my bonny dawtie: yer faither and yer mither's forsook ye, but the Lord'll tak ye up."

Six persons only, besides Tyler, saved themselves by swimming—in all but twenty-eight survivors out of four hundred and twenty souls. The captain was found among the dead, his arm around his wife. Not a few perished, as had nearly been the miller's fate, in shallow water. Many more would doubtless have reached the shore by swimming but for the fatal encumbrance of clothes. All appeared to have retained

their shirts, the greater number their drawers, and many bodies washed on shore were of persons, like him of the watch-chain, fully dressed. Pity they had not followed the example—recorded by Saint Pierre in his world-renowned story—of the sailor on the deck of the Saint Gérân, "tout nu et nerveux comme Hercule," who, though he failed like Paul to rescue Virginia, yet, by the wise precaution he took, succeeded in saving his own life.

The young physician, who called late in the afternoon, brought word that though he had persisted for several hours in his endeavors to save Hartland, they had been ineffectual, and that arrangements were already being made for his interment.

An hour before sunset a four-horse wagon, with several chairs and one or two feather-beds, drove up to the cabin. It had been sent by the innkeeper of a village some five or six miles distant, in case any of the survivors chose to return with it to his hotel. The miller decided to go, in spite of Cameron's hospitable invitation, kindly pressed, to remain with him a day or two.

Satin Waistcoat went also, of course. He pulled out a purse, apparently well filled, and came toward his host to pay for breakfast and dinner. "Put up yer siller," said the latter, a little sharply. "We're no bien to brag o'. But I dinna keep a public, to be seekin' pay for a meal's vittals; and naither am I a beggarman, to need an aumos.† Ye're welcome to what ye've had."

When they were taking leave, Tyler asked Cameron what he intended to do with the little orphan.

"Oo, we'll jist let him rin with the bairns, and gie him a bite and a sup till better turns up."

"Suppose I were to take him and make a miller of him?"

"Ye hae a rale leal Scotch heart, Mr. Tyler, anait that broad brisket o' yours. I'm unco glad me and Tam pou'd ye out. It'll be the makin' o' the bairn."

* *We're no bien to brag o', we're not rich to boast of. Aumos, alms.*

* *Ahint, behind. Saut, salt.*

"The Lord be thankit!" said Grannie. "I kened weel He would haud till His word."

"Will you come and spend a week or two at the mill this summer or fall," said Tyler to Cameron, "and bring Tom with you? Maybe he'd like to be a miller too. I'd give him the best kind of a chance."

"I'm no misdoubtin' ye would, and Tam's gleg at the uptak.* But I canna weel spare him frae the farm. Ony way, I'se come and see ye the first chance."

"I won't say a word about these trowsers and the hat and the jacket you made me take."

"Ye'd best no, or we'll hae a quarrel. But I'll tell ye what: we'll mak a niffer,† and ye'll gie Willie here—that's what the wean ca's himsel'—ye'll gie him a pair o' Sunday breeks and a blue Scotch bonnet wi' a tassel to't. Wad ye like that, Willie?"

Willie did not quite understand the kindness that was intended him, but when Tyler, laughing, asked him, "Would you like to go in that wagon, Willie, and sit beside the driver and see the horses?" the little fellow clapped his hands, and then gave one of them to Tyler.

So, with many thanks to the mistress and to Grannie, and a hearty shake of the hand from Tam, they bade good-bye to the hospitable Scotchman.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BODY THAT WAS TOO LONG FOR THE BOOT.

EITHER Grannie's prescription warm and strong, or her son's dry humor, or else perhaps the excitement of the day, fed by constant news touching the fate of his fellow-sufferers, had, at the moment Tyler left Cameron's log cabin, caused the miller almost to forget his aches and pains. But these were grievously recalled on the journey, brief as it was, over a rough wagon-road to the village tavern. Though he had lain down on one of the feather-beds, each

jolt of that springless wagon was torture. He grew weaker, mile by mile. The landlord and a stable-boy had to carry him up stairs to bed, on which he sank body and mind utterly exhausted, and scarcely conscious where he was or how he came there.

A doctor was sent for, who shook his head and spoke a little doubtfully of the case, prescribing nourishing food, given often and in small quantities, with occasional stimulants. Mounting his horse, he said to the landlord: "The man would do well enough, and might be up to-morrow, if he had twenty years less on his shoulders. But age tells. I can ride Speckleback"—patting his neck—"as far in a day, for all his fifteen years, as I could when he was a seven-year-old; but when patients are plentiful and far apart, and I put him through his fifty miles before night, then I have to ride the filly for two or three days till his old legs supple again. He's a stout fellow for his age, that lodger of yours, but even if there's no funeral, he isn't likely to be up for a week. You may bring him through by good nursing: that's the main thing."

Tyler remained for several days, sunk in a strange sort of lethargy—a dreamy state, the past and the present inextricably mixed; his mind sometimes engaged with dim and shadowy reproductions of the horrors he had passed through, sometimes visited by peaceful visions similar to those that soothed Hartland's dying moments. But there was once in each twenty-four hours a sort of lucid interval, in which the patient took note of things around him and was comparatively clear-headed. This occurred from two to three o'clock each morning, lasting, at first, about an hour. Except during these intervals he could not eat. While they lasted the chief thing Tyler noticed was the appearance of a woman at the foot of his bed: she might be of any age above sixty—parchment-faced, with snow-white hair and cap, silent, and, except that her fingers knitted rapidly and mechanically, absolutely immovable—no change in the cold, impassive face, the gray eyes fixed on him.

* *Gleg* at the *uptak*, quick at learning.

† *Niffer*, exchange, swap.

Tyler rubbed his own eyes, but there it was still. Could it be an apparition—his grandmother, who, he recollected to have heard, was a celebrated knitter? If so, it must have been a ghost of the ministering kind, for it glided slowly to the fire, stirred something that had been set to simmer there in a small pot, and brought the sick man, by and by, a glass—not of nectar, unless nectar be a beverage much resembling warm egg-nog with whisky in it. It did not say anything to him, however, merely signing to him to drink what it presented: then, after setting the empty tumbler on a small table at the bed-head, it resumed its station and its knitting, and the gray eyes watched him with stony gaze as before. Then the old crone was mixed up in his dreams; sometimes extending a hand to help him out of the water—sometimes telling him that she would meet him soon in the next world.

Gradually the intermittent periods of lucidity became longer—two, three, four hours. He was coming back to earth, and the figure at the foot of the bed emerged from its ghostly phase—feeling his pulse, dropping, now and then, a word or two as to his wants: in short, settling down into a careful, flesh-and-blood nurse, albeit singularly taciturn.

On the fourth day a slight fever supervened. That abated, however, and on the sixth Tyler sat up, with a feeling of returning health and a keen sense that the sunshine had never before looked half so bright.

He had replenished his wardrobe from a ready-made clothing store in the village, the owner giving him credit without scruple. "I know by your face you'll pay me," he said; "but even if you didn't, it wouldn't break me; and we must all lend a helping hand in a case like this."

He was two hours in dressing, compelled to rest every few minutes during the process. When nearly dressed he happened to cast his eyes on a looking-glass set on a chest of drawers. Startled, he turned round to see who had entered his room. No one there! Yet when he looked again in the glass there still

it stood—a feeble, wan-faced old creature, with hollow, staring eyes, and hair silver white. A second time he turned perplexed, wondering whether his senses were beginning to wander again. At last, after a third look in the mirror, it flashed upon him—*that was NELSON TYLER!*

What we call *Time* in this world may not exist in the next under any phase which corresponds to our present perceptions of it. These perceptions, even here, are sometimes revolutionized. That hour of twenty seconds spent by Hartland beneath the lake waters in self-trial and condemnation was as truly an hour to him as if the long hand of the clock had marked its sixty minutes. And so even physical effects that are usually the result of years may be produced in days. That terrible week had been ten years in Tyler's life. He was ten years nearer death at its close than he had been at its commencement. His hair, but slightly sprinkled with gray on that bright May-day morning when the "Queen of the Lakes" swept gracefully from her moorings in the harbor of Buffalo, was, on this seventh of May, colorless as the snow when it falls from heaven. The rush of circumstance had put forward the hands of life's dial. Would his own child recognize him under his advanced years?

In a buggy which the landlord loaned him he ventured out, taking Willie—who had been thriving under the buxom landlady's care—with him, and driving slowly to the scene of disaster. What a sight met his eyes! A wide trench, some one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, had been dug along the bank, and contained—so they told him—three hundred and seventy bodies that had been washed ashore, or dragged up from the sand-bar on which the steamer stranded by friends and relatives in search of their dead. These bodies had been enclosed in rough poplar boxes, the lids loosely tacked on, so that the corpse within could be readily inspected. Upon each lid had been chalked the name when there was any clew to it, but in the great majority of cases only a

few words designating sex, probable age and apparent nativity of the deceased.

A crowd was assembled around this hideous trench: the greater number mere spectators, drawn thither by the curiosity which any great tragedy arouses, but a good many were engaged in examining the rude lettering on the boxes, and some in the ghastly duty of inspecting their contents, urged, perhaps, by hope of recognizing, in some decaying form, a brother, a father, perhaps a sister or wife.

Some of these searchers, however, seemed to be young lawyers or other agents, who had accepted the revolting office—an office not without danger also, for Tyler's perceptions, sensitive through sickness, detected a faint odor, indicating that in a portion of that encoffined mass decomposition had already begun.

Two men, who appeared to have been thus employed, came from the crowd and stopped to take a last look at the scene near Tyler's buggy.

"Catch me undertaking such a job again!" said the younger of the two to his companion. "If it hadn't been for that chloride of lime, or soda, or whatever it is, I think I should have fainted before I got through that awful pit. I don't believe the stench will be out of my nostrils for a week. And we have to give it up at last."

"We found one of the two," replied the other; "and that's better luck than most of them had."

"I say, Jack," rejoined the first speaker, "did you hear the dreadful stories they were telling about the plunder of the dead bodies—watches, jewelry, money they suppose too; and one young girl who had her earrings torn off."

"It may be exaggerated," replied the other, "but no doubt it is partly true. A great crowd always draws pickpockets; and they probably concluded that the dead would miss their rings and watches and pocket-books less than the living, and would be very sure not to prosecute them for the theft."

"I suppose that is their cold-blooded way of looking at it, but it's very horrible."

"I came across a more horrible thing just before I left home."

"Did you?"

"I was standing in our savings bank last Saturday afternoon when a crowd of depositors came in; one widow among them, over fifty, and four children to feed by taking in plain sewing. She had put a fifty-dollar note—the savings, she told me afterward, of nearly two years—into her bank-book, and held that over her shoulder in the press. Some villain picked it out. These wrecker-thieves are honorable gentlemen compared to him, if they do look Death in the face and go on picking and stealing still. You ought to have seen that poor creature's agony. Money saved, twenty-five cents at a time, through two whole years, to be laid by against a rainy day, and gone in a single moment, no doubt to pamper drunken riot or worse debauchery. It's very shocking to think of, the tearing rings out of the ears of a young creature that's dead, but it's a venial crime compared to tearing the heartstrings of a poor, old, overtasked, hardworking mother that's living and can feel the torture."

"You always were a queer creature, Jack, but I can't help thinking of the bleeding ears for all that."

"Don't let's talk about it, Ned. I want to get out of this. Let's hunt up the two men that hired that hack along with us, and see if we can't get off to-night."

Tyler had seen and heard enough. He returned to the tavern a good deal fatigued, but a quiet night's rest did much for him. He was up, though a little late, to breakfast.

As he passed out with Willie to go to his room, the two men whose conversation he had listened to on the lake shore were paying their bills at the office counter. Tyler stopped to look at them. The face of the elder seemed familiar, but he tasked his memory in vain to discover who he was or where he had met him. They passed up stairs to look after their baggage, and Tyler noticed a four-horse carriage at the door. "Are they going in that hack?" he asked his host.

"Yes, to Cleveland, where they take the railroad. Why couldn't you go with them?"

"I have no money to pay you my bill."

"Don't let that stop you, Mr. Tyler. I'll not be harder on you than the tailor was. Send me ten dollars when you get home, if you have it to spare."

"And the old woman that nursed me?"

"I guess she ought to have a V. So you can make it fifteen."

"I'll send you twenty the day I get home. Give the old woman half. She earned it."

Just then the two men came down, the younger first. "Mr. Morris," said the landlord, "couldn't you give this man a seat in your hack?"

"Very sorry, but we're full already—four of us, and that's all it holds."

"Who wants a seat?" said the other as he came forward—"anybody from the wreck?"

"Yes, this old man here: he swam ashore, and then went back into the water to try and save a friend of his. That time he'd have been drowned, sure enough, if it hadn't been for Scotch Alick. He's been a week getting over it, as it was."

"Old gentleman," said he whom his companion had called Jack, turning to Tyler, "you shall have my seat, and heartily welcome too: I'll get up beside the driver."

Tyler wrung his hand in thanks: "I've this little fellow, but he can sit on my knee."

"Any baggage?"

"Out in the lake, yes," smiling; "but we won't wait for it."

It was just as much as the miller could do to climb into his seat, the landlord helping him.

"Hand me up that youngster, landlord," said Jack; "I know he wants to see the horses, and my knees are stronger than his grandfather's."

"That's not my grandfather," said Willie as soon as he was seated.

"Your father, is it? He's old to have such a son, as you."

"Father and mother are both drowned, and Bessy and Liz—Jem and Harry too."

"Good Heavens!" said kind-hearted Jack; "and who's that old gentleman?"

"Don't know. He's goin' to make a miller of me."

Jack looked at the child's sad, earnest eyes and kissed him, his own eyes moist: then he turned, and, after scrutinizing Tyler's face, said to Morris: "Ned, hand me up one of those printed handbills." He looked it over carefully; then to himself: "No, it can't be; but it's a singular coincidence."

"Mr. Morris," said one of the occupants of the hack, "what sort of luck had you and Mr. Alston?"

"Got one body and sent it home, but couldn't find a trace of the other, though we must have opened at least fifty of those infernal boxes. It may have been washed ashore some distance off."

"Then probably the coroners didn't have a quarrel over it."

"How do you mean?"

"Didn't you hear about that? The bodies came on shore close to the county line; and there were two rival coroners, each anxious to have the honor, or rather the profit, of holding a few hundred inquests. Finally, I think, they agreed to divide the spoils."

"Well," said Morris, "if a man's in business he must look out for custom. It's three dollars a body, and the county can afford to pay it. These coroners don't make fortunes: it isn't every day they have such a windfall as this. I wish one of them had made his three dollars off that miller's body, so we could have taken it home to his daughter. No doubt it would have been a comfort to the girl. Are you worse, old gentleman?" turning to Tyler, who had sunk back as if exhausted, his eyes closed.

"No, it's nothing," rousing himself; "but is that gentleman's name, beside the driver, Mr. Alston?"

"Jack Alston, yes; and a right good fellow too, if he has odd notions sometimes. From Mount Sharon: do you know him?"

"Mr. Alston," said Tyler in a feeble

voice, without replying to Morris, "will you let me see that handbill you were reading?"

It was handed to him. The reading of it seemed to produce a strange impression. They saw him struggle for composure. At last he said quietly to Morris, "I think it's just as well the coroner didn't hold an inquest on that miller you're looking after."

"Why? Do you know anything about the body?"

"Yes."

"Then, in the name of Goodness, let us know where it is. We've had such a time after it. Driver!" raising his voice, "stop: we must go back again."

"No, you needn't: you've got the body here."

"What?" said the other, confounded—"in the boot under the driver, or strapped on behind?"

Tyler, weak as he was, couldn't help laughing: "The miller was six feet and over: it would have been hard to get the box into the boot, I think."

"For God's sake, stranger, tell us what all this means, at once."

"It isn't every man that has a chance to see his dead body advertised, and ten dollars reward offered for it—"

"By the Lord Harry!" broke in Jack, "if it isn't the burly miller here in the body among us! Give us your hand, old fellow. I had some suspicion about it when this youngster here told me you intended to make a miller of him. But then the white hair! How could they make such a mistake?"

"No mistake, Mr. Alston;" shaking his head sadly; "but I made a mistake myself, yesterday, when I first got up from a sick bed and looked in the glass. I didn't know it was Nelson Tyler."

"No wonder I didn't find it out, then. Well, I've heard of such things before, but I never believed them. Do you mean to say that your hair was only 'sprinkled with gray,' as the handbill says, one week ago?"

"The day we left Buffalo, yes—if that's only a week since. It seems to me like six months."

"Mr. Tyler," said Alston, "what was

it that the landlord said about your going back into the water, after you had saved yourself, to help a friend? Who was it you tried to save?"

"Thomas Hartland of Chiskauga; but I didn't make it out. I contrived to get the body along till the water was about two feet deep, and then fell down senseless myself. You would have got my body, slick enough, along with Mr. Hartland's, if it hadn't been for a stout Scotchman and his son who dragged me out."

"You're a noble fellow, Nelson Tyler," said Alston, warmly: "first, to risk your life, and all but lose it, for a friend; and then to adopt an orphan that hadn't a soul left to take care of him. But how did you expect to pay your way and his back to Chiskauga?"

"To tell you the truth, I didn't see my path very clearly; but in our country you can always find somebody to help in a case like this. I felt sure the railroad people would put us through free."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Morris, taking out his pocket-pook and selecting from it two half-eagles, "that I owe this gentleman a debt." He handed the money to Tyler, adding with the utmost gravity, "The reward for finding that body, Mr. Tyler, that was too long to get into the boot, you know."

They had a good laugh over this, and quite a merry time, all things considered, till they reached Cleveland, whence, the same afternoon, they proceeded by rail on their return to Chiskauga.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

WHILE Tyler lay in lethargic sleep and penniless—off the line of telegraphic communication, too—at that country tavern, he had neither spirit nor means to send speedy news of his condition to his daughter. But ere he left Cleveland he telegraphed to a friend at the Riverdale railroad station nearest to Chiskauga, asking him to ride over and inform Ellen that her father was on his way home.

The tidings came like a message from heaven to the desolate girl. The terrible suspense—worse than the worst certainty—which she had been enduring for the last five days had worn on mind and body till she seemed more fit to occupy a sick bed than to go about as she still did, wearied and wan, attending mechanically to her daily duties.

The poor child had her own personal griefs and anxieties in addition to those which regarded her father's fate. She had fallen, alas! into pitiless hands.

The ancients were wont to picture the Harpies as rapacious birds with human heads, who snatched from some hungry man the untasted meal, destroying or befouling what was intended for nourishment and comfort. More cruel are the Harpies of humankind—filching or defiling the holier food of the mind and heart, decrying good name, bedaubing fair fame and murdering reputation. Venial in the comparison, and of motive less shameful, is even the base offence of the robber-incendiary. He may hope to clutch from the burning edifice valuable spoil, and that edifice may, ere long, be rebuilt stronger, fairer, more stately than before; but the backbiter has not even the poor excuse of plunder, and the ruins of a blasted reputation may be eternal—beyond reach of restoration even by the slanderer himself, should late repentance seek to repair the desolation he had wrought.

But Amos Cranstoun and Catherine Wolfgang thought of none of these things. The one stung by jealousy, the other by envy, they sought to gratify these evil passions, reckless on whose head their defamations fell. Neither specially disliked Ellen Tyler, yet, as events turned, she was their chief victim. They felt that Mowbray and Celia could be most effectually reached and punished by imputations on the chastity of the miller's innocent and simple-hearted child.

Day by day she was made to feel, sometimes by intangible trifles, sometimes by ruder demonstrations, the spreading of the subtle influence. On May-day there was a pic-nic, numerous

attended, on Grangula's Mount, and to this the invitation had been of a general character. Ellen went. By Celia, Leonline and others she was treated with their wonted kindness, but on the part of several of her usual companions she met averted looks, a few rudely and pointedly avoiding her. On one occasion, when she had seated herself on a bench on which six or eight young girls of her acquaintance had already taken seats, they rose in a body and left it.

She returned home heart-broken; and when, two days later, there was superadded a week of torturing suspense in regard to her father's fate, the unhappy girl, looking forward to desertion by all earthly aid and hope, was, for the time, crushed beneath her load of sorrow.

One star—was it of bane or of blessing?—shone through the darkness that was enshrouding her. She met Mowbray twice during that terrible week. He spoke to her gently, kindly, soothingly—spoke, at last, of marriage. Ellen burst into tears, faltering out Celia's name.

"Do not let us speak of her," said Mowbray, coloring. "She has— Everything is over between us for ever—for ever, dear Ellen! It was her doing: perhaps she likes somebody else better: at all events, I was glad to be honorably released. Don't you know why? I have felt lately—you must have felt it too—that for months I have loved you far better than her—far better than any one else in all this world. It would have been wrong for me to marry her, loving you best. Now I am free, and you will be my little wife—will you not, dear, dear Ellen?"

It was not in a nature like Ellen's to make any answer but one to this. Child-like, faithful-hearted, inexperienced, tender, she saw in Evelyn Mowbray more than her love: he was her hero also, her ideal of all goodness, nobility, generosity. To another it might have occurred that Mowbray's conduct to Celia showed inconstancy, and laid him open to the charge of mercenary motive. Not one light cloud of suspicion rested on the heaven of her simple faith. Celia's po-

sition, if she had lost much money, seemed to Ellen still far above her own, and it was Celia's own doing. Didn't Mr. Mowbray say so?

But the glamour which indued the image of clay with the vestments of a god owed its power of charming to something more. Mowbray *had* taken a fancy to this pretty, warm-hearted, bright-eyed girl. Celia had deeply wounded his vanity, and Ellen's look of love mingled with reverence was balm to the wound. He had not lied to her when he said that he preferred her to her rival and to every one else: he certainly did—just then. Truth lent force to his words and warmth to his tones. Ellen knew that she was loved—that she was preferred to a young lady, beautiful, refined, accomplished. Her vanity, like his, was flattered, and became the ally of her love.

Could she say aught but yes when he offered her the first place in his heart, and a shelter in his arms from the revilings of a merciless world?

One only condition she attached to her consent—that her father, when he returned (not *if* he returned) should say yes also.

He *did* return when hope was almost gone; but alas! alas! how worn, how pale, how changed! Ellen's tearful joy when the old man took her once more in his arms was most touching to see. She supported him into the house, set him in the wonted easy-chair; then sank at his feet, burying her face in her hands and laughing and crying alternately, without power of control.

When her first wild emotions had somewhat subsided, she stood, with swimming eyes and an aching heart, gazing—oh so piteously!—at that wasted form. "Father, father!" she cried, "how terrible it must have been! Poor white hair!" putting it back from his forehead and kissing him fervently again and again. Then she knelt down, laid her clasped hands on his knees, and looked up in his face: "You must rest now, father dear, and I must nurse you. Now, can mind the mill: he's been quite attentive since you went away.

You must be very quiet: you mustn't be anxious, nor trouble yourself about anything except getting well." Then sadly, in a low tone: "I've been a trouble to you, father: I've done what I ought not to have done: you've been anxious and sorry about me. Dear, kind father, you mustn't be anxious, you mustn't ever be sorry about me, any more. They may say what they please and promise what they please: I'll stay with you and take care of you, as mother would have done if she hadn't gone to heaven. I'll never leave you—never, father dear—as long as you need me—as long as you want me to stay." Then she took the white, thin hands in both hers, stroked them and laid her face on them.

The old man, wholly overcome, looked at his daughter with dim eyes, thinking, the while, of that pathetic old story that tells us of the Hebrew widow and the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law. The words seemed to sound in his ears: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." He gently drew his hands from hers, laid them on her bowed head and said: "You are your mother's own child, Nell—the dearest blessing God has given me. May He bless you as I do, and lead and protect you when I am gone!"

The next day, when a quiet night's rest had a little recruited the miller's strength, and when both were calmer, he related to the wondering and excited girl the tragical scenes through which he had passed; omitting, however, that vision of home which appeared to him while he lay under water insensible. As he concluded his narrative, Hiram Goddard came in to take his orders for the day. When these were given and the young man had departed, Tyler said to Ellen: "Has Hiram heard from his uncle Samuel since I left?"

"Yes"—a little embarrassed: "did he tell you he expected a letter?"

"No. Any news from the old man?"

"The letter came on May-day, I be-

lieve; at least Hiram told me of it next morning. He did not show it to me, but I think it must have been in reply to something he had written about a partnership with you in the mill; for he said the uncle offered him one or two thousand dollars to set him up in the world."

The miller started, shuddered, turned pale.

"Poor father!" said Ellen; "how you must have suffered! You have these pains still?"

"Not much, my child: it has passed. Did Hiram say anything about a partnership?"

"I think he did. Oh yes—now I remember: he said you might perhaps want money to help pay for that new machinery. Was that all lost, father?"

"Yes, Nell: nothing but the old man's come back to you; and he's good for nothing but to give trouble now."

Ellen put her hand on his mouth: "I know you love me, father dear," the tears rising to her eyes, "and that you don't want me to cry. Then you mustn't say such cruel things as that."

"Well, I won't. I used to tend you when you was little and your mother ailin', and I never thought it a trouble. So you shall fetch me a pitcher of water, dear Nellie, fresh from the well."

Ellen brought it, and when she had poured out a glass, her father asked, "What's come of that blue and white pitcher?"

"Oh, father, I'm so sorry!"

"It's broken?"

"Yes. It was the very same morning Hiram spoke to me about his uncle's letter." Then, looking at her father: "You *are* suffering still from those aches you told me of. I see it in your face."

"Just for a moment, Nell: never mind it. So you and he were at the well together, were you?"

Ellen blushed: "Why, how did you know that, father?"

"It wasn't difficult to guess. You generally fetch a pitcher of water for breakfast; and that's about the time Hiram mostly comes to wash by the well."

"Yes, he was wiping his face and hands when he told me about the letter."

"You see. That must have been just about the time I got on shore. I wonder if you had been dreaming about steamboat accidents."

"No, but I had had bad dreams about you, and kept thinking of the seven people that were killed on the railroad when the cars ran off the track."

"And maybe Hiram kept thinking that if anything did happen you'd be very lonely—"

"He had no business to tell you all that. I don't thank him for it!" a little pettishly.

"Don't blame the lad for nothing, Nell. He never said the first word about it, good or bad. But my Scotch aunt Jessie used to sing me a song that Burns or somebody wrote: it began—

'Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?'

And I remember that was the way I felt about your mother when I was courtin' her, one time when her father was ill. I think Hiram must have been saying something about some other partnership besides the millin' business that morning?"

Again that telltale blush: "Father, you must be a witch. How could you guess all that?"

"You think I never heard that, when young people meet by the well, they do, now and then, talk of such things? How do you know I never did it myself?"

"But then nothing can ever come of it. Hiram's as good as he can be: you never had a more faithful hand; only I couldn't love him. I told him it couldn't be. And you don't want me to marry him, do you?"

"You love your old father, Nell, and you're bent on taking care of him. D'ye think he would ever ask you to marry anybody you couldn't love?"

Tyler had many kisses from his daughter that morning, but none more fervent than the one she gave him as he said that. Yet she could not make up her mind to tell him, just then, that Mowbray had asked her to be his wife. "By

and by," she thought, "when he is stronger."

"Nelly," said Tyler, "you've your housework to do and that orphan Willie to look to; and I'm a'most as much worn out tellin' you that long story as if I'd gone through it all again. Leave me to rest, child: maybe I'll get a nap."

Yet he was not thinking of napping. When Ellen left him his mind was in a tumult. As he recalled and arranged the wonders that had just come to light, he sank into a long, solemn reverie.

He had looked upon it as a dream. Nothing more natural, considering whither his thoughts had strayed off, even while he was dragging Hartland's body through the water, feeling step by step more like dying himself than saving another. Yet he had never, in his life, dreamed anything so vividly. No occurrence in the actual world had ever seemed to him more real. The Scotchman's voice and the cold wet sand appeared to him, at the first moment, more like a vision than that from which they recalled him. And thus—actuated, however, by curiosity rather than by any belief that the scene had been truly enacted at the well-side—he had cautiously questioned Ellen.

The result overcame him with wonder and with fear. The coincidences were too many and too exact to be casual. First, there was the correspondence as to time—the morning after May-day, probably at the same hour, for the miller was wont to breakfast about sunrise; then the various details of the conversation—Hiram telling the girl of the letter from Uncle Samuel, and the sum named in it, "one or two thousand dollars;" the proposal about a partnership, never broached by the lad before; then—still more unlike the fortuitous—Hiram's suggestion that the money might help to pay for the new machinery; then his suit to Ellen and his allusion to her being left alone; finally a pitcher broken at that very time, and that pitcher the same he had seen in the trance—his mother's bequest. Common sense told him this could not all be chance. What was it, then?

The man felt awestricken, as in the

presence of a Superior Power. The next world came near to his senses, as never before, though that might have been due, in part, to his late narrow escape from death. New and strange thoughts crowded upon him. He had never intended to doubt that the soul had a separate existence and that it survived the body: he would have been shocked if any one had suspected that he lacked belief in that article of the Christian creed. Yet he had received the doctrine, as the common mind receives that and a hundred more, passively—with sluggish acquiescence only. No living conviction of its truth had come home to him. If he had been hard pressed as to his reasons for faith in that tenet, he might have been very much puzzled to find them.

Very much puzzled ten days before, but not after that morning on the lake shore. For then he had seen, he had heard—if perceptions indicate sight and hearing—what till then it had not entered into his heart to conceive. While his body lay insensible under the waters—soon to return, it seemed, to the earth as it was—his spirit, love-called,* had hied away, it would appear, leaving its earth-clog behind, yet connected with it perchance by some invisible, attenuated chord, which still permitted return to its home of clay, so long as the fine, spiritual catenation was not finally severed. The soul had in the twinkling of an eye, overswept one or two hundred miles of space to visit home and child, and take note of the cherished one's well-being.

Such—not in its detail, but in its general outline—was the theory upon which Tyler, after an hour of profound meditation, settled down. He accepted the strange phenomenon it had been his lot to witness as establishing the soul's separate and independent action, and affording proof past all denial of its immortality. But an untutored mind, suddenly brought into contact with the new and the wonderful, is apt to run to extreme; and thus the miller, alarmed into superstition, interpreted his vision not

* "Si forte fu l'affettuoso grido."

DANTE, *Inferno*, canto 5.

only as evidence of another world, but as an omen foreshadowing his own approaching entrance into it. "Many external circumstances," says an able naturalist,* "appear to be received in almost all countries as ominous."

But when an omen is taken to indicate death, the tendency of the belief itself often is to work out its own fulfillment. Whether the miller's death was hastened by his presentiment, or whether his mind was disabused by communication with those who held more enlightened opinions, will appear in the future chapters of this story.

In the mean time his love for Ellen caused him scrupulously to conceal from her what agitated his own mind. But, like Mary at the Master's feet, he laid up these things in his heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII. UNDER THE DEPTHS.

DR. MEYRAC sat by Mrs. Hartland's sick bed counting her pulse, one rainy evening several weeks after the shipwreck. Celia had gone down to see to the preparation of a nourishing soup. The voice of the patient, as she addressed her physician, was faint and low:

"You will tell me the truth, doctor. What are the chances that I shall live?"

He did not immediately reply; and when he did the question he asked seemed irrelevant:

"Is it that madame has great anxiety about the affairs? I heard say that Mr. Hartland lose by one railroad."

"You suppose I wish to make a will? No; I am not thinking about property: Ethan attends to that; but I wish you to tell me—"

"I am very pleased. Now I will answer madame's question. According to the symptoms, you ought to recover; but I see you sink, sink, all the days. There is some wrong. I can cure de body, but I have no medicine for cure de mind. Madame's mind is not at ease."

The agitation that caused a sudden

flush over Alice's pale, thin face attested the sagacity of the observation.

"I pray madame not to imagine I would inquire: it is not at all my affair; but I would offer one advice."

"Speak to me frankly, doctor: I ask it as a favor."

"You are too good. Vell den. Something oppress you. It weighs on your mind day and night. You rest not: you sleep not. But I cannot cure nobody visout sleep. You must change dat."

"How can I change it?"

"See! If you shut it up, it will oppress you more and more: maybe it will be too strong for my tisanes, and you will go to die. The body must be help, and dere is a vay to help it. You are not one Catholique, or I would tell you send for your confessor; but it is just as good. Find some sage friend dat you love, and say it all. It vill be much relief: vat you call disburden. Ven one is ill, it must never too much load down eeder de stomach or de mind."

Celia entered, and soon after the doctor took his leave, she accompanying him to the door. "Mademoiselle Celia," he said, in French, "try to amuse our good friend. Read to her, sing to her. Don't let her feed on her own fancies: they are not wholesome. Too much care will kill a cat."

In the course of the evening, Celia, mindful of the doctor's injunction, proposed reading something. "What shall it be?" she asked.

"Have you not been translating recently portions of Madame Roland's autobiography?"

"Yes."

"I once dipped into it, and I think it would have interested me intensely, but you know how imperfectly I understand French."

When Celia fetched her manuscript and began to read, she was amazed at the emotion exhibited by her auditor at certain passages—this among them:

"Roland was of a dominating character, and twenty years older than I. One of these two superiorities might have been well enough: both together were too much."

* Brande, who succeeded Sir Humphrey Davy as professor in the Royal Institution.

And again: "It was Roland's desire, at the commencement of our marriage, that I should see as little as possible of my intimate female friends. I conformed to his wishes, and did not renew my intimacy with them till he had acquired sufficient confidence in me to be no longer jealous of their love. That was a mistake. Marriage is grave and austere—"

Celia started: that sigh from the sick bed seemed to come from the very depths of the heart; but she proceeded:

"Marriage is grave and austere; and if a woman with strong affections is deprived of the solace of friendship for those of her own sex, a necessary ailment is cut short and she is exposed thereby. How numerous the corollaries from that truth!"

The invalid clasped her hands, pressing them tightly over her heart, but she said nothing; and Celia went on reading:

"If we lived in solitude, I had many weary hours of sadness and suffering. If we went into society, I attracted the affection of persons, some of whom, I perceived, might have interested me too much. So I devoted myself wholly to work with my husband; but that, too, had its evils."

"Dear Madame Roland!" was all the comment Alice made. Celia, fearing over-excitement in her aunt's feeble state, said:

"I translated only passages that struck me here and there. Here is one other: 'In default of happiness, one can often obtain peace, and that replaces it.'"

Celia laid her manuscript aside as Ethan entered. He noticed, with apprehension, the hectic flush on his mother's cheeks. Fever was rising, but she urged her son and niece to retire. "You have both your day's work to do to-morrow," she said, "and need rest: Nancy can stay with me."

"Housework is as hard as keeping school," said Celia. "Let me stay with you to-night, mother—please!"

Mrs. Hartland had two hours' troubled sleep in the early part of the night—more than she had been able to obtain for several days and nights past. As

soon as she stirred, Celia sprang from the lounge where she had dropped into a light nap, and was by her side. The cheeks betrayed high fever.

"Does it still rain?" Alice asked.

Celia threw back the shutters, and moonlight from a cloudless sky filled the room. "It is a brilliant night," she said.

"That storm oppressed me. Put out the lamp, dear child. I want the moonlight."

Celia sat down beside the bed. Her aunt tossed about, occasionally moaning. The forehead was burning hot, and the girl began to fear delirium. But after a time Alice took her niece's hand and seemed to be thinking of her, for she pressed it several times, shuddering a little now and then. When half an hour elapsed, she startled her niece by saying,

"Dr. Meyrac thinks I shall die, but I must tell you something before I go. I knew how I had sinned, but, Celia, Celia, I never thought I should do wrong to you."

"Wrong to me, mother?"

"I did not see that I was doing wrong. It's all clear now. Surely in the next world all will be clear."

"Do you mean that you have loved me and indulged me too much. What else have you ever done?"

"I want to tell you about the days when your dear mother and I went to school together. We lived in Arch street, next door to a rich merchant; and his eldest son— Ah, Celia, what a noble, generous, handsome boy he was! He was just your mother's age—three years older than I. I don't remember when I first knew him, but he went to school with us more than three years; and never did brother treat sister more gently, more kindly, than he treated me. His name was Frank."

"Is he alive still, auntie?"

"I think I must have been a precocious child: I know I was a foolish one. It wasn't love I felt for Frank: it was worship. At school I contrived always to sit so that I could see him, yet I scarcely ever dared to look. If he was in the same room with me anywhere, it

was happiness enough for me. I seemed to feel it if at any time he was going to pass our window, and I always looked up just in time. But if anybody had guessed all this, I think I should have died. One day I was terribly frightened. We had got together with a number of children, and one of them proposed that all the boys' names should be written on scraps of paper, folded up and put into a hat. Each girl was to draw one. We thought it was rather wicked, but when it came to the point none of us refused to try our chance. I drew two—one accidentally folded within the other. The first I glanced at was the name I had hidden in my heart: I crushed it, unobserved, in my hand, and showed them the other, which contained the name of a rude boy whom I could never abide. I know I should have fainted on the spot if I had been obliged to show Frank's name. Yet I could not make up my mind to destroy the scrap it was written on. I had a small bead-purse, lined. I ripped open the lining, slid the precious memento inside and carefully sewed it up again."

"Did he die, mother dear?"

"He went to a higher school—afterward to college. I didn't see him for sixteen years: then I was a wife and he a widower. Oh you mustn't despise me, Celia. I was a wife, and I am a widow now, yet I have that little bead-purse still."

For some time she was unable to proceed, covering her face with her hands, her frame shaking with sobs. Celia sought to soothe her, kissed her tenderly, and could not restrain her own tears. With a strong effort, Alice at last mastered her emotion so as to proceed. But she evidently spoke under high feverish excitement, and as if she felt she *must* go through with it:

"Maybe I had some excuse for marrying. He had married some years before. I knew it would be an awful thing to go on loving a married man. And, besides, it was not a man I had loved—only a boy; and I thought it would be so different when I saw him again. Then Mr. Hartland was such a moral,

upright person. Everybody respected him, and so did I. I never chose my seat in church so that I could see him, to be sure; nor ever particularly noticed whether he was in the room or not; and I never knew or cared when he passed our window. But I had got it into my head that if a woman married a good man, she wouldn't be able to help loving him afterward. Dear child, whatever you do, never marry a man you don't care for, no matter how good he is, in hopes that you *may* love him by and by. And if you care for your own soul, Celia, never marry one man as long as you love another."

"I shall never marry anybody, dear auntie—never!"

"That's bad, too. And you don't know. If that boy I worshiped so had turned out a worthless man, I think I should never have connected the two, or kept caring for him. But when he was there for years daily before my eyes—daily doing good—the very embodiment of all that is kind and generous and faithful—the idol of hundreds besides myself—the benefactor of the whole neighborhood—your own best, noblest friend, too—"

"Gracious Heaven!"

"Yes, you have guessed it—Frank Sydenham. Sometimes I watched him from behind the curtains as he rode past our windows. But he never saw it. Thank God that he has no cause to despise me! I had to tell you, Celia, for I haven't come to the worst thing I was guilty of—the wrong I did you."

"You are exhausting yourself, dear mother—"

"It must be told, and better at once. I saw that Mr. Sydenham loved you, Celia—indeed, how could he help it?—and I didn't wish him to marry you. It was very, very wicked in me; but that was one of the reasons why I wanted so much that you should marry Mowbray."

Celia was so amazed at this disclosure that, for the time, she could not utter a single word. Alice proceeded desperately, as a convict might in his last confession:

"I did think I'd hide it from you,

darling, and let you believe your aunt was a good woman. But I couldn't bear to put it off. In heaven—but I dare say I sha'n't go there after all I've done—at any rate, I couldn't bear to think that you should hear it there first; so I *had* to tell you here."

Celia still sat like one stunned, her mind bewildered with the strange ideas—unwholesome fancies Dr. Meyrac might well call them—that had just been thrust upon her; and her aunt added:

"I don't expect to live, my child, and I'm sure I don't wish it. But whether I live or die, I want you not to think worse of me than I deserve. If I live, I shall never feel again as I have done. I can't tell you how much this sickness has changed all my thoughts and wishes. Whether I am here to see it, or whether I witness it (if spirits are permitted to look back) from the other side, it will be a happiness to me to see you Frank Sydenham's wife. I hope and pray you may be."

"Dear mother, don't I know there's nothing you think would make me happy that you wouldn't be glad of? But for Mr. Sydenham's sake and for mine, please, please don't talk so. Such a thing never for one moment crossed his thoughts."

"His lips, you mean. Of course not, so long as he knew you were engaged to Mowbray."

"Pray, pray don't! I do believe Lela doesn't love her father much better than I do; but my love for him is just like hers—"

At this point, however, conscience checked her. She remembered the day—was it only seven or eight months ago?—when she was sitting in that arm-chair before Sydenham's parlor fire. Had she really told him then that he never seemed to her like a father, and never would? Had he kissed her? Only on the forehead, and only as any kind old gentleman might. But was he so old, after all? She was getting confused, so she came back to what she did know.

"I haven't a heart to give to Mr. Sydenham if he asked for it. They say Evelyn is engaged to Ellen Tyler: I

dare say it's true; but, mother, mother, I love him still!"

Celia laid her head on the pillow beside her aunt's. Alice put her arms round the girl's neck, kissed her fervently, and wept silently and long. "My own child, my own darling!" she said at last. "Ah, if my little Lizzie had only lived! My heart would never have strayed from home then."

After that they were long silent. Then an intuition came to Celia. "They would tell her if they knew all," she thought; then to her aunt: "You think more of Ethan and his welfare than of anything else, don't you, mother?"

"Of you and Ethan. I have nobody else to care for now."

"But you may have, by and by."

Her aunt looked up, troubled, but her brow cleared when Celia asked: "Did it ever occur to you that Ethan might have taken a fancy to some one in Chiskauga?"

"Has he?" with a look of surprise.

"It isn't settled, I think. She feared that she was getting blind, and accepted him conditionally only."

"Miss Ethelridge, is it?"

"Ellie—yes. Such a noble, warm-hearted girl, mother: so much—oh so much—better than I shall ever be. Ethan's heart is in it, and he would marry her, if she were blind, to-morrow."

"But a blind wife—a blind mother of a household, Celia?"

"I know; but perhaps she might have a dear, good mother-in-law staying with her. You will never see your little Lizzie again, auntie, till you see her in heaven, but you may see your grandchildren."

The look that came over Alice's face was something beautiful to see. After a pause she said, in a low voice, "Perhaps I may recover. Celia dear, what was that last extract you read me from Madame Roland's diary?"

Celia went to the window and read by the bright moonlight: "In default of happiness one can often obtain peace, and that replaces it."

Toward morning Alice slept tranquilly several hours, and awoke free from

fever. Then she sent for Ethan, and had a long talk with him. From that day they dated her convalescence.

It was an imprudent thing in Alice Hartland to speak as she did to her niece, especially as, by Ethan's advice, they had begged Mr. Sydenham to act as Celia's guardian, and he had consented and been appointed. The girl was not at all disposed to imagine people in love with her. But this new relation brought Sydenham and her a good deal together. Then, too, she visited Rosebank thrice a week to give Leoline music-lessons. So that, even if she had desired to avoid him, she could not well do so without appearing unfriendly or ungrateful. She did not really desire to avoid him, but she was no longer at ease with him as formerly; and when she became conscious of this it provoked and annoyed her. If she had not been too busy to be sentimental, it might have made her unhappy.

She had neglected the school somewhat during her aunt's illness, but as soon as Alice was able to sit up and walk about a little, she returned to her teaching, resolved to make up for lost time. Some of the pupils, she found, had been taken from school by their parents. Was the poison working? Was she to be a clog, instead of an aid, to Ellinor? Her dream of usefulness began to fade.

For a moment the thought crossed her that she ought to withdraw from the partnership. But Ellinor's waning sight! And then the indignation against injustice which lurks in the mildest natures woke up a little too. Ought Mrs. Wolfgang and her abettors to succeed in their base plot? "They ought not, and they shall not," she thought, "if I can help it." She was getting pugnacious. That is wholesome—in moderation.

The same evening (Mrs. Clymer having gone out) Leoline and her father urged Celia so cordially to take tea with them, after her lesson was over, that she could not well refuse. She spoke of the pupils they had lost.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Syden-

ham, "if you have been setting that down to your account." Celia looked embarrassed. "I thought so," pursued Sydenham. "There *is* a cabal formed—not against you individually, but against the Chiskauga Institute. Poor Ellinor Ethelridge has her full share of the abuse. They have been inventing and circulating all kinds of scandalous stories about her past life."

"Who, papa?" asked Leoline.

"Cranstoun and Mrs. Wolfgang, and their set—all whom they can influence or delude."

"If it really would shield Ellie from their malice—" Celia began, but Leoline gave her such a look that she stopped, half inclined to laugh.

"If you do—if you do!" said Leoline, shaking her finger at her. "What! Give it up, and let these wretches have it all their own way!"

"We must fight the battle through, Celia," Sydenham said—"not for your sake and Ellinor's only: for the sake of the place. I never let such things go."

"That's my darling papa," said Leoline, kissing him. "And, Celia, if you desert us, I'll disown you."

"She will not desert us," said her father, smiling.

"I'm afraid," said Celia, "that what somebody calls 'the old Adam' within me was a good deal stirred up when I thought of Mr. Cranstoun and Mrs. Wolfgang enjoying their triumph."

"I declare I begin to have hopes of you, Celia." Of course it was Leoline who said this; and she added: "I once heard some one say to papa (I hope it's not wicked to repeat it) that we 'need a little of the devil in us to keep the devil out.' But it's only a tiny bit of the old Adam that's in you, my dear—of Adam when he was so old he had almost forgotten about Paradise—nothing worse, you good girl. It's only creatures like me that have a touch of the old Serpent. Then, perhaps *he* wasn't so very bad, after all. Milton gives him rather a fine character."

Celia laughed, and that did her good: "If you had been a man, Lela, what a

soldier you'd have made! You would have led your men anywhere."

"I don't know about that. I never was tried with that 'villainous saltpetre.' It must be a nervous sort of thing to stand to be shot at."

"It needs as much courage to be slandered without flinching," said her father. "The best way to avoid cowardice in danger is to think of others, not of one's self. These children that are under your care will be the sufferers, Celia, if you give way. Cranstoun and his set are making war on them."

"What motive can he have?"

"Two, probably. A certain young lady wouldn't have him: that cuts deep. Then Creighton is in his way—has already carried off, probably, half his law-practice. So he connects *his* name with the scandal he spreads about Miss Ethelridge. They were friends, you know, before either of them came to Chiskauga."

"What a world!" said Celia.

"I dare say it's all right enough," said Leoline. "What would be the use of that organ of combativeness if everything went just straight? Let's divide forces, papa. If you'll manage that sneaking rascal, Cranstoun, I'll undertake Mrs. Wolfgang."

"Gently, my child. I'm afraid you'll turn out like the 'beau sabreur.' Murat, with his white plume, was splendid at the head of a cavalry charge, but when it came to military tactics—"

"Well, papa, you be Napoleon. I won't charge till you bid me."

"Keep a good heart," said Sydenham to Celia. "We are too strong for them. And from what Creighton told me, you may not need to remain schoolmistress unless you like."

"But I do like, in any event."

Sydenham smiled, well pleased, and Celia blushed. "What a ridiculous habit it is!" she thought.

"And by the way," added Sydenham, "all that lecture of mine on Grangula's Mount went for nothing, it seems. I have to congratulate you, Celia—no, not you, the people of Ohio—that they had sense and justice enough to pass and

maintain in force a law under which you are your father's legitimate child."

"That must be gall and wormwood to Mrs. Wolfgang," said Leoline. "It will be no fight at all. Their ammunition's giving out."

"Not so fast, Mademoiselle Murat," smiling. "We mustn't underrate our opponents' strength. I haven't made up my mind just what ought to be done, Celia, but, depend upon it, we shall see you and Ellinor through."

Then they had music, and Celia rode home by moonlight. She left Rosebank, as she almost always did after a talk with Sydenham, in good heart. There was something contagious, too, in that daring spirit of Leoline's.

When Celia reached home, she found that Ellinor had been spending the evening with Mrs. Hartland, and that Ethan's lady-love was in a fair way to become a special favorite with her possible mother-in-law. "If you had searched the world over," Alice said to Ethan, as he returned from escorting Ellinor home, "I don't think you could have pleased me better."

How happy the good fellow went to bed! After he was gone, Alice looked so much better and more cheerful than usual that Celia, after putting her arms round her neck and kissing her, was tempted to venture a saucy question: "Auntie, you've got over thinking you were so terribly wicked, haven't you?"

Alice winced a little, yet she could not help smiling, and Celia went on: "Do you think it would have been behaving so very much better to take a stand against Evelyn, so that Mr. Sydenham might have had a chance by and by?"

"Ah! you think he might have had a chance?"

"No, I don't, but you do. Mother dear, *would* it have been the virtuous thing and the kind thing to run down Mowbray, and tell me I ought to be ashamed of myself to love such a man as that, when there were so many better ones in the world, and then to have given me a hint that I had better take Mr. Sydenham instead?"

"For shame, Celia! You've been talking with Leoline, one can see."

"Not about you, mother. There's another thing I want to know"—in a graver tone, a slight shade of sadness coming over the April sky of that expressive face—

"Well, dear?"

"I've been with you daily, years and years. You kept away from Mr. Sydenham. You devoted yourself to my uncle. You labored with him as Madame Roland did with her husband. I think you gave up dear friends, too, for his sake. What more could you do?"

"I don't know," hesitating. "Yes, I could have kept from thinking about Mr. Sydenham at all."

"I wish you'd tell me how to set about such a thing, auntie." The tone was light, but the soft eyes glistened. "Right in the midst of our lessons I keep thinking of a man that's not half so good as Mr. Sydenham, in spite of all I can do."

"Poor child!"

"You kept thinking Mr. Sydenham was a man in a thousand—so he is—that he did ever so much good to this village, to all the neighborhood. So he does: I don't believe Pope's 'Man of Ross' was a bit better. Why shouldn't

you think what was true? Then maybe you thought—don't be angry, mother dear—maybe you did think, sometimes, that if you had been his wife—"

Alice turned deadly pale.

"Well, I won't, mother. But how *could* you help it? And it was true, too. Then you *did* the right thing. You never neglected one duty: you never said one complaining word. You did more than praying not to be led into temptation: you kept out of it. My uncle's dead and gone, and I shall never think of him but kindly. Yet if I had been in your place, auntie, I could never, never have made him the wife you did. You never crossed a wish of his. And I dare say he knows now what a hard time you had of it!"

Alice wept so long that Celia blamed herself bitterly for the agitation she had caused. Yet when it was over, and her aunt had had a night's rest, she was all the better for her niece's downright words. Her mind gradually resumed its tone. And—let the truth be told even if the widow's character suffer thereby—before another month had elapsed there came over her a calm, subdued cheerfulness, such as, during all her married life, that pale face had never worn.

DICK LIBBY.

WHAT officer or seaman was there in the old navy who did not know old Dick Libby, the quartermaster from time almost immemorial? I say in the old navy, for a new generation has come up—new faces, new men, new notions, new everything. Dick's picture, in water colors, hangs here in the sailors' reading room; and I am told they have one in oil, on a larger scale and true as life, in the Lyceum at Boston.

I made two cruises with Dick—one from 1825 to 1828, and the other from

1832 to 1836—in both of which he was a principal quartermaster; but during the latter he was beginning to show signs of age, and was not as active as his situation required; and he sometimes complained to me that those officers whom he had known as little midshipmen, "only knee-high to a duck," would "rate (berate) him," because he was not as spry as formerly. I think, however, he must have mistaken their words, or the exception taken must, at all events, have been at rare times, for he was a great

and universal favorite in the navy to the last of his life. Perhaps a little jealousy about the infirmities of age may have made him more observant of officers, and more keenly alive to any impatience on their part, than he would otherwise have been. Officers and sailors will growl at everybody and everything, and any subordinate who feels sensitive to such growling will have a poor time of it: it is best to let such things pass for just what they are worth, which is not much; and indeed they do not mean much by it.

But Dick and many of those about whose impatience he was then so sensitive are now resting quietly in their graves—equally insensible to all the disturbances of life.

Toward the last of the old man's time in the navy, he was put on board the *Pennsylvania*, then "receiving ship" at Norfolk, where his duties as quartermaster would be light. I ought to say to landsmen that a quartermaster's berth is the highest that can be given to a sailor on board ship, being also a very responsible one.

While on board the *Pennsylvania*, a lieutenant (Lines) very popular with officers and men was drowned, and buried in the adjoining neat cemetery at Portsmouth; and a general subscription was made throughout the ship for a handsome monument to be placed over him. This was erected, and on the Saturday after it was put up, Dick went ashore "on liberty," and out to the cemetery to see what it might be like. In the evening, as the ward-room officers were at their tea, the old man, always privileged to go anywhere, made his appearance inside the door and inquired for the purser.

"He is not on board, Dick."

"When is he coming?"

"I don't know; but what's the matter? You seem to be in a hurry about seeing him: what do you want with him?"

"I want to see him."

"Well, but what do you want in such a hurry?"

"I want to see my accounts—how much money's coming to me."

"What! getting fond of money in your old age, Dick?—is that it?"

"No; but I went this afternoon to see Mr. Lines' monument, and those stupid beasts of workmen have put a *broken column* over him: I want to have a whole column, if I can buy one. I want to see my account with the purser."

Dick had cruised so long in the Grecian Archipelago as not to have much respect for *broken columns*.

A strange story Dick once told me about his bringing a dead man to life, and I have no doubt that he believed it. Whether it was so, or whether Libby was in a condition not to observe clearly on the occasion he spoke of, I will leave to the present reader to judge.

He told me that he was then in a merchant ship, and that they dropped anchor at the mouth of the Delaware, near a sandy spit, in order to bury a man who had just died on board. Dick was one of those sent ashore to dig the grave and to see the burial completed; and he said that after getting through the digging they all felt thirsty, and having a bottle of rum with them, they passed it around. The dead man had been fond of his drink too, and the thought struck them to give him a last dram before putting him into the ground. So they pried open his lips and poured the liquor in. It brought him to: he gave a gulp, swallowed it, opened his eyes and went back to the ship as well as any of them. As I said just now, I leave the reader to judge for himself.

But Dick, toward the close of his life, knocked off drinking altogether. He told me that he had not joined a temperance society or taken a pledge, but that he had resolved never again to drink anything that could intoxicate; and I believe he kept his resolution unbroken to the last. I do not know what was the cause of this change, but it may have been from suffering, for I have on board ship seen his eyes actually snap from the internal agony after such an indulgence. The reader, if he has never

met with the anecdote, may perhaps thank me for giving here an incident, and some impromptu poetry once made by a lady on the following occasion: A gentleman with whom she was intimate, and whom she was trying to persuade to take the temperance pledge, told her he would do so if she would give something impromptu in answer to what he should recite to her; and he then repeated some lines from Anacreon in praise of wine. She replied immediately:

"Thus Anacreon sang, as to earth down he sunk,
As mellow as grapes in October:
He found it a heaven on earth to get drunk,
But a hell upon earth to get sober."

I have often witnessed the latter during my observations on sea and land. The officers of the Pennsylvania were so pleased with the change in Libby that they presented him with a gold ring, ornamented with a spread-eagle, for his "cravat slide" (to pass the ends through), which he still possessed, I believe, at his death.

When at last unfit for any active duty, he came to this pleasant retreat at the Naval Asylum, and here he ended his days. The old men in this house have each of them a small but pleasant room, and they are in the habit of ornamenting their quarters with pictures and such other objects as take their fancy, often indeed in very good taste. Libby's room was hung all round with pictures, and it was the show-room of the place. The landsmen must know here that officers on board ship often take great pride in fitting up their state-rooms, so as to have a grand or rich or tasteful appearance; and there is generally one *particularly* so, which visitors are taken especially to see. Libby's seemed to be the show-room of the asylum, and he himself was always an object of great interest to visitors, of which he was a little proud. "He was the man," they were told, "whose likeness had been painted in oil as a fine specimen of a Jack Tar;" and Libby always chuckled one of his little laughs when this was said.

I believe he was at the head of a movement to give me what ministers term "a call," for about this time I re-

ceived a general letter from the old pensioners here, asking me to get orders to this place, and come and be their chaplain. I was then attached to the Naval Academy, and could not come; but in my yearly trips Northward, in vacation-time, I usually came out to see former shipmates, and especially Dick. If I missed a visit, he scolded the next time I came.

In my last visit to him I noticed on his table a decanter partly filled with what looked like brandy, and also tumblers; and he quickly observed, and with a pleasant chuckle, my inquisitive and disturbed glance.

"You need not be alarmed," he said: "that is a cheat, and is nothing but molasses and water, and I have a great deal of fun from it. When visitors come to my room, I see them very soon begin to eye that decanter, and I wait till their appetite is well whetted up. They look around at my pictures, but still their eyes keep squinting back at the decanter: I tell them about the pictures, but still again they glance at the decanter; and after a while I say to them, 'Well, come, won't you take a drink?' They brighten up and answer 'Yes,' very gladly; and then I pour out for them some of what they all take to be brandy, and I put some water to it, and they say, 'Your good health,' and drink; and my fun is to see the faces they make when they find it's only very thin molasses and water."

So in this pleasant retreat Dick's life passed quietly away.

I well remember, however, a scene very different from this molasses-and-water one, in which Libby and I were actors together; and a very singular scene it was.

It was just outside of Jerusalem. Our ship, the Delaware, was kept lying-to off Jaffa (there being no harbor there), while the officers made parties to Jerusalem—first, the commodore and half of the lieutenants, etc., and afterward the captain and the other half; a few of the crew also accompanying each moiety. I went up with the first party, and waited

there for the second, and in this second party was Libby. On board ship, Dick often called himself "chaplain's mate," for on Sunday he always rigged the capstan for religious service, and brought up the prayer-books, and saw to getting things in general ready for our worship, and afterward to putting the books away. It was his duty also, as signal-quarter-master, to have the pennant with a cross on it hoisted and kept flying till our service was through. So I was glad to see my "chaplain's mate" at Jerusalem; but it is my grief to say that Dick got drunk there, and I fear was in that condition the whole time of his visit.

This second party, after four or five days in the city, was to leave early in the morning, so as to make the journey back to the ship in one day; and we had all been ordered to assemble at two A. M. in the open space just inside of what is called "the Jaffa gate." It was a bright moonlight morning in August, and as I sat on my large mule waiting for the start, I saw Libby passing hither and thither in great tribulation. On my inquiring, he told me that "somebody had taken his donkey;" which donkey, on my sending others to search for it and having it brought, turned out to be a little rat of a thing, which he could almost have put into his pea-jacket pocket: at all events, one of the smallest of its tribe. But we got Libby on it; and when the party started, as I saw that he was in liquor, I kept near to him. We two soon fell behind the rest of the company, and had got only about two hundred yards from Jerusalem when Dick rolled off into the dust. The Arab owner of the beast had kept along with us, and got him up and mounted once more; but we had proceeded only a little way when he rolled off again, and was flat on the road. The Arab lifted his own hands and uttered a despairing cry, "He is drunk;" and indeed there was need for despair, for Ibrahim Pacha had just been making conscription among the natives for his army, and they had left their homes and fled to caves and deserts for safety; and the whole country was now, in consequence, so full of robbers

that our parties had not been able to visit the Jordan, as was intended. We could see these people on the hills, watching us this morning, after the day had broke. I directed Dick now, with the Arab's assistance, to get up behind me on my strong mule and hold on to me, and thus we were jogging on when, the officers in front having missed us, two of them (Captain — of the marines and Lieutenant —) came riding back to see what was the matter. They understood the case at once, and began to let out their anger on Libby, when, before I could know what he was about, he slipped down over the mule's tail and stood facing them, his pea-jacket stripped off and he ready to fight. His tongue was as rapid as theirs: he told them that "on board ship they were his superiors, but not here: he was now as good as any of them, and would not be abused; and he dared them to come down to an equal fight." They became still more wrathful, and he not less so. I begged them to leave him with me, for I would take care of him; so they went, and I made him get up again; and we traveled in this picturesque but not very dignified or clerical way of leaving Jerusalem, till, with the help of the cool morning air, the effects of the liquor had subsided sufficiently for me to leave him alone on the mule. Then I took to his donkey, and finally, at some ten miles from the city, we joined the rest of the party, seated under a grove of olives and at their breakfast. I left Dick under a tree at one side while I went up to get something for his craving stomach, and presently I returned with coffee and bread and hard-boiled eggs. I found the old man in tears.

"Oh," he said, "I have so disgraced myself! and the officers will be so angry when I shall get back to the ship!"

I tried to comfort him, and told him I would make his peace with the officers, but he still kept wiping his eyes, and the tears would flow.

I went to get some breakfast for myself, pleased with his penitence, till an officer came up to me and said,

"Mr. Jones, do you know that your old protégé has been drinking again?"

It was indeed even so, and the tears which I had seen him shedding were produced by liquor. He had taken just enough to make him, as they say, "crying drunk." Alas! alas!

But the old man did, in the end, as I have already narrated, abandon this worst enemy of sailors, and reform, and did *not* fill a drunkard's grave. After this Jerusalem experience, Dick gave up his title of "chaplain's mate."

GEORGE JONES.

THE FREEDMAN AND HIS FUTURE.

IN our neighborhood, for the last two years, a force of negroes diminished by more than a third has produced more than a force a third larger before the war. Negroes in the South do not now feign sickness and work lazily, as when slaves. The fear of losing employment is a better stimulant to labor than was the fear of bodily punishment. The falling off of the aggregate crops of the South is sufficiently accounted for by the want of capital to employ labor, without charging the negroes with unwillingness to labor.

After the law prohibiting corporal punishment in the navy was enacted, the old, hard-working, faithful tars, seeing that they were forced to do double work by the worthless and idle, who no longer stood in fear of punishment, took the matter in hand themselves, and gave severer flagellations to the idlers than they had ever received from superior authority.

Thus it will be in the South. Our legislatures will be composed in large part of negroes, and these negroes, seeing that the support of the whole community must fall chiefly on their race, will be most ready to enact vagrant and vagabond laws, which shall compel all the poor to labor, whether they be blacks or whites. The negroes now know that they must ever be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Knowing this, they will be far more ready than the whites to punish severely all idleness, because idleness will throw on a few blacks the burden that should be borne

equally by all. They will soon perceive, too, that labor alone pays taxes, and that the chief burden of taxation must fall on them. Lands and houses cannot pay taxes, because they are non-producers. Their owners always reduce the wages of labor and increase rents just in proportion as taxes are increased, and thus transfer the whole burden of taxation to the shoulders of the laboring poor. If they did not thus do, they would be forced to sell their lands and houses to pay the taxes. The negroes, seeing this, will oppose all heavy taxation. Indeed, now that they have given up all hope of "the mule and forty acres of land," we think that they will make quite conservative legislators—at least a few of them, here in Virginia, intermixed with white legislators and held in check by the governor's veto, will do no harm.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, that our negroes will be more profitable to their employers than were slaves to their masters. Besides that we have adopted the high-pressure system of free competitive society and exchanged hickories for hunger, we see the fact every day exhibited around us in the greater productiveness and less expensiveness of free negro labor. Negroes cannot live in the South as they do in the West Indies, on the voluntary fruits of the earth. They must work or starve. Having no lands of their own, and wholly incapable of holding and managing lands if they owned them, they must labor on

the lands of the whites, for they are only qualified for farming labor. Even in Barbadoes, the products of the island for some time after emancipation were increased, because there were no waste, unappropriated lands in that island, and the negroes had to work or starve. The failure of the free-labor system in the rest of the West India Islands has been rather owing to the fewness and inefficiency of white employers than to the worthlessness of the negroes. Before our war, a fourth of the slaves were idle, pampered house-servants; a fourth of them were owned by ladies, who indulged them too much and required them to labor too little; and at least another fourth by masters who managed their labor unskillfully and unprofitably; so that not more than one-fourth of the negro slaves were so managed as to make their labor as productive as it should have been. Now there can be no idlers, because idleness brings on starvation. Few have house-servants, because we are too poor to employ them. All must work at productive farm-work, for none but skillful, attentive, industrious farmers can afford to employ negro labor.

So soon as the Southern farmers become able to stock their farms properly, there will arise a demand for all the negro labor of the country, and that labor, being stimulated and impelled by the all-pervading, ever-present, never-ceasing power of hunger, will be more productive than before the war. Let the North be but patient, and leave the management of the negro labor subject to the South, and in a very few years we will send them annually more cotton, sugar, tobacco, wheat, corn, etc., than before the war, and buy more of their manufactures. So long as good lands are abundant, it is idle to talk about the South becoming a manufacturing country. We have not enough labor to cultivate our lands, and that labor of too rude and unskilled a character ever to be adapted to manufacturing.

If, after all, the negroes will not work, we shall be compelled to call in the Chinese. The cotton-fields of the South

must be tilled to their utmost capacity for the good of mankind, for even the savage races, who learn nothing else, are fast learning to wear cotton cloth; and cotton-fields cannot be tilled by white labor. But we protest against the cruel and perilous experiment of bringing in Chinese to throttle and strangle out the negroes, until ample time and experience prove that the negroes will not work. We love and admire the amiable, generous, brave, whole-souled negro, and we detest the mean, stingy, cheating, cowardly, treacherous, lying Chinese. The negro is doing very well, as a laborer, at present, and when the late Confederate States are restored to the Union, and all the exciting political issues of the day settled, we have every reason to hope and expect that whites and blacks will get along quite amicably together, and our industrial affairs become more flourishing and profitable than ever before.

No man who knew Virginia before the war, and who will visit it now, will be able to discover the slightest difference in the deportment of the blacks and whites to one another, now and then. He will see the same respectful deference, the same obliging kindness, the same readiness to serve without pay, or the expectation of pay, in all small matters, and the same sense of inferiority, manifested toward the whites by the blacks, now as before the war. He will find, too, the negroes working in the fields for the whites, and working far more faithfully and industriously than when slaves, and laboring for half in wages what they used to get in allowance. Who can tread on the worm, who insult feeble woman, who maltreat the infant, who spurn the sick, the aged, the infirm?—in fine, who is not softened and conciliated by conscious, confessed, unoffending weakness. Sterne beautifully exclaims: "*I am thy servant*," disarms one of the power of a master." Every word, every gesture, every look of the negro, says in mute eloquence to the white man, "*I am thy servant*." It would be as easy for the mountains to descend to the plains, for the lakes and seas to

dry up, for all nature to change its course, as for the negro to change his deportment toward the white man. He feels his inferiority, and can never divest himself of that feeling. He is kind, generous and obliging, because to be so is part of his amiable nature, which he can never throw off. The negroes are by far the best bred, most polite people in the world. I never saw a vulgar negro, for every one of them knows his place, and behaves as becomes his place. On the other hand, I often meet with assuming, pretentious white men, who are obtrusively and disgustingly vulgar. The white man at the South who is habitually coarse or rude or imperious or insulting in his deportment to negroes is a mere brutal, featherless biped. I have never yet met with the first white man who did thus behave. On the contrary, all white men are more studiously careful to return the negro's polite and respectful salutation with a salutation equally polite and respectful than they are so to return the salutation of white men, because such neglect would wound the black man's feelings, and would probably be attributed to mere inadvertence by the white man. The amicable and kindly relations subsisting between the blacks and whites are owing entirely to the fact that the races are so intermixed and blended together that each negro of necessity becomes dependent on some white man, and may select that man in whom he has most confidence or to whom he is most attached. In time, a relation like that of patron and client in ancient Rome will grow up between whites and blacks. During the whole continuance of the Roman commonwealth this relation was most kindly and faithfully observed. Some legislation is needed to protect children from cruel treatment by their parents and to protect wives from ill-usage by their husbands, but such legislation is seldom called into active exercise.

White colonization is proceeding with rapidity in every corner of the savage world. The civilized and uncivilized races are ever in deadly hostility where

they form separate adjoining communities. This hostility is rapidly exterminating the inferior races. Philanthropy has devised or suggested no measures that shall prevent this rapidly-progressing extermination. Blending and intermixing the races, with proper social, legal and political regulations, would avert the catastrophe. The whites, however, will not tolerate savages among them unless they can in some way be made useful and profitable. This can only be effected by compelling the savages to serve the whites for a term of years for hire. If I have shown that weakness is power, that it is natural for the feeble and dependent to look up to, obey and love their superiors, and quite as natural for the strong and the wise to protect and care for the feeble, ignorant and dependent, I think I have indicated a possible and peaceful solution of the great social problem of the day. Some will say I propose to reinstate slavery on a broader basis than ever. I propose no such thing, but that government shall discharge its duty by compelling all men who have no visible means of support, to labor. When whites seize upon and appropriate the lands of savages, they deprive them of all means of living. It will be their duty to support them, but they can only do so by compelling them to labor. Savages are all vagrants, but by being compelled to regular labor they would be cured of their vagrancy, and taught much of the useful arts of civilized life. I have no particular partiality for my plan. If any can be suggested equally efficient, and yet milder, I shall prefer it to my own. As to its likeness to slavery, when we analyze the relation between capital and skill and free labor, we shall discover something very like slavery, which yet is not slavery. It would be, in truth, but a necessary apprenticeship—the only feasible means of saving savages from extermination, and at the same time of civilizing them. Even at the South, the prevalent doctrine is, that if savages were sent to common schools, academies, colleges and universities, and educated in all respects like the whites, when they

grew up there would be found no difference between the races except in physical appearance. Acting upon this false and cruel doctrine, distinguished politicians and philanthropists are already saying, "We have set the negroes free, furnished them with food and clothing, sent them to common schools, and many to colleges and universities, and given them all the legal and political rights of free citizenship: now, if they cannot get along in the field of free competition, it is their fault, not ours." Now, I verily believe there is not one decently-informed philanthropist in America who does not know that a literary education unfits a full-blooded negro for field-work or other servile offices, prepares him for no other occupation, and thus deprives him of all means of support except theft and robbery.¹ The experiment of educating negroes has been assiduously carried on for four thousand years. The Egyptians, in ancient times the most civilized of the white race, have ever been in contact with them; and the Arabs, whose civilization also dates from time immemorial, crossing the narrow straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, have so commingled and crossed blood with them that there are now no really full-blooded, thoroughly black negroes, except on the extreme western coast and in the partially-explored regions about the head of the Nile. In all instances it is found that the brown Mohammedan negroes, crossed with Arabic blood, are superior to the typical, thoroughbred, pure black negroes. But the infusion of white blood has been so small that they have acquired none of the modes or arts of civilized life. They have no houses, no farms, no ploughs, no wagons, no laws, no churches, no public highways, no separate properties, little or no clothing—in fact, none of the institutions that belong to civilized life,

and which distinguish civilized men from barbarians. They herd together from necessity, for no African's life would be safe who attempted to live secluded. Their so-called cities, collections of huts, inferior to the residences of the beaver, afford the most conclusive evidence that they are, after four thousand years of association with civilized mankind, very little superior to the other gregarious animals that infest the wilds of Africa. Yet their patronizing friends propose to teach them to read and then start them in life, to make their way in the field of free competition with the civilized whites. But the civilized races will soon occupy all the territories over which savages now roam. "They must either subordinate the savages to the whites, preserve their lives, civilize and Christianize them; or, under the banner of "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality," expose them to the war of the wits and of free competition with the whites, and thus cruelly exterminate them.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The above article is published from a conviction that the free and courteous discussion, even from widely differing points of view, of matters of national interest—it being understood that each writer is responsible for his own articles—is at once interesting to the public and calculated to elicit truth. Probably few of the readers of *Lippincott* will agree with *all* of the views expressed above. We certainly do not, and in "Our Monthly Gossip" we have taken occasion to make some comments thereon. But Mr. Fitzhugh's papers, even when most paradoxical, are calculated to convey information and to stimulate thought. As such we print them, holding ourselves equally ready to accept contributions in a different sense, provided they are at once short, forcible and good-tempered.

FROM A GARRET.

FOUR stories high, in a garret-room,
All day I sit by a table old,
And toil at the oddest of chemic tasks—
The turning of ink into gold!
Whatever the busy world will read
We struggle to furnish, my quill and I:
Who talks of glory? The favored few:
A man must dine or a man must die!

Most bright were my dreams in the halcyon days
When Hope made merry with youth: most fair
The witherless laurels no hand, no brow,
But my own should gather and wear.
They are dead—*requiescant*—those brilliant dreams:
I can think of them calmly, with not a sigh.
Let glory be won by the favored few:
A man must dine or a man must die!

Very grand are the thoughts that now and then,
Like stately dames, through my garret-door
Seem to glide with a rustle of silken robes
On the carpetless, dusty floor.
Unbidden they come and unheeded they go:
The leisure to flatter them have not I.
They may keep their charms for the favored few:
A man must dine or a man must die!

The honors that neither were sought nor found—
Does it profit my life to regret them? I muse:
Though never to seek be never to gain,
To gain not is never to lose.
Success is the vassal of discontent;
And the proudest of triumphs defeat stands nigh:
'Tis the safest of mottoes for all human toil,
That a man must dine or a man must die!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WERNER had listened motionlessly. He seemed to fear lest a breath, a look should alarm the soft voice that, half broken by conflicting emotions, thus revealed to him the depths of a maiden heart. When Magdalena had ceased, he asked slowly and without turning around,

"And did no ray of love-light fall on your childish path?"

"My aunt has always cared for me as tenderly as a mother—her heart is full of love for me. But she was obliged to earn bread for us both, and had no time to see what was passing in my heart. Moreover, she had a sort of dread of my stormy nature; and seeing this, I strove to be as quiet as possible in her presence, so as to avoid causing her pain. Then there sat beside me in school a dear little, gentle-voiced maiden, whom I loved most earnestly. The child was tender-hearted toward me. She played with me, and once even took me home to her parents' house. After that, however, she became shy, and seemed to shrink from me. One day, as I sat wistfully on the stone steps before her house, a servant-woman came out and roughly told me to be off—that the Frau Secretairin did not allow her little daughter to play with vagabond children. Often, in going home from school, I would meet a boy—a boy whose handsome, earnest head was thrown back proudly, and yet whose blue eyes could look so mild and gentle. His hair was as golden as my mother's, and therefore I always gazed after him as long as he was in sight. I looked upon him with respectful awe, and thought there must be most marvelous things in the beautifully-bound books he carried under his arm. He was much older than I, and the son of aristocratic parents, but I never troubled my mind about that: he looked like my

mother, and therefore he must be good and noble, and have a heart full of kindness and sympathy. But one day he happened to pass by just as a horde of wild boys was chasing me, throwing stones and surrounding me with mocking cries. He led carefully by the hand a little girl with light eyes and colorless hair: she was his cousin—her name was Antonie. She pointed at me contemptuously: I didn't mind that, but I thought, '*He* surely will protect me, and drive away these cruel children.' Oh what a pang it drove to my heart to see him stand still at a distance, aversion in every feature, and drawing the little maiden closer to him, as though the very sight of me might harm her! Truly he was worse than my tormentors, for it would have needed but a word from his mouth to save me from wounds of which I still bear the scars upon my arm. It seemed as though at this moment my whole heart suffered a revulsion, and became full of hatred to the boy."

Magdalena had moved a step nearer. Her voice grew louder and more passionate, and her eyes, which were fixed firmly upon the young man, flashed, as if now, for the first time, she was giving full vent to her feelings.

Werner looked up. He was paler than before, but took up his pencil quickly, and resharpened the point as he inquired,

"And—do you still hate him?"

"Oh, more than ever!" burst forth Magdalena, excitedly. "I hope never to see him again. One cannot love the poison that destroys him."

With these words she turned and hurried through the cross-road and up to her room, bolting the door behind her. She stood for a while motionless and with fixed eyes at the window, recalling all that had passed. She had allowed herself to be carried away into

unveiling her heart-wounds before a man whom she herself called heartless and haughty—she, who until now had been too proud to breathe a complaint into stranger ears. She had described experiences which, although occurring in her early childhood, yet had exerted the greatest influence upon her whole inner life, and which in later days had again called up the most vehement struggles within her. Never had even her aunt imagined how the whole sunlight of the poor child's heart, her childish admiration for a being she worshiped idolatrously, although only at a distance, had been suddenly and rudely dispelled. And Magdalena had never confessed, even to herself, that the grown-up maiden had striven to erase this painful awakening from her memory, and gladly in her dreams conjured up the ideal of her childhood, with his proud, boyish face framed in its golden curls. At this very moment she was struggling passionately against the consciousness that no thought animated her that did not refer to him—that no emotion welled up in her heart that did not speak of him; nay, that every fibre of her life was chained to him—to him whose icy brow only offered scorn and mockery in return! And now much had escaped her lips which had sprung from this secret depth of her heart; and that, too, in the presence of him who should never have suspected its existence. Must not the faithfulness with which she had clung to this episode of her childhood, the passionate excitement which overcame her during the relation, necessarily have betrayed to him what place he occupied in her affections? It had not escaped her eye that Werner, spite of his command of feature, had recognized himself in the boy she described: for a moment the cold, calm face had grown pale, doubtless in anger that a mere maiden should have the courage to tell him—the proud, aristocratic man—undauntedly and to his face, that she hated him. That was a triumph for her—a brilliant revenge for the wounds which that haughty eye, that mocking smile, had so often inflicted upon her.

Yes, she had forgotten herself and her maiden pride for one moment, but she had gained a victory; and yet she wept hot tears over this same victory. It seemed to her as though before him had yawned a grave, into which she, willfully and with her own hand, had cast the dearest treasure of her life. From the confused thoughts that rose and fell in her brain but one seemed to stand plainly before her, and that one she grasped as her only anchor of hope: she must hasten away, far, far away!

It would do no good for her to go to a neighboring town: she must cease to breathe German air: a German heaven must no longer stretch above her head. The sea must roll between them: she must hasten away—far, far away!

As though this thought lent her wings, and even now would not allow her longer to stand idly, she hastened from the room, and mechanically entered once more the cross-road. Her first glance showed that Werner had quitted the garden. She walked restlessly up and down, her mind strained on one point—how to procure means for the journey—till, worn out, she seated herself to rest on the pedestal which for centuries had borne the statue of the Virgin Mary. She closed her eyes and leaned against the stone wall, which shed a refreshing coolness over her heated limbs. Not a sound broke the deep silence which reigned in the little corner: not a quiver shook the twigs of the genista which, twined around the top of the pillars, threw forth its extremities freely and gracefully to the air. Only now and then, when the girl moved suddenly or changed her position, was a creaking audible in the wall, and each time the pedestal trembled slightly. Absorbed in her own thoughts, Magdalena did not at first pay much attention to the singular noise. But at last, striking heavily against a projecting portion of the stonework, she was instantly alarmed by a harsh rattling, which seemed to proceed from the wall itself, and by a violent trembling of the pedestal. She sprang up in alarm and fled into the garden. But she soon returned. The sun shone

in so warm and golden; the swallows, whose nests hung on the green-entwined pillars of the cross-way, joyfully twittered in and out; and over the garden wall rang clear, childish laughter. She was ashamed of her terror, and began courageously to explore its cause.

Above the pedestal, beside a far-projecting stone, was a sort of knob, round and massive, such as one still occasionally finds on very old door-locks. It had remained until this time unnoticed, as it had been completely concealed by the statue. Magdalena had struck this knob with her arm.

Involuntarily there came to her mind the old legend of the twelve silver apostles, which, formerly the property of the convent, were now supposed to lie in some subterranean passage of the same. It is true, the popular fable made huge black mastiffs, with eyes as large as saucers and as glowing as red-hot coals, guardians of the exit and entrance; and added that said entrance vanished as soon as discovered by unhallowed mortals. Did the solution of this mystery now lie before her? Was it reserved for her to discover this treasure, whose size and value the legend declared almost incredible? What a satisfaction to cast this mass of silver disdainfully at the feet of those purse-proud citizens—above all, before *him*—retaining nothing for herself save sufficient to enable her to quit the town for ever! But all this was so absurdly visionary! Only an excited imagination could build such air-castles in the midst of stern reality.

In spite of the arguments of reason, Magdalena grasped the knob. After several vain attempts to turn it, she finally pushed it back with force, and behold! several broad stones, which had looked ready to fall out from the wall, slowly moved with a loud noise and a mighty cloud of dust. A broad rift appeared, and she saw that the blocks of stone were by no means as thick as they had seemed from without. They were, on the contrary, quite thin, and were skillfully fastened over an oaken door, which she opened readily. Directly at the girl's feet lay eight or ten well-worn

steps, leading downward. Below shone a dim, greenish-gold light, as when the sun pierces through thick foliage. It did not look in the least ghostly or gloomy; and Magdalena stepped with firm decision down the stairs. Arrived at the foot, a narrow, somewhat low passage-way lay before her. On the left side, and close to the ceiling, were openings, not wide, but quite long, through which penetrated the fresh air and a dim light. This passage doubtless ran parallel with the cloister wall above, which, together with the living wall of shrubbery, concealed the air-holes from curious eyes. The floor was covered with fine sand, and the mortar on the walls seemed fixed as firmly in the joinings of the stones as if only years, and not centuries, had tested its endurance. Magdalena passed on. The pathway descended quite steeply: suddenly a second avenue opened at her right, yawning in the blackest darkness. She hurried by, frightened, following the green guiding-stars that shone reassuringly on the principal road. After some distance, however, these too disappeared. A constant vibration above led her to conjecture that she now must be beneath a busy street, filled with the rattle of wheels and the tread of men—probably the market-place. The path here made a sharp turn to the right, and at this turn the air-holes shone once more above her.

Magdalena had now traversed a considerable distance, and yet neither walls, ceiling nor floor afforded the slightest trace of the convent treasure. Her feet sank deep in the soft, mealy sand without touching any other substance: in the air-holes above often appeared the changeable, scaly body of a gliding lizard; and that was all. A few steps farther, and she stood before a door precisely like the one at the entrance. Magdalena stopped in hesitation. Doubtless, here lay the solution of the enigma, but what would that solution be? What if this unknown space before her should breathe forth miasmas that would instantly stupefy and cause certain death in this lonely place? She did not wish to die

here, under ground: the thought was terrible, and she drew back several steps.

But now all that she had endured already passed through her brain. Only an hour before no price had seemed too great to pay for the restoration of her peace of mind; and even if she *did* die here, was that more terrible than the knowledge that she must drag along life (perhaps a long life) sunlessly and joylessly, with a wearied-out heart and in a hated place? Her pulse beat violently: it seemed as though storms were rushing above her head and flapping their black wings in her face. She seized the knob and pushed it back. A loud crack, accompanied by rattling, almost deafened her: a gush of glory, as though the sun were here pouring forth its whole light and power, blinded her eyes: she tottered a step forward and hid her face in both her hands, while once more a thunder-like noise resounded behind her and the ground trembled under her feet.

At last she uncovered her eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

WHERE was she? Before her lay a lovely parterre of flowers—above her arched a group of superb lindens. She was standing on a beautifully-kept gravel path, and her ears were saluted by the gentle murmur of a fountain, whose silver shaft shimmered through the shrubbery at a little distance.

For the first moment the whole seemed blinding and fairy-like to the young girl, who had just left the doubtful light of the narrow passage. No wonder that the marvels of Fairy-land floated through her excited brain. But after a single searching glance the expanded wings of her fantasy sank together, and her heart was filled with a violent alarm. She was trespassing on strange premises, and in the garden of some aristocratic property-owner! Under a pleasant pavilion, on the other side of the parterre, sat a charming group of young girls. They were chatting together, leaning comfortably back in the seats and holding their tapestry-work in their hands, while

several others were plundering a rose bush at some distance, and with gay laughter were placing the superb hundred-leaved roses in their hair. They fluttered like doves, in their airy white dresses, through the shrubbery; and in spite of her terror, Magdalena stood for a few moments as if rooted to the ground, absorbed in admiration of the lovely picture. Then she tried to re-enter the passage: she turned, but no door, no opening in the walls was visible—only the dignified, earnest stone face of some saint's statue stared at her from amid its long, waving, moss-grown beard. With trembling hands she felt along the wall for a knob or some other means of discovering the missing entrance. She groped among the stinging-nettles at the foot of the statue, felt every fold of the priestly garment, and at last, despairingly, shook the image, whose staring eyes gazed on her as if in anger. All in vain. Her retreat was cut off, and advance she could not without encountering some of the dwellers in the house. The scene at Herr Werner's recurred to her mind. Her poor clothing, which now was not even concealed by a protecting mantle, might again bring upon her a similar humiliation.

She knew but too well that no one would at first grant credence to her story, for it must necessarily sound very improbable; and before she would be able to prove its truth, how many insults might not her proud nature have to suffer!

She gazed yet once more at the young girls, who looked so harmless and lovely. They were young like herself, and perhaps if she went courageously up to them and recounted her adventure, they might believe it and allow her to remain till twilight, or lend her some wrapping to enable her to pass through the streets respectably. Quickly she trod the gravel path that led to the pavilion, but scarcely had she reached the first flower-bed, when she stopped, overpowered with horror. From a large, iron-grated door just opposite to her stepped the Râthin Bauer, clad in a black silk dress and with a mighty bunch of keys hanging

over her neatly-tied white apron. She was followed by her granddaughter, who, like the servant behind her, carried a tray full of cups and baskets of cake. No doubt remained in Magdalena's mind that the underground avenue had once been a connecting road between the two convents, and that she now stood in Werner's garden!

Her heart seemed to stand still, but a more comforting thought followed. In this house lived her good old friend Jacob, and if she could succeed in reaching his room, she was safe.

The windows of the tall dwelling-house peeped down at her through the boughs of several large chestnut trees, over a low roof, probably a back building. She knew in what direction to go, and turned into a narrow side-path that led through a clump of shrubbery. After a few steps she found herself before a little building, with large glass windows and a skylight above, and which adjoined the rear wall of the back building just mentioned. Half-drawn silken curtains concealed the interior: several steps, adorned on both sides with pots of tropical plants, led up into the room. Perhaps it was connected with the back portion of the house, or perhaps at least it would take her into the courtyard. Magdalena entered quickly. No one was within, but it seemed to have no second door. Around the opposite wall, which was without windows, ran a sort of long sofa, with dark crimson cushions. In the middle of the room stood a covered easel, and books and drawings lay in motley confusion upon the table.

Doubtless this was Werner's studio. For a moment she stood enchanted, gazing into the space, which was softened by the drawn curtains into a sort of greenish twilight. Here he ruled and created, and here too, old Jacob had said, was the portrait of the beautiful Italian whom Werner had called his future wife. If she raised only one corner of the cloth over the easel, perhaps she would behold the features of her who had conquered that proud heart. No! If it had been the face of an angel,

she could not have persuaded herself to raise the veil.

A noise behind her made her start—she turned. An old maid-servant stood on the lowest step, dustcloth and broom in hand, rigid with amazement, her eyes running like spiders over the figure of the young girl.

"Well, upon my word! That is what I call impudence! To slip into the house in broad daylight! When beggars come, there is the hall for them to go in. Let them go there and wait modestly till some one comes to attend to them, and not run into the garden, and actually into the very house! Why, it's worse than the gypsies! I'll go at once and tell the Frau Rätlin."

"I beg and implore of you, kind madame—" cried Magdalena, in deadly fear.

"I am no *madame*," replied the old woman, grimly. "If you're trying to cajole me, you're going the wrong way about it, let me tell you. You shall be punished for this, I promise you!" she continued, striking the broom on the floor. "I only wish the young master was here!"

"What do you want with me, Katharina?" asked Werner's voice at this moment. He leant around the corner and gazed in the studio with as much amazement as the old woman herself had done. Magdalena stood motionless, and buried her face in both her hands. Werner sprang up the steps.

"You were seeking Jacob and missed your way, did you not?" he asked, hastily.

Magdalena was silent.

"Why, Herr Werner, one doesn't go to old Jacob's house by way of the garden!" said the old woman, angrily. "The young lady yonder knows well enough why she lost her way."

"I did not ask for your opinion, Katharina," said Werner, sternly. "Go before me into the house, and say to no one that you met this young lady here. I will speak to my aunt about it myself."

The woman withdrew in silence, but moodily.

"Now," said Werner, turning to Magdalena, "tell me what brings you here to me?"

It would have been simply an impossibility for the girl to tell at the moment the cause and manner of her coming. She thought of the motives which had induced her to descend into the underground passage, and, above all, felt that it would be impossible for her to talk with him for any length of time without becoming violently excited. With difficulty she held up her head proudly, and strove to command her features. She replied briefly—

"It was not my intention to come to you, and I consider it unnecessary to explain further. You will be satisfied with the assurance that you were correct in supposing a mistake to be the sole cause of my presence here."

"But what if I declare myself not at all satisfied with this assurance?"

"Then you are at liberty to form any opinion you choose."

"Ah! always armed for battle, even in the most painful positions?"

"If you consider my position a painful one, it is a natural conclusion that you will seek to extricate me from it as soon as possible. It will be easy for you to show me a way by which I can withdraw unobserved."

"You do not desire to meet the ladies out yonder?"

Magdalena shook her head emphatically.

"Then I regret that I cannot help you. You see this room has but the one exit. If you wish to reach the court, you will have to pass through the garden—and look!"—he pushed one of the curtains a little back—"the ladies are promenading directly before the garden gate."

"Then, at all events, be considerate enough to leave me here alone until the ladies have left the garden."

"That, too, is impossible. The lock of this door was broken this morning, and the room consequently cannot be fastened. If left here alone, you would be exposed to insults, such as you just now suffered from old Katharina. There

is no help for it: I must remain here to protect you."

"Then I had a thousand times rather brave injustice from the ladies without there than remain in here one moment longer," cried Magdalena, almost beside herself, and hurrying to the door. At this moment some one called Werner's name.

"What is it?" he asked, excitedly, as he threw open a window.

"It is beginning to rain," said Antonie from without, "but we don't want to go up stairs in the sultry rooms, so are come to prefer a petition that we may be admitted for a little while into your studio."

"It causes me boundless affliction to reply that this room has a marble floor: I would be inconsolable should the ladies all get colds, and consequently must emphatically refuse to grant your petition."

"To *me* also, dearest Egon?" asked Antonie in her most melting tones.

"To you, also, most revered Antonie," he answered.

"But indeed it's very unamiable of you, Herr Werner," said another girlish voice. "We want so much to see the picture of the beautiful Italian that Antonie has told us about."

"Ah! I discover in my dear little cousin at this moment a charming talent for espionage. Well, I won't deny it. I *have* an Italian here, and one as beautiful as an angel, but I would not feel the slightest pleasure in showing her to any one, for the simple reason that I want to keep her for myself alone."

"Shame! how ungallant!" cried they all at once, and hastened off, for large drops were now falling. A moment afterward the garden door shut behind them.

Werner now turned and drew Magdalena, who was just hurrying out, back into the room. A marvelous change had suddenly come over him. The marble firmness of his features, the cold repose of his eyes, had vanished. Holding the girl's hand firmly, he said, in a trembling voice,

"You must not leave this room till you have granted me a request."

Magdalena looked up in surprise and alarm. But he continued :

"You told me a few hours ago that you hated me. Now, I beg of you, repeat those words."

Magdalena withdrew her hand hastily, and stammered, almost inaudibly,

"Why do you wish it?"

"That I will tell you afterward : now repeat them."

The girl ran farther in the room in the wildest emotion. She turned her back to Werner and wrung her hands in silent anguish.

Suddenly she turned, pressed her clasped hands before her eyes, and cried in a suffocated voice,

"I—cannot!"

She felt two arms flung stormily around her.

"You cannot! And why not? Because you love me, Magdalena!—because you love me!" cried Werner, joyously, as he drew her hands from before her face. "Let me look in your eyes. Is it a feeling to be ashamed of? Look at me, how proud and happy I am while I say to you, 'I love you, Magdalena!'"

"It is impossible! That icy coldness that drove me to desperation—"

"Was just as genuine as your harshness; which, however, did not deceive me," said Werner, smiling. "Child, the sins of rough, bitter words which your lips committed against me, your eyes more than atoned for. I have loved you since the moment I saw you on the tower. The accounts given by old Jacob, which I enticed out of him without his being aware of it, exposed to me your entire inner life, and made me conscious that to me it had been vouchsafed to be the finder of a costly treasure which hundreds had passed by without perceiving it. But I knew that the fowler who would entrap this rare bird must be wary and on his guard, for it was shy and gazed on the world with mistrustful eyes. Therefore I assumed the armor of a cold repose, and avoided every trace of eagerness, as well in my features as in all that I said. I have observed you closely times without number, when you had not the slightest suspicion of my

vicinity—in the still, old church, in the cloister garden, in Jacob's room when you disdained my oranges, and in the garden on the wall when you were throwing flowers down to the neighbors' children. Will you be my wife, Magdalena?"

She loosed herself from his arms, and with beaming eyes, but without a word, held out both her hands to him; and thus was the bond sealed between two mortals whom a few moments before any uninitiated observer would have judged contrary as ice and fire.

Magdalena no longer concealed from her betrothed how lately she had struggled and striven, and recounted to him her underground adventure, without concealing one of the thoughts which had floated through her mind during her subterranean journey.

"And so I am to thank the traditional Twelve Apostles for arriving more quickly at my joyful goal than I had dared to hope?" said Werner, laughing. "Do you remember the wish I made at our first conversation—the one which ended so stormily?"

"Perfectly. That apostle—"

"Is Love!"

"But the beautiful Italian whom Jacob said—"

"I was to marry?" interrupted Werner, smiling. "I'll show her to you—this little Neapolitan with the repulsive features and the ugly hair, who nevertheless has woven so mighty a net around my heart."

He raised the covering from the easel. A lovely maiden was seated on the parapet of a tower window gazing dreamily and longingly into the distance. On her rich, blue-black hair rested the Neapolitan head-dress. A white lace kerchief was thrown around the neck, and lost itself in a flame-colored bodice, which fitted closely to the slender figure. The portrait was not yet completed, but it bade fair to be a masterpiece.

"Look! my girl!" said Werner—"you that avoid a looking-glass because you think the image therein would frighten you—that picture is you! But I have often thrown down my pencil

discouraged, because the strange enchantment which so suddenly illumined the bright flame in my heart scorned all colors."

A violent rain now rattled against the glass walls of the room. At this moment Jacob ran by the window as quickly as his old legs would permit. His white, uncovered hair fluttered in the wind as he stepped panting into the room.

"I wanted to—" he began breathlessly.

"To see if all was right, old Jacob?" interrupted Werner with a smile. "All *is* right," continued he, leading Magdalena up to the old man. "All except the banns and the wedding. What say you, Jacob?—have I not won a beautiful bride?"

Jacob stood like a statue. He felt unconsciously for his head, and laughed like one who tries to laugh at a jest that he does not understand. Magdalena walked up to him, and, wordless with joy and happiness, threw her arms around his neck. Then first he awoke from his surprise, and said, while his eyes filled with tears,

"Ah, unhappy child! Are you here? Up there sits your aunt weeping her eyes out. When she came home the door was standing open, and you were not to be found in the whole cloister. Every one is searching for you, and for your sake I forgot my duty for the first time. I was so overcome with grief and fright that I actually did not even hear the thunderstorm, and the rain might have ruined everything in the room. Come with me quickly. Your aunt thinks that by this time you are in Ethiopia. How did you come here?"

"I have already told you—as my bride," said Werner, with emphasis.

"Ah, Herr Werner, don't speak so," said the old man, imploringly. "Lenchen doesn't understand a jest: I have told you so before."

"I know it, dear Jacob, and I might perhaps be afraid of that if I were not so thoroughly in earnest," said Werner, laughing and drawing the maiden to his breast. One must learn to believe much in this life; and so old Jacob was finally

brought to the happy conviction that Herr Werner was really going to make his darling Lenchen, Frau Werner.

When the still more obstinate incredulity of the "Dragon-fly," which she expressed by constant shaking of her head and a constant expostulatory waving of her hands, had likewise been conquered, there was a scene of joyful emotion and surprise in Jacob's little room, such as the old walls had never witnessed in all their lives before.

What Werner's aunt and Antonie thought of this betrothal, which had thus fallen upon them like a thunder-clap from clear skies, the reader can easily imagine, as he has had some acquaintance with these ladies. For my part, I do not believe that the Frau Rätin was very willing to roast fowls, to have the unhappy carpets beaten or the house made as bright as silver from garret to cellar, to celebrate the wedding of her "incomprehensible nephew," as she was accustomed to do for her own grand parties. Antonie, I believe, went very soon to visit a friend who lived at a considerable distance.

The Rätin Bauer moved before long to another house, purchased for her by her nephew.

Then the "Dragon-fly" took up her abode in Werner's dwelling, and with Jacob's aid kept it in order until the young couple, who immediately after the wedding had gone on a trip to Italy, should return.

The subterranean passage which led to his garden Werner had walled up. He said, laughingly, that Happiness had come to him by this road, and that he would cut off all possibility of her retreat.

In fact, he was so intoxicated with joy that he paid little attention to the underground way.

Explorations from other quarters were not as successful in their results as Magdalena's had been, for they found nothing where the maiden, as she herself declared, had sought for silver and had found gold.

Dame Tradition cowers once more in the nooks of the old cloister, and draws her gray mantle over the mysterious "Twelve Apostles."

THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

"THERE we have again the fickle French—that volatile set!" many a steady-going man will have exclaimed with ruffled temper at the issue of the late elections.

When, in February, 1848, they founded a Republic in less than three days, they were pronounced a race of fool-hardy go-a-heads. When, a few years later, they allowed themselves to be trampled down in that fatal December raid, it was said they had got the government which they deserved. When they bore for years the Cæsarian incubus, people shrugged their shoulders contemptuously at such spiritless patience. When a cry of resurrection now comes at last from all the great towns—ay, from the agricultural districts themselves—some men feel vexed and peevish at the sudden shock their favorite notions have received; and they fall back upon the old stock-in-trade, saying: "Why you can never know what the French will do next!" Let us, however, take a glance at the situation.

A variety of causes has contributed to promote the present democratic resurrection. Within the last ten years France has been surrounded with a circle of fire. Contrary to Louis Napoleon's original plan, a united Italy was formed by the Garibaldian initiative. The very failure of Italian democracy before Rome rebounded upon the Imperial system: it was too much for the French people to be thrice made the "soldier of the Pope." On the other side of the ocean the French ruler meant to found a "Latin empire" and to aid in the ruin of the Anglo-Saxon republic of the North. Instead of this, he was ignominiously driven out from Mexico, and this defeat, combined with the triumph of the United States, at once lowered his military prestige and gave an impetus to the ideas which are embodied in the American Constitution.

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Neither was that which happened in Germany calculated to render the position of Louis Napoleon more comfortable. The "Chauvinist" party were offended by the unexpected rearing up of a rival military power, and by the insufficiency, as they considered it, of the concession made in the Luxembourg quarter. The democrats felt it as a sting that "liberty as in Austria" and in other South-German States should have taken the start of the France of 1792, 1830 and 1848. Meantime, England's popular forces were brought up in the Reform movement: the earnest determination and the joyous tumult of those popular strivings could not but awaken an echo in the French nation. Then Spain—despised Spain—suddenly rose in revolution, driving out a dynasty with as much ease as if a mere spider's web had had to be brushed away.

South, north, east, west, on this and on the other side of the ocean, France found herself morally outflanked. It was more than could be brooked. The spell under which an awestricken people had lain so long began to dissolve.

A half-hearted attempt at conciliation, made by the decrees for the better treatment of the public press and for the restoration of something like a right of meeting, turned out a blow to the government cause itself. It is a fact little known that, before those decrees, there were but two or three organs of the democratic party in all the French provinces! whilst, since those decrees, about one hundred and fifty have sprung up, wellnigh all more fiery in their tone than the Parisian journals of the republican party, except the *Réveil* and the *Rappel*, which represent two sections of exiles. In this phenomenon the real difficulty of the Napoleonic government may be perceived. It cannot live any longer exclusively on the December traditions, and all concessions only undermine its existence. As to the third

possible course—a warlike diversion—people in the French capital say, “On the day when that shall be attempted Paris will rise.”

I here come to the army, upon whose attitude so much depends. It is difficult to learn anything about the spirit which pervades it, for the rule of passive obedience and silent execution is enforced with the utmost rigidity. The French army is not like the Spanish, which has so frequently fought out the political struggles of the country. It is not like the English, whose officers are bound up with society, and whose every member, down to the private, is responsible before the ordinary law. It is not even like the Prussian army, with its civic *landwehr* element, which sometimes shows strong political leanings, as it did in 1849, when it was unwillingly led against the Baden revolution, or in 1866, when it had to be driven to the task set to it by government. The French army is differently constituted. It generally moves like clockwork. The man in power sets it in motion at his will. Had the National Assembly assumed the chief military command in 1851, as some of its more farseeing members then proposed, it would have been as easy to arrest the President as it was afterward easy for the President to arrest the leading members.

The intercourse between the privates or non-commissioned officers and the popular classes the present government has endeavored to stop as much as possible. The mass of officers, from reasons well known in France, do not see much of society: they have therefore few opportunities of forming their political views. It is different with the more sedate officers, who occupy the rank of colonel. They frequent the society of the higher middle class, and before them opinions are freely given, as they are considered bound by their sense of military honor not to divulge what they have heard. In times of great crisis they thus learn much, and discreetly wait to see how matters turn. Thus the colonels, together with the non-commissioned officers, have the bulk of the army practi-

cally in hand. The generals, who have little direct intercourse with the mass of the subordinates, count not for so much whenever an attempt is to be made to gain over the army to this or that side.

The non-commissioned officers stand nearest to the lower middle and working class, the colonels to the higher *bourgeoisie*. When the latter observe that the very *bourgeoisie*—generally so timorous, and anxious, before all, for the preservation of order—has made up its mind to go against the government, there is a great chance of defection in the military ranks in favor of the popular cause.

But it is only on the day of real action that the results of this silent, occult conversion are seen. At present we have scarcely any guiding facts to go by, except that toward the end of the Mexican war there was a mutiny in several crack regiments that were to be sent across the ocean; and that quite recently Marshal Niel issued an order converting Sunday into a day of soldierly practice: in other words, keeping the privates and non-commissioned officers away from contact with the people on the day when the latter have their outing.

But how will it be possible to prevent such communication for any length of time, when the very reorganization of the army, as lately decreed, tends to turn every citizen into a trooper?

The military establishment of France now consists of nearly one million four hundred thousand men. This, too, is one of the grievances of the people which may have found its vent in the recent votes. France is being soldiered out of the very marrow of its life, and it does not relish it. The average size of its men has constantly diminished within the last eighty years. The effects of the great Napoleonic wars are visible even now in the slow progress of the population.

There are other causes, difficult to treat upon, which operate against an increase. England proper has nearly doubled its population within the last fifty years, in spite of a considerable emigration. France, with no emigration worth speaking of, has in the same

period not fully increased one-third. The number of births has, moreover, diminished to such an extent that a French statistician of note declared the time not to be distant when, if things did not alter in this respect, the births would no longer suffice to cover the losses by death! And under such circumstances a reorganization of the army has been devised which takes away all the able-bodied men, without exception, in the very prime of life, compelling them for years to celibacy! Must not the youth of France, men and women, rebel against such a system?

It would lead too far to enter deeply into the causes of dissatisfaction connected with the financial affairs of the country. The new system of loans introduced under Louis Napoleon has, it is true, enabled large masses of the people to make small investments; and this has frequently been considered a guarantee of continued government influence. But the very circumstance of the vast distribution of those investments is, on the other hand, a guarantee to the holders for repayment under any government. As to the financial administration of the present régime, which has been hitherto practically irresponsible, the figures are simply appalling.

Already in 1855, Baron Richemont, who reported in the name of the Committee on the Budget, complained of the State expenses being "double that which they had been under the First Empire!" The active State property had vastly decreased under Napoleon III., through the sale of railways, of State domains and of possessions formerly held by the Orleans family, as well as by extraordinary clearings of wood in the State forests. Nevertheless, the extensive budgets annually fixed were year by year found to have been enormously exceeded. The surplus of receipts, shown by ministerial *legerdemain*, like a mirage not only vanished regularly into thin air, but one day the head of the State had actually to sit down and to indite a letter to the public, in which a deficit of ten hundred millions of francs was acknowledged, which nobody knew how to account for. It was a strange pecuniary sickness that

had suddenly broken out in the State body. M. Fould was called in as a doctor, and temporary relief seemed to be afforded. At least, that was what the friends of government asserted.

The revelations concerning the financial administration of the "Imperial Commission," which acts as an irresponsible communal council for Paris, are probably fresh in the memory of some readers. They came out in the Corps Législatif. M. Haussmann himself, the great reconstructor of the capital, had to make his confession. It was such a scandal that persons who might have been expected to hold together like burrs, began to indulge in mutual recriminations. The affair was smothered with difficulty.

Since then, the republican press has agitated another financial point. Invidious comparisons were drawn between the salary of American Presidents and the civil list which Louis Napoleon had decreed to himself after he had converted his Presidency into an Imperial tenure of power. The French civil list is at present the highest in the world. Under Louis Philippe it was twelve millions of francs. Under Louis Napoleon it is nominally twenty-five millions; not counting the dotations of the Imperial princes and princesses. In reality, the civil list of the Emperor's own person is reckoned to amount to some forty or forty-two millions of francs through the receipts from various domains attached to the Crown. Yet a few years ago the civil list was supposed to be charged with a debt of eighty millions of francs!

Now, in juxtaposition to the twenty-five or rather forty-two millions of francs which the Emperor receives annually, the democratic critics placed the "ridiculously small sum" of ninety-two thousand five hundred francs which are an American President's yearly salary. And it was said that France must certainly be able to "pay for her glory," seeing that in eighteen years she had contrived to pay to Louis Napoleon four hundred and fifty millions, or, more correctly speaking, seven hundred and fifty-six millions of francs.

For the sake of even greater impression, the calculation above alluded to has been so worked out as to show the receipts of the Emperor by day, hour, and even minute. The effect on a people who had been told by the present ruler himself that he was a "*parvenu*," and to whom he was often described by his agents as "the Peasant's Emperor" or "the Workingman's Friend," may be easily imagined.

If France had a regular system of popular education, the result of the recent elections would no doubt have been an overwhelming defeat of government. It is a telling fact that the "Map of the State of Public Instruction," which was drawn up a few years ago, and which indicates, by shades more or less dark, the intellectual condition of the different departments, should actually be a reliable guide for estimating the political forces of the Empire and those of the Opposition. Where education stands lowest, there the ruling power marshals most adherents. Where education stands highest, the adherents of government are few and far between.

The departments in which the people are most instructed are those situated toward the German, Belgian and Swiss frontiers, as well as the Department of the Seine, where the capital exercises its influence. In Alsace and Lorraine the state of public instruction is most satisfactory. It is worst in the ancient Bretagne. In the departments situated toward Germany, Belgium and Switzerland only from two to nine per cent. of the married people were unable to sign their names. In other parts of France, from sixty to seventy-five per cent. were unable to accomplish that simple feat. It is, however, not difficult to understand that a great mass of people should be thus crippled in education. The aggregate sum spent on public instruction does not reach the expenses for the Court. Some years ago there were marked in the State budget six millions of francs for public instruction; five millions of francs more were added by the departments; eleven millions five

hundred thousand by the communes; the school fees brought in nine millions more. Total, thirty-one millions five hundred thousand francs, against about forty-two millions spent for the Court.

The six millions contributed by the State for public instruction stood out in strange relief against the four hundred and sixty-three millions spent for the war-forces on sea and land. Hence a Liberal paper, parodying a Napoleonic phrase, could utter, with regard to the coincidence between the strength of the Opposition and the state of education in the various departments, the bitter but perfectly true taunt—"L'Empire c'est l'Ignorance!"

For the upshot—some incurable pessimists may perhaps say the "downshot"—of this new French movement we will probably not have to wait long. A mighty change is hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and counter-shocks for a little while, but the great issue cannot be long delayed. That which occurred a few months ago at Paris, at Bordeaux, at Nantes, at Marseilles was a mere prelude—of little importance in itself, yet a sign and symptom. Great catastrophes are often preceded by vague tumults.

I believe it will be well for those who take an interest in vast European problems of statesmanship to study closely the condition of affairs which has grown up of late in France under the Bonaparte State edifice, and the upheaving forces of which are already visible from intermittent exertions. The electrical flashes which shot across the atmosphere of Spain in the summer of 1868 were scarcely understood abroad. Yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. The sheet of fire which now breaks occasionally through the dark political sky in France is clearly a harbinger of coming storms. The "France of the future" traces already words of doom in lurid streaks. Friend and foe may strain their eyes to read the coming sentence.

KARL BLIND.

PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

"I prize, I praise a mean estate."

CAMPBELL sings the "Pleasures of Hope;" Rogers, the "Pleasures of Memory"—I, the pleasures of poverty. Not the blessings: that branch of the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare by constant service in sermons and literature; but the pleasures, the downright joys, peculiar to impecuniosity. Not abject, pinched, desperate poverty, that knows not where to-morrow's bread is coming from; nor shabby-genteel poverty—"nothing trying to be something;" nor any kind of poverty in cities; but what might be called comfortable poverty in the country—poverty with six or eight hundred a year, and a child to each hundred. To sing the joys of such poverty is my aspiration.

Poor people never live in brownstone fronts, or elegant villa residences with all the modern improvements. Consequently, in the dead of winter their furnaces never break down, their flat roofs never leak, their water-pipes never burst. Their plate-glass windows are never broken, their dumb-waiters never give out, their patent burglar-alarms never go off at the wrong time. Their coachmen never get drunk—careless servants never crack their Sevres china. In fact, one of the chief happinesses of poverty is exemption from the affliction of servants. No Irish rage around the humble dwellings of the poor. When the daughters of poverty exchange calls, their conversation may dwell on pleasanter themes than the trials they have undergone with the cook, the minutiae of the chambermaid's slovenliness, the fact that the second girl is more than mistrusted of "taking things;" it not being fashionable yet to speak of defalcating with the spoons, though we shall doubtless soon reach even that point of white-washed sepulchreism. The enormities generally of what *Punch* has dubbed "servantgalism" disturb not the peace of poverty.

A positive and intense pleasure of poverty is applying sermons to wealthy neighbors. When the minister enlarges on the fact that "virtue and piety are far oftener found in the humble cottage of the poor man earning his daily bread by honest toil, than in the palatial abode of the son of wealth rolling in every luxury," etc., Lazarus looks complacently across the aisle at Dives sitting stately in the body-pew. Lazarus, of course, considers himself and this ideal being, the poor man of poetry, one, even if he be not over-virtuous or pious. In church, at least, he has the better of Dives. When the preacher hurls his thunderbolts at avarice, pride, vain-glory, Lazarus glances furtively at the gold-spectacled countenance over the way, beaming, so to speak, with bank dividends and respectability, and wonders how Dives feels under such a crusher.

Poverty makes one comrade of half the geniuses and poets of the past. Who would not almost glory in being poor with Dryden, Bunyan, Chatterton, Crabbe, Shenstone, Savage, Cowper, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Lamb—glorious list of the immortal poor—to be able to read "Miss Kilmansegg and her Golden Leg" with the agreeable consciousness that it don't hit us—to cry defiantly with Burns,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The mon's the gowd for a' that"?

Now-a-days, attics and starvation are not necessarily accompaniments of the poetic fire, but don't we miss something of that easy, versatile, devil-may-care-ishness engendered by the old haphazard life—to-day dining with lords, to-morrow in the debtors' prison? Most modern poetry bears evident marks of being written in a comfortable state of after-dinner, beef-and-pudding inspiration. When one is reduced to living on his wits, those wits are rendered so uncommonly sharp! Reading *Walden Pond*, one is half tempted to fly the world and woo poverty as the chief earthly good.

But were one not Thoreau, I suspect it would hardly be tolerable.

The conscious use and development of our own powers being one of the most satisfactory sensations we are capable of, another pleasure that may be reckoned peculiar to poverty is its throwing you on your own resources, and bringing to light latent talent and ingenuity you never dreamed yourself to possess. Some second Gray should chant the elegy of Wealth's mute, inglorious Miltons, the city Hampdens, who might have been and done *je ne sais quoi* had not cruel Fate cast their lot in Beacon street. Sylvia feels a triumphant pride unknown to Flora McFlimsey when she complacently contemplates the jaunty suit which no one but she will ever recognize as the old, twice-turned gray silk, "dear for the sorrows it has borne." She alone knows the turnings upside down and inside out, the spongings, the pressings, the solemn deliberations, the head-racking calculations which that suit represents. This Waterloo won, this Richmond taken, by her unaided ability, raises her in her own esteem—a comfortable feeling she would have lost could she have ordered the dress ready-made from Madam A-la-Mode. Sylvia feels all the joy of the woman and the artist in the love of a bonnet created out of airy nothingness by the nimble white fingers that can turn themselves to anything, from crocheting elegant immaterialities to those mysterious kitchen rites whereon depend good bread and the happiness of a family. To hear that Mrs. Grundy "wonders at Sylvia Smith's extravagance—I saw her out yesterday in a lovely little French hat," is the only tribute to her genius necessary. When she is invited to a party, she suffers from no inward conflicts over the momentous question, "What shall I wear?" It is so easy to decide when you have but one presentable dress. Comforting herself with Ben Jonson—

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart!"—

she presents herself before her hostess with *the* silk, the one lace collar indeed, but also with a fresh and smiling face, unharassed by the worry and hurry of dress-buying and making, the aggravatingness of dressmakers. Probably young Tom Brown, with the usual unappreciativeness of his sex in the matter of Paris fashions, fully agrees with Ben Jonson. He really don't much care whether the dress is trimmed with lace or folds—even whether it is gored or not—so long as the look, the face strike his heart. One advantage of poverty, in fact, is, that its victims are in a measure forced to dress in correct taste. A new garment is a solemn experience not to be lightly entered on when so long a time must elapse before another can conscientiously be indulged in. Hence poor people deliberate long ere committing themselves: large plaids, gay stripes, tinsel trimmings, cloaks *outré* in hue or shape, are not for an instant to be considered, however fashionable at the moment. They choose the "golden mean," and fall back on invisible plaids and self-colored cloths, the grays and blues and browns. They cannot afford to be "loud" if they would.

One pleasure of the poor man is that his mind is unburdened by the cares of property. Bank cashiers may defalcate, Erie go down to 36½, government bonds be taxed, insurance companies fail, warehouses burn, undetectable counterfeit hundred-dollar greenbacks be issued, gold rise or fall, and he sleeps just as sound o' nights. At the witching hour of midnight do his preternaturally wide-awake ears hear strange noises in the house—a rustling, a creaking, a sound of filing? He knows it is rats. Burglars in his house would be a clear case of

"There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him!"—

a tragedy common enough perhaps in the chimerical days chronicled in *Mother Goose*, when people used to sweep cobwebs from the sky, shut up extravagant wives in pumpkin shells, live upon nothing but victuals and drink; when red noses were solely owing to spices and cinnamon, nutmegs and cloves, and

twenty pounds sufficed to marry mother's bouncing girl; but not at all to be apprehended in this enlightened and sternly practical age.

Poor people, being usually so fortunate as to be obliged to work for a living, are never troubled with ennui. They never have time, there is always so much to do. Probably, had they the necessary means and leisure, they too would find existence an insupportable bore—would discover that this world is a sham, and we all "poor critters." The friends of poor people must be sincere. They give no elegant parties, have no patronage to bestow, no property to bequeath; hence no one can make anything, pecuniarily or socially, by their friendship. If they are near-sighted, and happen to cut an acquaintance in the street, no one takes offence or thinks they are giving themselves airs—it would be so palpably absurd. Poor people retain much of the fresh enthusiasm of childhood in the power of enjoying small things. The year's work lends zest to the summer vacation—a slim purse and many wants make the present of such an extravagance as a book or picture an era.

No one but the poor man knows the exquisite pleasure of amateur benevolence. It is so easy, and involves none of the unpleasant consequences of really signing notes or lending money, to say, "Brown, my boy, you know I'd be only too glad to help you if I could"—so easy to picture how we would give at least half our goods to feed the poor, and what generous, free-hearted, open-handed fellows we would be generally were we only Cæsus. One experiences all the glow

around the heart of actual benevolence, and yet it is so inexpensive!

In short, as the *Child's First Reader* would say, It-is-a-fine-thing-to-be-poor. The longer I contemplate Poverty, the more charms does she unveil to my entranced gaze. But is it quite right to flaunt our advantages in people's faces, and harrow up their feelings merely because they unfortunately possess money? Doubtless it is not their fault. It was their grandfather, or a lucky thing in soldiers' overcoats. "Where ignorance," etc. No, let us keep ourselves to ourselves, we of the Brotherhood of Lean Purses, and only when we meet to munch together the festive crust, and drain the flowing bowl of cold water, sing this, the song of proud and independent poverty:

" My minde to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assigned :
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

" I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate :
I scorne no poor, I feare no rich ;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

" The court ne cart I like ne loath—
Extreames are counted worst of all :
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall.
This is my choyce : for why ? I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

" My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die :
Would all did so as well as I !"

P. THORNE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT is melancholy to see a convention of well-meaning men, like the National Labor Union, which lately sat at Philadelphia, refusing to pass the resolution which was offered: "That nothing herein [the Platform] contained shall be considered as a repudiation of the national debt." The regret, however, is not on account of any danger that such a demonstration might be supposed to bring to the Debt, for repudiation as a "cause" was never less respectable in strength of numbers or of argument; but because it seems to indicate a lack at once of moral integrity in those who have acquired the control of that organization, and of comprehension on the part of the body of workingmen assembled of their own interests. No one asks anything more of the artisans and laborers of the country in this perplexing controversy with capital than that they should consult the real advantage of their class. Such examples as this at Philadelphia show how wildly and widely they stray from it. Repudiation would indeed be a shame and a wrong to the whole country and to every citizen, and no doubt the "bloated bondholders" would suffer by it—so far as that is an object—but the blow would fall nowhere so heavily, and work nowhere such pitiable waste and ruin, as among the laboring classes. All that the capitalists of the country might lose by it would be trifling when compared with the deep and lasting injury which it would inflict on all who live by manual labor and are dependent on employment by capital. In making such menaces, then, the working classes, to borrow the chaste and original metaphor of Judge Dent, are swinging the club by which their own heads would be broken if anything were to come of these threats.

The impolicy of repudiation depends on no assumed distribution of the bonds in small sums among the masses of the people—a favorite idea at the time when

a national debt was being written up as a national blessing. The bonds may be so distributed, or they may not, without affecting the question whether the workingmen of the country could afford to do such a wrong as that proposed in the Labor Convention assembled at Philadelphia. Nor is this injustice impolitic merely because it would bring down at a blow every savings bank and every trust and insurance company in the United States. All this might not be so, and yet repudiation be just as foolish as it is now. The inexpediency of doing a wrong to commercial credit and public faith does not depend on anything which may be or may not be, according to circumstances. It is earnestly to be hoped that the artisans of America will be satisfied with the results of the half hundred experiments of this and a similar nature which have been tried elsewhere, and not insist on working the problem out for themselves. Workingmen, or rather those who assume to speak for workingmen, are fond of dwelling on the unequal rights and privileges of rich and poor, high and low. One difference there certainly is, which bears upon the case in point. The rich may sometimes rob the poor and prosper, but the poor cannot rob the rich and live.

. . . The reduction of the national debt between the 1st of July, 1868, and the 30th of June, 1869, is practically the measure of the surplus revenue of the fiscal year, although the two are not logically coincident. It is customary to state that reduction at forty-two and a half millions of dollars, but in truth five millions ought to be added on account of interest overdue on the 1st of July, 1868, which had never been recognized in the official statements, although the same item is now included in the total of the debt. This amount has been paid during the year, and is, in strict fact as in theory, to be accounted a part of

the reduction of the national indebtedness. The balance in favor of the government must therefore be taken as, in round numbers, forty-seven and a half millions. Allowing an equal productiveness of revenue, we have two large items of expenditure with which the Treasury was charged last year which will not recur the present: the Alaska purchase, costing \$7,200,000, is not likely to be repeated; and the decrease in the amount of bounty claims must be reckoned as a clear addition of fifteen or sixteen millions to the resources of the government. The payments on this account during the fiscal year 1868-'9 amounted to nearly eighteen millions and a half—the monthly disbursements beginning at something like three millions and running down to four or five hundred thousand at the close. For the present year the monthly payments will probably vary from four hundred thousand dollars to nothing. The obligations of the government on this account will be substantially all discharged at its close. An average monthly payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or three millions for the year, would be a high estimate. We have thus twenty-three millions of expenditure in 1868-'9 for which no corresponding liability can be found in 1869-'70, except by the gross and inexcusable fault of Congress, for which it should be held severely to account by the country. Adding this sum to the surplus of last year, we have seventy millions clearly and easily available for the liquidation of the debt and the reduction of taxation, supposing still that the collection of the revenue and the other expenditures of the government remain as they are. But the arrangements which have already been perfected for the reduction of all the establishments and services secure a diminution of expenditures of not less than twenty-five or thirty millions. Most of the changes by which this saving was to be effected did not and could not go into operation until the opening of the fiscal year. Wholesale reductions cannot be made without some months' notice; and the expenses of the immediate period of retrenchment often show an increase, as

in the fiscal quarter following the close of the war, and as has been the case frequently and notably in the British experience of economical reform. But the beginning of the present fiscal year has seen all the measures for the relief of the tax-payers and the Treasury fully in operation. The army, the navy, the departments at Washington, the customs and excise services throughout the country—indeed almost every charge of the government, except the diplomatic service and the annual interest of the debt—have been courageously cut down. Much certainly remains to be done, but it is only just and honest to admit that much has been done—more indeed than was to be hoped for in the prevalence of selfish and corrupt interests, and quite as much as could reasonably be expected at a single effort.

What we must add to the surplus, thus obtained, of the current fiscal year, on account of an increase in receipts, it is not possible to estimate. If the improvement of the last fiscal quarter should be maintained, an addition of thirty, forty or even fifty millions to the revenue is reasonably probable. But this prospect is too vague, and dependent on too many miserable conditions, to allow of satisfactory calculation. So much may be safely said—that those have been proved wisest who have had most faith in the revenue capabilities of the country; and that distrust of the future, in the light of such demonstrations of the ability and patriotism of the people, would be merely peevish or childish.

... One of the most interesting questions of the day, and at the same time one of the most difficult to answer, is, "What is the practical working of emancipation at the South?" With the hope of throwing some light upon this problem, we have, while dissenting from some of the writer's views, and especially as to the uselessness of educating the blacks, inserted in the present Number a paper entitled "The Freedman and his Future." It is written by a Virginia gentleman of the old school, and the first part of it, which holds out most

encouraging prospects for the future prosperity of the South, is gratifying enough. It is doubtless a correct picture of the state of things in Virginia, but we fear it is not entirely applicable to the more Southern States. A gentleman from Louisiana, for example, informs us that in his section it is generally estimated that there is a yearly diminution of available African labor of not less than twenty per cent. This diminution results from several causes. First: the young lads growing up since the abolition of slavery have not the regular habit of labor that with their parents had become a second nature. They drift off to the cities in search of more congenial employment than the fields offer. Second: the best and most efficient laborers each year of good crops are able to make money enough to start on their own account, and leave the plantation, with its organized system, to raise their own crops of corn or sweet potatoes. And lastly: the negro has, in freedom, ceased to be prolific, and of the few children born a very small proportion live to pass the period of infancy.

This account tallies with the conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Loring & Atkinson, cotton-brokers of Boston, in a recent volume on Southern immigration. From hundreds of replies received by them to a circular which was widely distributed among the cotton-planters, they gather that the present labor power at the South is not more than one-half of what it was in 1860. They are of opinion, however, that the return to the wages system, the enactment and enforcement of strict laws compelling the carrying out of contracts and an honest treatment of the freedmen, will do much to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the labor now in the South. An increased production may also be looked for from the more general adoption of the advice given by a certain farmer when he was breathing his last. "Johnny, my son," said he, "don't get into debt! That is my last and solemn advice. Don't get into debt!! But, Johnny, if you *do* get into debt, let it be for manure." Everything,

moreover, goes to show that cotton culture at the South requires, and will be forced to adopt, the improved processes and tools used in the North and in Europe. "Much is said of the desirability of the food crop for the support of the farm as well as stock on the Southern farms, but the planter finds it impossible, at present, to raise stock, and particularly hogs, on account of the irrepressible thieving of the plantation freedmen." The planters naturally are eager for white immigration, and the accounts are quite encouraging of the success of immigrants, both as tenants and small farmers. But it is to Chinese labor, after all, that the South will probably have to look to bring up its crops to their former standard. So far as their qualifications as laborers are concerned, there is probably no race so well fitted to meet all the requirements of cotton cultivation as the Chinese. In the mean time, those who are interested—and who is not?—in knowing the truth about the condition of a section whose prosperity is of vital importance to the nation—would do well to read not only Mr. Fitzhugh's article, but also Messrs. Loring & Atkinson's pamphlet, entitled *Cotton Culture and the South*.

We commend to the attention of Professor Huxley, who seems inclined to undervalue literary men, the following charming passage from a review of Forster's *Life of Landor*, in the last *Edinburgh*: "In a certain sense the enjoyment of this biography will belong to a scholarly circle, to men who value culture for its own sake; who care for the appropriate quotation and love the ring of the epigram; who take a pleasure in style analogous to that derived from a musical perception; to whom beautiful thoughts come with tenfold meaning when beautifully said—a class visibly narrowing about us, but to whom, nevertheless, this country has owed a large amount of rational happiness, and whom the aspirants after a more rugged and sincere intellectual life may themselves not be the last to regret."

... The library edition of Irving's

complete works will hereafter be issued in Philadelphia, the stereotype plates having been purchased by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

... The velocipede is running the course it ran some fifty years ago, and is gradually fading from public regard. A curious note of Mr. G. V. Cox, in his recent *Recollections of Oxford*, might almost do to describe the machine of 1869. He says: "In the spring of 1819 appeared a silly sort of anomalous vehicle, called a *velocipede*, in which the motion was half riding and half walking: it had a *run*, but turned out to be *no go*. The only *gentleman* I ever saw venturing to use one (and that around 'the Parks') was a fellow and tutor of New College; his name, curiously enough, was *Walker*! When he *dismounted*, he exclaimed (like the Irishman who took a *ride* in a bottomless sedan chair), 'Well, if it were not for the fashion, I would as lieve walk.'"

The recent Salem meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (may its title never grow longer!) was a successful one. Many of the leaders in all departments of science were there, and nearly every portion of our continent, including Canada and New Brunswick, was represented. It is pleasant to know that much work was contributed, of admirable quality, by young men, and that the names of two ladies appear on the list as authors of papers presented.

Probably the largest interest concentrated about the topic of the eclipse, which occupied nearly a whole day in one Section. Full accounts were given by representatives of several of the parties who went out to observe it. Their results were freely discussed, but without settling everything yet. The "rose-colored protuberances" were measured, without altering the probability of their consisting of burning hydrogen. Bailey's beads were supposed by one observer (Hough) to be produced by the mountainous edge of the moon. The *corona* baffles explanation still. Correspondence between the

bright lines of its spectrum and those of the aurora borealis was noted; and Professor Pierce expressed the opinion that this fact probably points to a common causation. T. Bassnett, of Ottawa, urged a bold theory concerning "polar currents down the fluid vortex surrounding the sun." If right, he is in advance of his age. It is clearly not proven that the corona is a *solar* phenomenon at all.

Next in popular attraction to the eclipse was the exhibition by Dr. Hamlin of a superb collection of American gems, elegantly set. Ruby, sapphire, emerald, turquoise, garnet, amethyst and tourmaline sparkled and blazed among them. As the diamond is found in the Southern States, there appears to be scarcely a precious stone not existing somewhere within our domain. Other items of interest we can only very briefly note. Messrs. Blake and Vose gave evidence that solid rocks are plastic under great compression, so as to flow like fluids, even without high heat. A Maine geologist, N. T. True, asserted reasons for doubting the great length of time demanded by many authorities for the changes occurring since the quaternary period. W. H. Dall, from personal observation, declared that a rise of a hundred and eighty feet at the bottom of Behring Strait would connect Asia and Europe by dry land. In association with this we may name the conclusion of L. H. Morgan, from extended study of the ethnology of the American Indians, that the Columbia river valley must have been the great centre of radiation for their migrations.

More striking is the statement of O. C. Marsh, that remains of the horse have now been found among those of men in Central America, showing that the use of that animal did not begin, as has been supposed, with its importation by the Spaniards. Agassiz's theory of the ice-drift origin of all the remains of the Valley of the Amazon was attacked by Prof. Orton of Vassar College, who obtained a considerable number of tertiary marine fossils from the clay beds of that region. The views of Agassiz in antagonism to all phases of the devel-

opment theory in zoology were also vigorously though incidentally combated in several papers; especially one immensely rich in facts, by E. D. Cope.

But most astonishing of all was the presentation, in connection with Dr. Eroux's case of exposure of the heart from absence of the breast-bone, of telegraphic communication of the pulse and heart-beats to a distance. By exquisitely contrived instruments, Dr. Upham and Mr. Farmer made the motion of the pulses of men in the Boston Hospital audible and visible to a large audience in the Lyceum Hall of Salem, for more than a minute at a time. May not consultations be now made by cable between London or Paris and Philadelphia? There is, however, a poetical aspect, also, of this. What will absence be to lovers when they can send their very heart-beats by telegraph to each other?

Oh, Heloise, my Heloise, to thee

I send my heart-throbs, eloquent of sorrow:

Return, I pray thee, thine in harmony;

But—the wire's broken—send the rest to-morrow!

... That wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, continues to enlarge our acquaintance with the composition of our solar system, and even of the fixed stars and the comets. Father Secchi has made the astonishing discovery of the vapor of water in the vicinity of the sun-spots, and we now know that our luminary contains also in its atmosphere hydrogen, sodium, iron, magnesium, calcium, copper, cobalt, barium and nickel. The same observer has recently ascertained that the planet Uranus has an atmosphere of considerable extent, and generally transparent. The spectrum of a comet corresponds exactly with that given by ignited carbon vapor; so that a comet is little more than a barrel-full of petroleum on fire; and the variable star ρ Gemini is found to be surrounded by an envelope of burning gas. As regards some of them, at least, we can no longer, therefore, "doubt that the stars are fire."

... Some interesting researches by Professor Kirkwood of Illinois have demonstrated the real structure of the

rings of the planet Saturn. They are now proved to be composed of innumerable satellites moving freely in definite orbits.

... One of the most striking scientific discoveries recently made is that hydrogen gas is a true though very volatile metal, of which water is of course the oxide. Hydrogen is found shut up in meteoric stones in combination with iron and platinum, and it has been successfully alloyed with palladium, the name *hydrogenium* having been given to the compound metal.

Admiral Porter was riding in a street-car in Washington the other day, in which were two or three drunken national sailors. They became so obstreperous that the admiral expostulated with them, and finally, telling them who he was, he asked one of them what ship he belonged to. With a twinkle of the eye and a swaggering air, the sailor hiccoughed out, "Admiral, you have changed the names of the ships so often that I don't really know what ship we do belong to!"

... Leigh Hunt had an uncle who was very wealthy and meddlesome. Every one knows what an idler poor Leigh was in his youth, and how very improvident in money matters. His old uncle came to see him one day and said: "Ah, Leigh! How do you do, Leigh? What are you doing now, Leigh?" "I'm not doing anything," answered Hunt. "What!" exclaimed the other, "haven't you got anything to do yet?" "No; but as you don't seem to mind your own business, you ought to employ me to do it for you. That would keep me pretty well engaged, I fancy."

... A charitable man was boasting to Lord Palmerston: "I spend half my income in charity, I assure you. I do indeed! I have given thousands of pounds away. Generosity covers everything." "Including modesty sometimes," added his lordship.

... A Mr. Vashon, a colored lawyer, has recently been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington. He is the son

of a light mulatto barber and hairdresser who lived in Pittsburg about forty years ago, and was very useful in establishing public baths in that city, where no one had previously thought of such an improvement, although the smoke and dirt of the coal burnt there rendered bathing particularly necessary. He was universally known as Colonel Vashon, being reported to be the son of a Colonel Vashon, a white man in Maryland or Virginia. The colonel one summer visited the Falls of Niagara. Here he was met by some gentlemen from Pittsburg, who, as a piece of pleasantry, introduced him to some visitors from Rochester, New York, as Colonel Vashon of the Mexican army. Vashon, extending his travels to Rochester, was met by these persons, invited by them to their houses and treated with great hospitality for several days. On his return to Pittsburg he mentioned the occurrence with great glee. "See," said he, "what an absurdity this prejudice of color is! As long as I was supposed to be a Mexican

colonel, I was good enough company for anybody; but none of them would have taken any notice of me if they had known that I was only a mulatto barber."

We are indebted to a valued contributor for the following lines, entitled

WOMANHOOD.

Strophe.

Woman to boyhood's eyes
Shines fair as star-lit skies.
Once youth from woman's lips
Life's purest nectar sips.
Man knows in woman's heart
This world's most precious part.

Antistrophe.

Boyhood in woman's eyes
Finds a fool's paradise.
Youth oft from woman's lips
Poison for nectar sips.
Man, seeking perfect art,
Learns it in woman's heart.

Chorus.

Boyhood, youth, manhood—all
From throne to outer wall,
From birth to funeral—
By woman rise or fall!

H. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Sexes: Here and Hereafter. By William H. Holcombe, M. D., author of "Our Children in Heaven," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 277.

Swedenborg was, undoubtedly, a "prodigious genius." One of the greatest of ideologists since Plato, and one of the ablest of scientists since Aristotle, had he not been withdrawn for a quarter of a century, by mysticism, from philosophy and science, he might have left results as great as those of Bacon and Kant. As it is, his ability is often forgotten under the cloud of his eccentricities.

These reflections are suggested by the avowal, in the book whose title is above given, of full acceptance of Swedenborgian principles. Yet Dr. Holcombe does not merely cite, he expounds and illustrates, the teachings of his master. A part of his field has been traversed before by Leopold Hartley

Grindon, in his *Sexuality of Nature*. This last author, with much more of research, scarcely equals Dr. Holcombe in sustained elegance of style. Neither Grindon, nor Mrs. Farnham in her extraordinary book, *Woman and her Era*, selects topics and modes of discussion with the same delicate care. Whatever may be said of its opinions, Dr. Holcombe's essay must be credited with unexceptionable purity and refinement. Its tone is religious, and its theology orthodox, accepting fully the supremacy of scriptural authority.

Nor can we quarrel with its subject, which will never grow too old for treatment. Ours, indeed, seems especially the day for the discussion of this. Quite apart from all ultraisms, the present summer has witnessed a meeting in London, at which not only J. S. Mill, but C. Kingsley, T. Hughes, Sir J.

Coleridge and Lord Houghton, all spoke for woman's suffrage. When political doors or walls of exclusion seem to be yielding to the gentler sex, its true place and power must be more than ever open to careful consideration.

Dr. Holcombe's first proposition is, that sex and marriage are universal: as Emerson has it, "An inevitable dualism bisects nature." While this statement is traced to Swedenborg's theological writings, our author seems to forget that in at least one of that philosopher's works (*Animal Kingdom*, Part I., n. 229) he as positively asserts the essentiality of the *trinal* relation in nature and life. "No series can be complete or effective without involving at least a trine. . . . Whatever be the relation, there must be at least a trine to procure harmony." Just as with the ancient idea concerning the number seven, it would be quite easy to assert any other such axiom, and to make it *seem* evident. Of course, too, the smaller the number chosen, the more palpable and numerous its exemplars. Holcombe asserts duality, however, of sex, even in the Divine Being: "Divine Goodness and Divine Truth"—or Love and Wisdom—"are the sexes of God." Every human being is said also to be bi-sexual, spiritually and physically. It is certainly unfortunate to attempt to illustrate this by the symmetrical correspondence of the two halves of the body, as the polar or sexual relation always involves at least some difference, whereas the right and left eye, ear, etc., are, normally and theoretically, duplicates of each other.

Everything in nature our author asserts to be masculine or feminine. The sun and the earth, heat and light, land and water, the electro-positive and negative elements, are all held to exemplify this. The sexuality of plants has, since Linnæus, been universally recognized. The letters of the alphabet have their sexes: consonants are masculine, vowels feminine. Will all women admit this, since the vowels make much the most noise in the world? Words have genders in most languages: when none are given by rule, it is but ignorance in the grammarians. Music divides itself vocally: the tenor and bass of the masculine, the soprano and contralto of the feminine voice. In religion, Peter is said to represent the male and John the female elements of character. Might not some incline to reverse this? We are content simply to deny the fitness of the distinction so applied. Between all things thus opposed in sex and nature attraction is constantly exerted with vitalizing and fructifying power. "It

draws the ocean from his bed; it keeps the moon in her path; it points the needle to the pole; it attracts the flower to the sun; it directs the beast to his prey; it binds man to his home; it leads the Christian to his God."

We have not space to follow our author through his chapters, in which he avers and endeavors to show that sex, love and marriage are eternal, belonging to soul as well as body; and thus marriage is "the central and pivotal fact of the universe." Romanism and Protestantism are alike charged with denying this. The one degrades marriage on the monastic idea, counting it as only a permitted impurity, celibacy being more holy; the other reduces it to a carnal ordinance, though divinely sanctioned, because it refuses to admit its perpetuity in heaven, and thus, marrying for time, it divorces for eternity. The Swedenborgian doctrine of "correspondences" is invoked to aid in sustaining this idea of spiritual sex and marriage, with apt quotations on its behalf from Milton, Browning and Archbishop Trench.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God!"

Dr. Holcombe is very naturally obliged to take much trouble to dispose of the familiar passage in the New Testament declaring that they who rise from the dead "neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." He does so by insisting upon a spiritualizing breadth of interpretation. We are frankly told that "the Church must outgrow the limitations of the letter, or the human mind will outgrow the Church. It must spiritualize with Swedenborg, or it will inevitably rationalize with Strauss and Rénan."

In concluding the perusal of this book, we must confess to a certain surfeiting of Swedenborgianism, and discontent with the cardinal doctrine of the book—that of eternal monogamic or exclusively dual union. Every one, Dr. Holcombe insists, finds but *one* mate for true spiritual and eternal marriage, either in this world or in the next. Those ill-matched here find their nuptials righted hereafter; the celibates of earth are (no doubt to their great surprise) happily wedded in heaven; those who marry often are nevertheless fitly coupled in the final distribution. Monogamy for time is authoritatively established in Christendom; though polygamy, and the pangamy of Oneida, as well as agamy and (to borrow of the botanists) abnormal cryptogamy, have their advocates and examples.

But, for our anticipations of the world to come, it is with a sense of relief, like that of leaving a narrow room to breathe in the open air, that we turn from our author's book to read again, without his gloss, that "*they are as the angels of God in heaven.*"

L'Homme qui Rit. Par Victor Hugo. D. Appleton et Cie, Libraires Editeurs. New York. 8vo. pp. 352.

A new novel from the pen of the author of *Les Misérables* is a production not to be lightly dealt with or summarily dismissed. Foremost among the living authors of his time, great with his threefold greatness as poet, dramatist and novelist, dear to us by the heroic pathos of his exile, by the world-wide humanity of his patriotism, Victor Hugo is something more to us than a great author merely. He belongs to Freedom no less than to Fame, and we of the New World, the world of Liberty, may well claim as a brother the man whose life, whose writings and whose actions are one long and not unavailing protest against tyranny and oppression.

The critics have handled the book before us with unusual severity, but we venture to predict that had *L'Homme qui Rit* been published before *Les Misérables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, it would have been received not only with favor, but with acclamations of delight. Yet on perusing it the reader is conscious of a feeling of disappointment that, being so good, it is not even better—that it is not a perfect work of art, like either of its predecessors. Still, there is no symptom of weakness, no evidence of waning powers, in its unequal yet wondrous pages. In dramatic intensity, weird originality and vivid and poetic language it is unsurpassed by any former work of its great author. The description of the corpse swinging from the gibbet and of the sinking of the ship "*La Matutina*" are pictures drawn by a master hand; the characters of Ursus and Baskilphedro, of Josiane and Dea, are veritable creations of a marvelous originality; and the terrible disfigurement of the hero is a conception as novel as it is fearful. Other writers of fiction are content to improvise variations more or less skillfully on one universal theme, but Victor Hugo strikes with bold and powerful hand the chords of some strange and thrilling strain unheard before, and, listening, we confess the presence of a master.

He has, however, committed one great and

vital error in laying the scene of *L'Homme qui Rit* in England. We do not refer to the anachronisms and the mistakes respecting English laws and English customs with which the book abounds. Such errors might be pardoned, as we forget the Venetian costumes of Paul Veronese's "*Marriage at Cana*," and waste no thought on the incongruous conjunction of Julio Romano and the Delphic oracle when we peruse the *Winter's Tale*. But the whole local coloring is wrong, and the powerfully-drawn characters are anything but English. Take, for example, that terrible creation, the Duchess Josiane, whose vices are as un-English as her name. Such women are unhappily human possibilities, but we must seek for them in the France of the Fifteenth Louis or the Third Napoleon, and not in England under the reign of Queen Anne.

In conclusion, we lay aside the book with a mixed feeling, in which admiration and disappointment, disapproval and delight, struggle for the mastery. *L'Homme qui Rit* is worthy of its author, yet will add nothing to his fame. Had *Les Misérables* never been written, it would have ranked as his masterpiece, but it lacks the spontaneity, the inspiration, the large-hearted though mistaken philanthropy of that wondrous work. Victor Hugo wrote *Les Misérables* because he must—he wrote *L'Homme qui Rit* because he might. The first is an inspiration—the latter a draft on his publisher. *Les Misérables* is a painting by Michael Angelo—*L'Homme qui Rit* is a drawing by Gustave Doré. Yet who else save Victor Hugo, not only in our day and generation, but in bygone days and past generations, could have written it, or anything to equal it?

Cipher: A Romance. By Jane G. Austin. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 175.

We believe that this romance is the first extended work which we have ever had from the graceful pen of this accomplished story-writer, whose clear and picturesque style and well-developed plots and novel incidents are familiar to the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. She is already well known as a writer of thrilling and brilliant short stories, and we are inclined to look upon *Cipher* more as a promise for the future than as an actual performance. It possesses much of the vigor and originality which characterize Mrs. Austin's shorter efforts, but she has not yet learned to maintain her flights of fancy to that even tenor which is essential to the pro-

duction of a sustained work of fiction. She must also learn from Wilkie Collins how to combine sensationalism with realism, and how to set flesh-and-blood beings at work to act out her elaborate plots. The personages of her drama are too unreal. They are vague and misty phantoms, that come and go, toil and disport themselves, with all the unsubstantiality of the painted shadows of a magic-lantern. Neria and Francia belong as little to real life as do their fantastic names. It may be urged in defence of the vagueness and impersonality of the characters that *Cipher* is a romance rather than an actual novel. Granted; but it is a romance whose scene is laid in the United States at the present day, and whose incidents comprise such an every-day actuality as a fancy ball, such a terrible realism as the late civil war.

We shall look with interest for Mrs. Austin's next novel. *Cipher* has merely shown us what she *can* do if she will.

Books Received.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812; or, Illustrations, by Pen and Pencil, of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. With several hundred Engravings on Wood by Lossing and Barrett, chiefly from original sketches by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1084.

A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners. With Diagrams and Suggestive Pictures. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. vi., 86.

Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL.D., President of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 308.

White Lies: A Novel. By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 171.

The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, author of "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 112. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.

Harpers' Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By W. Pembroke Pettridge. With a Railroad Map, corrected up to 1868. Seventh Year. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 662.

Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

False Colors: A Novel. By Annie Thomas, author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 152.

The Siege of Babylon: A Tragedy. By the author of "Afranius," "The Idumean," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo., paper, pp. 47.

The Philosophy of Teaching: The Teacher, the Pupil, the School. By Nathaniel Sands. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 60.

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